WEEK ENDING JUNE 25, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

"His Bachelor Supper"

Beginning **THE DEVIL'S MANTLE** *by* **FRANK L. PACKARD**

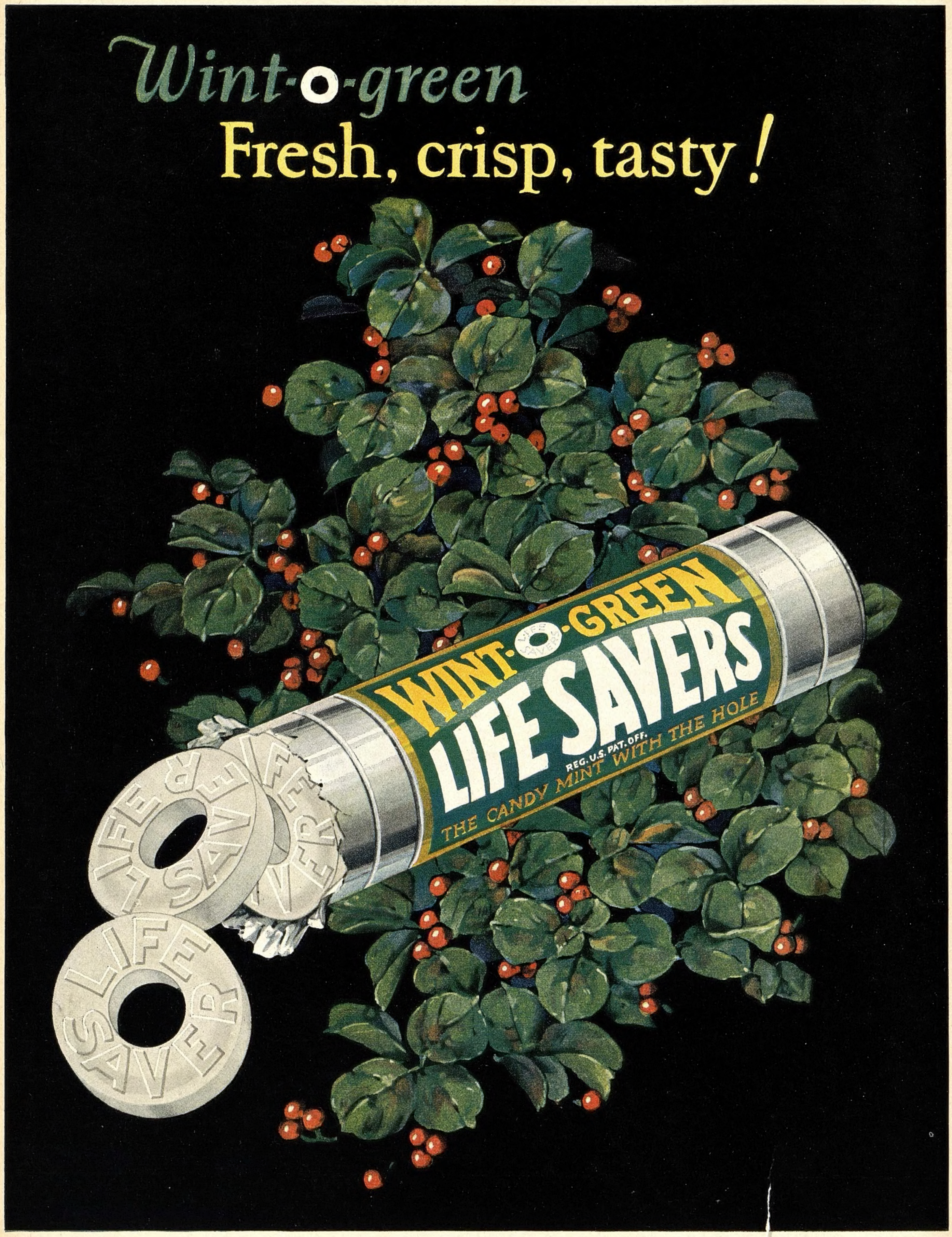
A Serial of Mystery and Adventure in the South Seas

also **THE RED KNIGHT** *of* **GERMANY,** *the* **STORY** *of* **RICHTHOFEN**

Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879.

Wint-O-green

Fresh, crisp, tasty!



Noted physician recommends feminine hygiene as a healthful routine

Dr. Irwin C. Sutton names Zonite as antiseptic for this purpose . . .

NOBODY realizes so well as the physician just what the relation is between beauty and hygiene. Nobody knows so well as he, just what can be accomplished by careful "body-grooming". Dr. Irwin C. Sutton, formerly of the Mayo Clinic and Johns Hopkins Hospital, has given special attention to hygiene of this nature, particularly in the case of women. It is, therefore, interesting to note the recommendations he makes in his new book entitled "Good Looks" which contains 100 pages of advice by this specialist in "body-grooming".

Dr. Sutton, like most physicians of today, is heartily in favor of feminine hygiene as a healthful routine, and recommends a douche at weekly intervals. On page 89 of his book he warns against the use of any strong preparation such as carbolic acid or bichloride. As an antiseptic to be used for the purpose of feminine hygiene, he names Zonite.

2 important statements
Zonite is *not* a poison
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Most people know Zonite chiefly as the great World War Antiseptic, which saved countless lives in the Allied Hospitals in France. But since that time it has become the *Great Family Antiseptic* of America, and among its many uses, this service for feminine hygiene is not the least important.

Women are learning more and more the dangers of using poisonous antiseptics for this intimate purpose. They are learning of the mercurial poisoning that may follow the use of bichloride of mercury—the hardening and scarring of delicate tissues that often follow the use of carbolic acid compounds. Not to mention the dangers of accidental poisoning, especially with children in the house.

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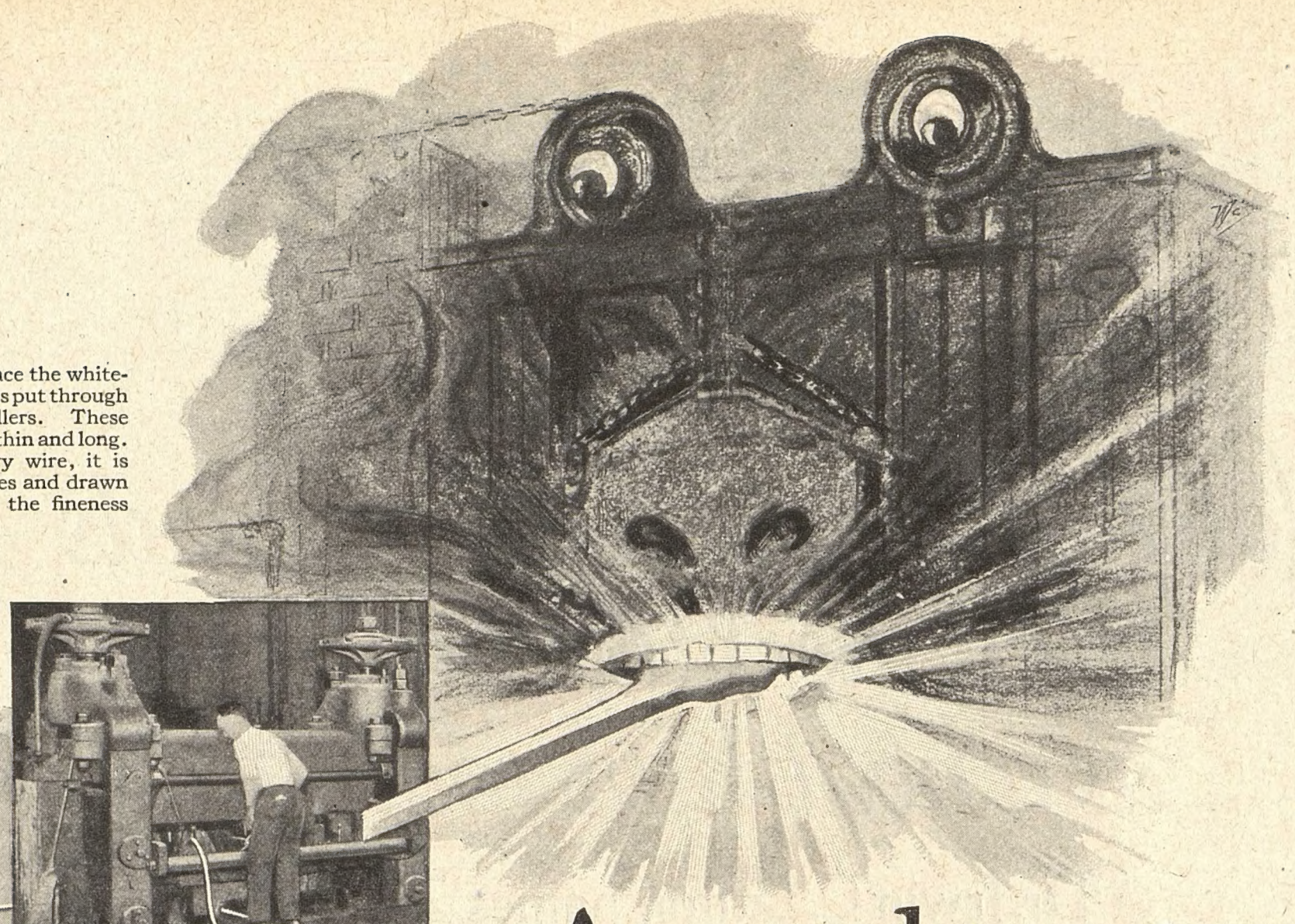
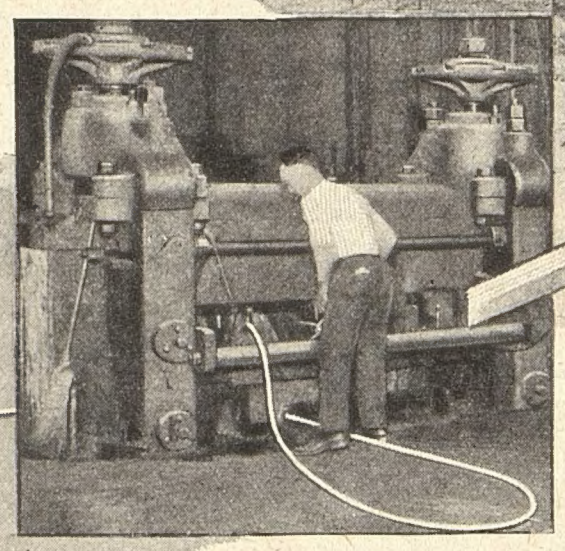
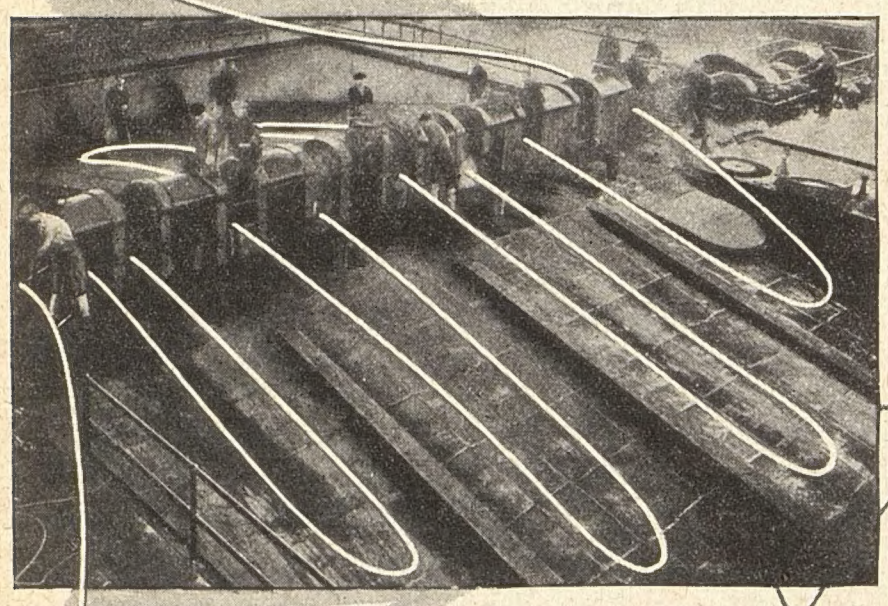
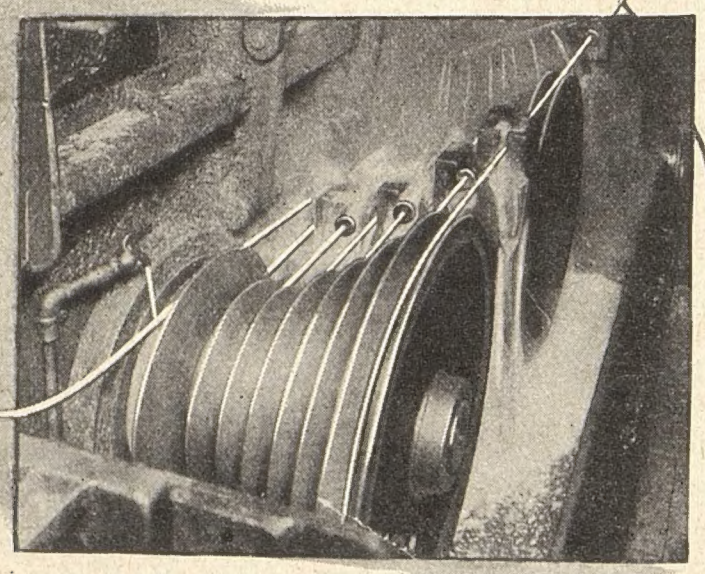


From the furnace the white-hot copper bar is put through a series of rollers. These squeeze it out, thin and long. Then, as heavy wire, it is run through dies and drawn down even to the fineness of a thread.







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JUNE 25, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4 NO. 8

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE BLUE IN LAWS FADING

The Illinois Legislature has passed a law to legalize betting on horse races by the pari-mutuel system. The law has the backing of wealthy merchants and manufacturers, and has failed to arouse opposition sufficient to kill it from the small-town and country Representatives and Senators who have defeated previous attempts to legalize betting on the races.

Only recently Illinois passed a law to allow boxing. The racing law is another straw pointing the way the wind is blowing; another sign of the ebb of the reform wave that swept and depressed the United States during the last ten years. It is evident, to judge from returns from all parts of the country, that the blue laws are fading from deepest ultramarine to a light robin's-egg tint.

We doubt whether the legalizing of race-track betting is a good thing for the State of Illinois, or for any State, but we know that horse racing gives a great many persons a thrill of pleasure and a joyous excitement nothing else can do, and makes some lives brighter for a time at least. If people must gamble we would prefer that they should gamble on races between automobiles, or speed boats, or aircraft; races that would lead to improvement of machinery and of human efficiency in handling.

Some of the States recognize horse racing and betting, and legalize them. Some do not. Kentucky, Maryland, Ohio, Louisiana, all permit race-track operations. New York legally winks at bookmaking. Kentucky and Maryland legalize pari-mutuels. Tennessee, California, Missouri, formerly great centers of racing, forbid the sport, or, rather, forbid any betting on it, which is the same thing. They tried it, found it wanting, and rejected it. Other States never have permitted racing with open betting.

The question of whether or not horse racing and betting shall be permitted is up to the people of these States to decide. How much wiser that is than it would be to put it into the Constitution of the United States that it shall be a crime to race horses and wager on the result! And that a man's house might be searched for Derby tickets and padlocked if any were found.

The more we contemplate the Eighteenth Amendment and the results of that attempt to spread over all the States the same law, the more we are convinced that it was a blunder. How much wiser it would have been to permit each State, or each county, or each city, to decide the question for itself, according to the desires of its population.

Protected by an interstate law that would protect the people who wanted to be dry from those who desired to be wet, and those who wanted to be wet from the intrusions of the drys, State or sectional prohibition probably would have been sufficient and certainly would have been much more efficient than the present arrangement is proving.

The action of the Illinois Legislature, together with similar signs in other States, reveals the fact that the people are getting sick of oppressive laws passed by organized reformers seeking to impose their wills upon the whole people. The reaction has set in strongly in some sections. The tendency in all times and among all peoples is to go too far in reacting against oppressive laws. Now the reaction manifests itself in passing laws to allow betting and boxing. Also in paying the bootleggers too much for bad booze. But that's natural. Energy too closely confined results in explosions.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

SHE was the daughter of a gambler. In their wanderings over the world, she learned from her father's fate the perils of gambling. Yet, when a certain young man came along, she took a gamble on love. Such is the intriguing story VINA DELMAR tells in PANORAMA.

BILLY EVANS, the veteran American League umpire, in an article called THE GROWL OF THE WOLVES, tells of the funny things that happen in a ball yard when the razzberries get too thick.

Don't miss THE BLOOD-SWEATING BEHEMOTH. It's a comedy by HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS of a hippopotamus that escaped from a circus and made an unexpected appearance at a colored baptizing.

DON MARQUIS, the noted humorist and playwright, has secured the verbatim testimony of Professor Waddems before the Grand Jury. The Professor was charged with several murders during a golf game. He vindicates himself, however, in THE RIVERCLIFF GOLF KILLING. Even murder is justifiable sometimes, the jurors agree.

Somebody told Kate she looked just like Mary Pickford. And so Kate ran away to become a movie star. Her friends, later, wondered why they never saw her on the screen, even in mob scenes. CAMPBELL MACCULLOCH tells why in EXTRA! EXTRA! It's a sad, sad story, girls; but it's Hollywood.

The Englishman used to be known as the world's greatest globe-trotter. But the American has long since surpassed him. NORMAN S. HALL proves this in LET'S GO 'ROUND THE WORLD.

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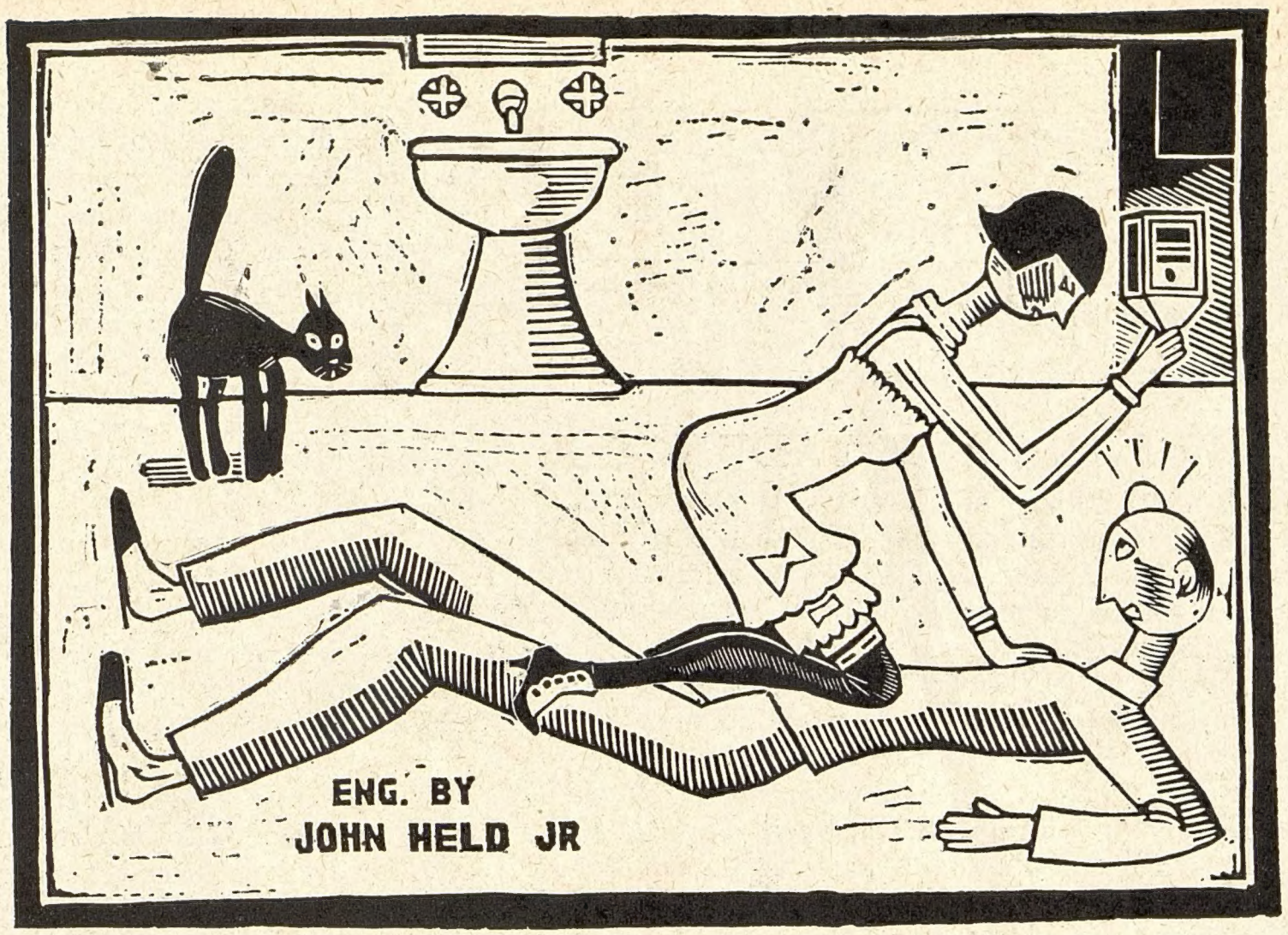

Caught in the act again! The *second* time Reginald has swiped — yea, *stolen* Veronica's pet bottle of Hinds Cream. Soothed his face just wonderful after shaving, said Reginald. Veronica, flushed with her victory, suddenly got big-hearted and soothed his wounds with her own fragrant Hinds. But, did he buy a bottle of his own? He did!

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The DEVIL'S Mantle

A Romance of the South Seas

Beginning a Serial by

FRANK L. PACKARD

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

THE night was hot, unbearably sticky, enervating. Even the tropical shower, which rattled like the tattoo of a corps of snare drums on the galvanized-iron roof of the bungalow, seemed to have brought with it nothing of refreshment.

Seated in what was obviously a combination sleeping- and working-room, Peter Blake leaned negligently back in his chair, sucking at a disreputable pipe. He was a very young man, still in his early twenties, broad-shouldered, six feet in height, with a not unbecoming shock of light brown hair and a pair of pleasing steady gray eyes. His white shirt, all that incased the upper part of his body, was open at the neck, displaying a wide expanse of muscular chest, tanned almost to the color of bronze, like his face.

Peter's eyes roved around the room, embracing in their survey the cot bed over against the wall, the native mats on the floor, a duplicate of the cane easy-chair in which he lounged, a shelf or two of books on the wall, and a writing-desk littered with papers, tobacco, glasses, and a bottle of gin. He had been looking at this room, or ones almost precisely like it, for the last two years.

This particular room, however, had a touch of

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

As he reached out and grasped the key, his mind was wandering. There she was, again!

[THE DEVIL'S MANTLE
Continued from Page Seven]

individuality that marked it as somewhat apart from its fellows, which were to be found, wherever white men were, on countless other islands that dotted the tropical seas. It contained an ancient safe with a huge key in the lock.

Peter's eyes fixed now on a sharp-faced, bearded man of middle age, who sat on a camp stool before the open door of the safe, and at whose side, on a small table, lay numerous little heaps of pearls—obviously in the process of being sorted.

THE sharp-faced man rose suddenly, stepped across to the writing-desk, poured out a drink for himself, stared for a moment at Peter, and returned to his seat.

"Well, I must say, you're the most surprising sort of chap!" he exclaimed. "Here you insist on leaving on account of that bit of a row this afternoon, yet you do not seem to bear me the slightest animosity."

Peter's lips expanded in a broad grin.

"Not the slightest, Mr. Murchison," he said genially. "Good Lord, any man is likely to lose his temper, and"—he grinned still more broadly—"I've even been guilty of it myself! I haven't given that a second thought, sir. But you know as well as I do, since the row occurred in the presence of some of the natives, that it will be all over the island in less than no time, and my authority will have received a gentle little knock on the head that I'm afraid it won't survive. It's to your interest if I'm on the wing again."

"I'll risk that," said Murchison curtly. "I've told you that's an entirely exaggerated view of it. You'd better think it over."

Peter did not answer for a minute. He lifted his glass to his lips, and, over the rim, his eyes rested on the slatted window blind just opposite where he sat. The thing seemed to move very stealthily, very slowly. Peter sipped at the contents of his glass. The interstices between the slats were plainly in evidence now—and then a pair of eyes stared into the room.

The hand in which he held his glass stiffened. "Don't show any particular interest in what I am saying, or look in that direction, but there's someone outside the window with his face glued to the slats."

"The devil!" exclaimed Murchison.

"Possibly!" smiled Peter, and rose leisurely from his chair, yawned, stretched himself, and walked toward the door. "I'll try to find out."

Indolently he opened the door of the room, stepped out into the little hallway of the bungalow, and, with a "good night" flung casually over his shoulder, closed the door behind him. But the next instant Peter's movements were as swift as a hound's unleashed to the scent.

He sprang to the front door, swung it open, dashed outside, and, with a bound, was around the corner of the bungalow. The yellow threads of light seeping out through the interstices of the blind showed up the immediate vicinity of the window plainly. There was no one at the window—no one in sight.

Half-crouched, hugging the walls, Peter made a swift circuit of the bungalow. He accomplished nothing except a drenching.

Once more he made a circuit of the bungalow, but in the opposite direction this time, pausing at every few steps to listen. And again he was no better rewarded. The patter of the rain was enough to drown any slight sound that would be made, say, by someone moving warily; and he could see nothing at any distance away.

Peter shrugged his shoulders and, entering the bungalow, returned to Murchison's room.

"Well?" inquired Murchison.

"Gone!" said Peter laconically.

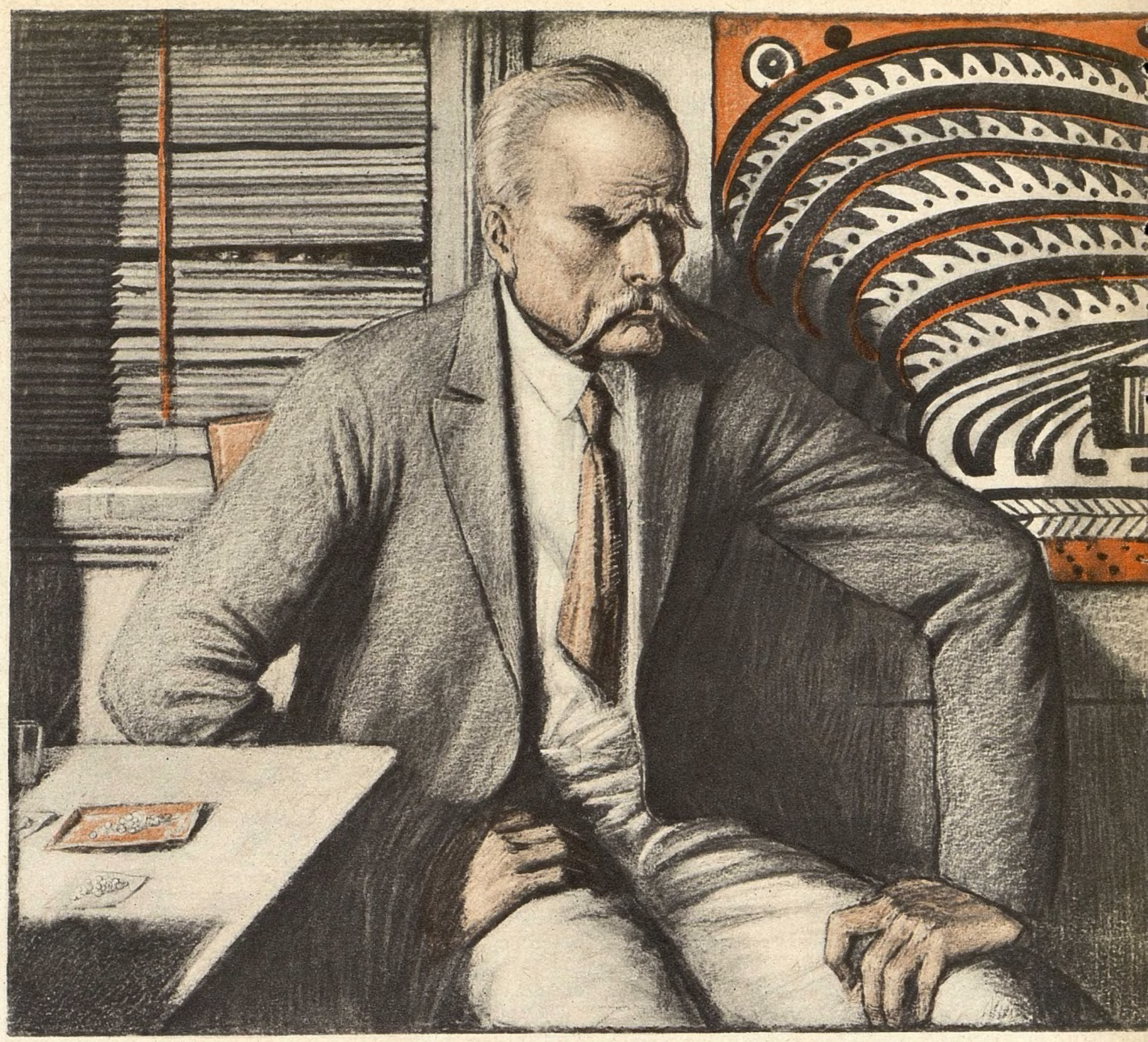
"Too bad!" growled Murchison. "I'd like to have caught the beggar. I'd have made an example of him that would have put a stop for good and all to this petty thieving that's been getting worse. I think you said it was a tin of marmalade that was stolen last night, and—"

PETER pushed his dripping hair out of his eyes.

"I'm wondering," he said coolly, "if it was the—marmalade."

"Oh!" said Murchison, with a faint smile. "You mean these?" He jerked his head toward the pearls. "Absurd!"

"I don't see anything absurd about it," said Peter. "It's more or less common knowledge that, while you live here and own this plantation, you are, primarily, a rather large speculator in pearls; that you frequently make trips, which are really buying expeditions, to the beds. You returned from one, after an absence of three weeks, yesterday morning. The presumption would be that you have a valuable collection of pearls with you. You and I are alone in this bungalow. The servants are in their quarters back of the clearing a good few hundred yards away. There isn't a white man within two miles of us. Why is it absurd?"



"Don't show any particular interest in what I am saying, or look in that direction,

"Because," explained Murchison coolly, "it would do no one any good to steal them. He couldn't get off the island with them—not till the next trading-boat touches here, and that would then be watched."

"If you like," suggested Peter irrelevantly, "I'll make up a shakedown and sleep in here with you tonight."

Murchison emptied his glass and smiled.

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Peter. It's rank nonsense, to say nothing of your being near enough at hand even to hear me snore through the partitions—though, damn it, my lad, I appreciate the offer. I've had pearls here in greater quantities than this, time and again, and have kept them by me for months, and I've been doing it for twenty years or more, and I haven't lost one yet!"

Peter shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll turn in, then," he said; "it must be getting well on past eleven."

"Right!" said Murchison. "And—Peter!"

Peter swung around in the doorway.

"About that other matter," said Murchison, and coughed a little awkwardly—"that bit of a row and all that, and your decision to pull out, you know—we'll have another talk about it and see if we can't find a way to make you change your mind."

"I've already changed my mind," Peter said quietly. "I shan't leave the island while the pearls are here."

"I'm damned!" gasped Murchison.

"Good night, sir," said Peter, and closed the door behind him.

II

PETER raised himself on his elbow and looked at the luminous dial of his wrist

but there's someone outside the window with his face glued to the slats."

watch. Murchison had given it to him a month before. Rather decent of old Murchison!

It was fourteen minutes past two.

Peter's head dropped back on the pillow. It was becoming increasingly difficult to keep awake. Perhaps he was a fool. He had changed his wet clothes after he had left Murchison, but he was still fully dressed. He had even put on his jacket—and in the pocket of the jacket nestled a revolver.

FLUNG on a chair near the foot of the bed was an oilskin coat. Twice, since leaving Murchison, he had stolen out and made a circuit of the bungalow. There had been no sign of life or movement anywhere. Murchison had put out his light several hours ago and, obviously, had gone to bed.

Another shower was beating its tattoo upon the roof. It made no end of a racket, but it was a sound that ordinarily Peter liked at night, because it always had a sort of lullaby effect upon him. It was trying to lull him off to sleep at the present moment. He cursed it, now, savagely, fervently.

Murchison's room was just across the little hallway, and since tropical partitions were known for their exceeding thinness and contemptuous denial of all soundproof properties, Peter, as Murchison himself had facetiously remarked, should be able even to hear the other snore. Certainly, in spite of the rain, he would be able to hear the slightest unusual sound in Murchison's room.

Peter listened as he stared through the darkness. Of a sudden he raised himself on his elbow and stared in the direction of the door. It was intensely black and he could not make out even its outlines; but it seemed to him that he had heard a faint metallic rattle, as if the door knob were being stealthily turned.

Peter's hand slipped into his jacket pocket and came out with the revolver. The door hadn't moved any; at least, he did not think it had—but he couldn't be sure.

He swung one foot out over the edge of the bed, raised himself silently inch by inch into an upright position, and then, in spite of caution, the bed creaked slightly. On the instant a voice spoke, not from the doorway, but from somewhere, it seemed, inside the room—or perhaps it was from the window.

"Don't move or make a sound, or it will be the worse for you!"

But Peter obeyed neither the one injunction nor the other. He swung his body a little farther forward, and shouted at the top of his voice.

"Murchison, look out for yourself!" he shouted—and his voice drowned out another faint creaking of the bed as he dropped swiftly to his hands and knees on the floor.

He was answered by a savage, guttural oath, a flash, the roar of a pistol. He fired instantly in return at the flash, and as instantly shifted his position. Two more shots rang out, which he placed definitely now as coming from the window; and, as their tongue-flames stabbed through the dark, he caught a vague, momentary glimpse of something moving quickly and silently—like two shadowy forms.

It seemed to him that they had come from the direction of the door—as if they had darted into the room and had become almost instantaneously lost again in the darkness.

Peter was lying, now, close against the wall, on the floor at the foot of his bed. The window, with the bed between, was at the far end of the room; the doorway was obliquely across from where he lay. But he could see nothing. There was not a sound in the room now, and there was no sound from Murchison's room. *Why?* Had they been there first? Murchison hadn't been awake—they hadn't found Murchison awake. That was the difference.

Peter felt the sweat beads ooze out suddenly upon his forehead. There was no sound—even the banging of the raindrops had ceased between an interval in the showers. It was utterly, impenetrably black. Peter could not make out, except in the most indistinct of outlines, the foot of the bed, though it was but a few inches away from his eyes.

HE lay immovable—waiting, now. He could see nothing, but he *knew* that others were in the room: waiting, listening, just as he was waiting and listening, for a sound, an audible breath, the stir of body movement, the temptation to seek relief by changing the position of a cramped leg or arm, that would disclose one's exact whereabouts.

That was the sound of breathing, wasn't it—and that was the faintest of scraping sounds, as if a button had rubbed upon the floor—as if someone were crawling inch by inch somewhere in the room?

Cautiously, without a sound, Peter thrust his left hand into his trousers pocket. He brought out a shilling piece.

With still more caution, now, Peter raised himself to his knees to give free play to his arms. And then, alert, every muscle tense, his revolver outflung a little from his side, he tossed the coin gently toward the rear wall of the room. It fell with a low, tinkling sound upon the floor—and the silence remained unbroken. His ruse hadn't worked.

Another minute passed. The silence began to thud at his eardrums. Far better to force the issue than to remain inactive; and far better to do the stalking than to be the stalked—and he might even be able to get out of the room itself.

On his hands and knees again, he began to move forward by scarcely the fraction of an inch at a time. He could not see the door, but he knew its exact location: it was almost directly across the room from where he lay. He headed in that direction.

It was slow work, unconscionably slow. The revolver bothered him a little. He did not dare take the chance of replacing it in his pocket; and therefore it forced him, when his right hand was on the floor, to bear his weight on his closed fist and knuckles.

Two more yards would do it. His left hand reached out as he drew himself forward; then his right hand; then his left again—and, instead of the floor, his hand touched something soft, like flesh—like the flesh of another hand.

There came a startled shout almost in his ears—and then the flash of his own revolver and the flash of another.

He felt something sear hot across his temples above the hair line—and then hands were gripping at him, clawing at him, and his arms were wrapped around the body of his antagonist.

Over and over on the floor they rolled. He still held his revolver, but he was at too close quarters to use it; it even hampered

[CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE]

"Tom Murchison—murdered!" *Humphrey Garth's face had set in sharp lines.*

[THE DEVIL'S MANTLE
Continued from Page Nine]

him, but he clung grimly to it. Twice the other's fingers clutched at Peter's throat, and twice Peter tore them loose. Hoarse cries sounded in his ears. He heard the quick, sudden rush of feet coming toward him from, it seemed, all directions.

And then from somewhere came a tiny flicker of light—as if a match had been struck. It showed him nothing save that it was a white-clothed man with whom he fought—but it had obviously served its purpose as a guide to the others. As if it had come hurtling through the air, a form flung itself upon his neck and shoulders—and another, and still another, until he was buried beneath a writhing human mass, which grunted horribly as it pounded and struck at him.

But now Peter fired. For he was no longer employed in keeping a single pair of fingers from his throat, and, though his hand that held the revolver was pinioned, as it were, by the weight of the bodies upon him, it was also enmeshed among them. There was a muffled roar; a queer red flash, curiously smothered, that came up out of the ruck; and a prolonged shriek.

Again Peter fired—and then the weapon was wrenched suddenly from his hand. But with the shots Peter sensed an instant's relaxation in the ferocity of the attack upon him. And in that instant Peter laughed—a great laugh that rang through the room. His massive shoulders heaved upward, and, flinging from him the forms that hung to back and neck and shoulders, he gained his feet.

Around and around the room he fought them, now tripping over a chair, now using one as a bludgeon, until, shattered to pieces, it became useless. Twice they fired at him, and missed. They were always upon him, lunging blows at him from every side, slashing at him with knives, now!

Peter's mind worked in quick, staccato flashes as he fought. Some of them were natives—most of them, perhaps: he had felt naked arms and shoulders. Not all natives, though—there had been a white man's voice at the beginning. But, whatever they were, there seemed to be more of them now than ever. Yes, they were rushing in from the doorway. He could hear them above the horrible grunting and the sharp, sibilant stabs of shortened breaths around him, and—

A low sound, like a quick gasp for breath, came suddenly from Peter's lips. A man had leaped upon his back, and Peter felt something sharp cut deep along his side, and the man's arms encircling his neck as if to strangle him.

In a flash Peter bent his body almost double. His hands shot up, snatched at the other's shoulders, and, with a wrench that had every ounce of his strength behind it, he sent the other catapulting over his head. He heard the sharp outcry, the crash of impact, as the other struck with terrific force upon the floor.

Flashes of red danced before his eyes. Something sticky hot was trickling down his back. And then a sudden giddiness overpowered him, and he pitched forward, unconscious, upon his face.

WHEN he revived, there was no pain; only a curious numbness of both brain and body; a sort of detached consciousness. He heard voices. He knew that he was being carried by some man of great strength, slung across the other's shoulders.

The sense of movement ceased abruptly. A voice spoke gutturally:

"I don't know whether he's dead or not; it's a toss-up, I'd say."

Another voice laughed—a laugh as soft as a woman's. There was something horribly incongruous in it; it seemed to ripple out in dulcet, musical notes.

"It makes very little difference," purred this voice. "He will be presently, in any case. Throw him into the boat; but take care to lash his body to a thwart, so he won't float away when we get far enough out to sink her."

Peter felt himself falling—as if he were being pitched away from the shoulder of the man who had been carrying him. Then he struck with a crash. There was an instant of intolerable pain—and then nothingness.

When Peter opened his eyes again, he became conscious of a violent pitching motion, of the sweep of wind in his face, of a furious onward rushing at great speed through space.

He raised his head and stared around him. His vision seemed to play tricks upon him. Many things danced before his eyes, but they were indistinct outlines that rose up ghostlike out of a vast surrounding blackness. He moaned in pain through shut teeth.

HE reached out with his hands, and found that a rope was coiled around the small of his back and around what seemed to be a narrow flat board across which he must have been flung. His legs were without support and kept waggling this way and that in unison with that violent pitching motion.

His brain was clearing now. That was the sound of water, wasn't it?—the slap, slap, slap of it, the faint hiss and gurgle, as if the wash rushed swiftly past a boat's sides.

He raised his head again, as high up now as he could, with tremendous effort. Something huge and phantomlike was ahead of him, always exactly the same distance away—a gray-black smudge on the night. A faint sound came down with the wind, like the creak of a boom.

"I'm being towed," thought Peter, "far enough out to sink the boat."

His hands were free, and he lay face downward. Sweat beads stood out on his forehead now as he wriggled and twisted in an effort to shift his body a little—just an inch or two—so that his fingertips could touch the knots tied at the middle of his back. It was bitter work; for, with the pain of every movement, his senses threatened to leave him.

His fingers began their struggle with the knots. But there seemed to be no strength in his fingers. He plucked and plucked at the knots. Again and again he lay still, in utter exhaustion, sucking his breath in through his clenched teeth—a man nearly done.

He began to rave a little.

"Murchison—Murchison!" he called.

The rope became loose around his body. He kept tugging at it. And then, with one of the violent pitches of the boat, he found himself lying on the bottom, very dizzy, very weak.

But he could afford to be neither dizzy nor weak. In some way he must cast off the boat. He couldn't unfasten the towrope, with the strain and weight of the boat upon it. It would have to be cut somehow. It was so dark, they would never know—so dark that, even if they discovered almost immediately that the boat was adrift, they would have very little chance of finding him again.

But he had no knife!

He sat up now, straining his eyes around him. He could just make out his immediate surroundings. Something almost within his reach took on a familiar aspect. He stretched out his hand and touched it. The flywheel of an engine. He was in a motor boat. It must be Murchison's—the one that was always moored to the little dock. And if it was Murchison's, then there was a small locker aft of the engine, and there were tools in the locker—something with which he could cut the motor boat adrift from that thing out there ahead, which went on and on through the night like some evil, silent phantom pulling the motor boat to destruction in its wake.

He began to crawl toward the stern. Perhaps Murchison *was* here, after all—lying somewhere in the bottom of the boat. He called again. No answer. He reached the stern. His hand groped around inside the locker. There wasn't anything with any cutting edge to it

except a cold chisel. Well, a cold chisel and a hammer, then!

With these in his possession, he crawled forward again—this time to the bow of the boat. He gritted his teeth against the pain as he raised himself to his knees—and, swaying with weakness, pitching with the pitch of the boat, he began to hack at a small hawser that stretched out over the bow. He struck grimly—again and again. Strand after strand he severed. The last one parted with a sharp, angry snap.

The sweat was pouring from Peter's face. It ran into his eyes. He drew his arm across his eyes, wiping them with the sleeve of his jacket—and stared out ahead of him. The wraithlike thing was gone. There was nothing there now—nothing: just the night—just blackness.

The chisel clattered from Peter's fingers to the bottom of the boat, and his knees slid from beneath him.

The hours of darkness passed in merciful unconsciousness for Peter. Then the dawn came. And then the sun blazed down hot—still hotter.

IN the late forenoon, Peter stirred. His faint cry was inarticulate—a hoarse, croaking sound that emanated from parched lips. His eyes were burning with an unhealthy brilliancy out of a fever-flushed face.

"Water!" Peter croaked.

His body was on fire. His blood burned him up. He stared around him in sick amaze and raised himself upon his elbow. It brought him agony, but he persisted. He got his head above the level of the gunwale. There was nothing—nothing but the blazing sun, which scorched his eyeballs—nothing but that and an endless sweep of sea.

And then suddenly he cried out sharply. He was wrong. There *was* something!

Right out of the sea appeared a grove of trees, cool, shady, a great avenue of them; and winding, twisting, bubbling through this avenue was a stream of crystal water. But there was an offshore breeze blowing. It was blowing the boat away from the trees.

Peter began a grim journey toward the after end of the boat. He had a matter of perhaps two yards to go to reach the engine. He reached it after an interval of time measured only by moments of oblivion in which he succumbed to pain—only to find that he was too far gone to start the engine.

Thirst became more and more intolerable; the sun hotter—and it reflected on a small bright object that seemed to protrude from one of the little squares of grating on the bottom of the boat in the stern. The glint hurt his eyes, but he could not keep his eyes from straying to it every now and then. The thing became an obsession. The more he tried not to look, the more he looked. He became intolerantly angry. He cursed the thing. It was a long way to crawl in order to pitch it overboard. He couldn't crawl that far!

His mind was wandering a little now. *She* was there again. It would be for only a moment—just as it had been that night, two years ago, in the crowded lobby of the theater.

She would come nearer, and their eyes would meet—just for a moment. But that moment would stand out in after life, imperishable, sometimes fraught with a great wistfulness. After that she would pass out into the foggy London night, and, because the crowd would have surged between them, she would be lost to him.

Yes; there she was! There—with some soft, lacy thing around her, through which came the gleam of ivory shoulders. And now he could see the full white throat; the chin, daintily uplifted, the hair, crowning her head with gold. Now she would look. The moment had come. There was no reason why she should look. They had never seen each other before. There were even three or four people between them. But she would look.

Now!

Their eyes were meeting, holding each other with strange intensity—as if a thousand years ago, in some forgotten world and some forgotten way, they had known each other. And in her gaze there was a startled wonder, a troubled questioning, a great amazement; and in his, he knew, unbidden, his soul. A color came, faintly pink, to tinge her cheeks—and she was gone: swept as swiftly and as abruptly out of his life as she had entered it. Nameless—a memory—immortalizing a moment.

Gone!

Peter lifted a haggard face. "Water!" he mumbled.

That damned bright, shiny thing was still there! He crawled along—made a foot; lay exhausted; made another foot. And, grimly determined now, cursing the object, his weakness, and the agony he imposed upon himself by his efforts, he finally reached out and grasped it.

It was a key, of course, but it was a very curious-looking key—a slender key—very delicately and intricately finished as to its wards and notches. It was perhaps three inches long, and scarcely more than an eighth of an inch in width, and in thickness it seemed to be little more than that of a piece of paper.

It wouldn't bother him if he kept it out of the sunlight—that was the main thing. Peter put it in his pocket.

The sun grew hotter.

The boat drifted on through the hours.

Another dawn came—the pitiless sun—

Peter lay in the bottom of the boat, motionless, his face hidden in his outflung arms.

III

IT was said of Humphrey Garth that he could command more ready money, and that on shorter notice, than any other man in the Commonwealth of Australia. At sixty he was a grim-faced, shaggy-eyebrowed man with thick gray hair. He had made his fortune mostly in wool; but his interests, with the years, had widened vastly. Big things: steel, shipbuilding, far-flung financial enterprises—even in London, Humphrey Garth of Sydney was a man of power. He lived lavishly; he spent lavishly.

He was sitting now on the veranda of his superb home on the outskirts of Sydney, staring across a dainty tea service at a golden-haired girl with wide, laughing blue eyes who sat opposite to him.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed. "I had no idea you cared in the least for that sort of thing."

"Don't!" said Mr. Garth shortly. "Not as a general rule. I'm not sure I do at all. I suppose it adds something to the sum total of human knowledge, and Rand seems tremendously serious about it, but I can't say I could ever work up much enthusiasm over prowling around after fossils, and digging up prehistoric eggs, and studying the habits of man-eating head-hunters at first hand."

"And yet," said the girl slyly, "you've seen quite a lot of him of late, and helped to make a fuss over him—you've even invited him out here this afternoon; and we're giving, I believe, a rather formal dinner for him tomorrow night."

"Huh!" said the multimillionaire. "Quite another matter, Marion—quite another matter! The man's famous, of course. Known everywhere—Singapore to London."

"But you don't like a man well enough to accept the sort of invitation we are talking about merely because he happens to be famous, do you?"

"Well, I'm rather keen to go," said Mr.

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As if it had come hurtling through the air, a form flung itself upon his neck and shoulders—and another, and still another.

[THE DEVIL'S MANTLE
Continued from Page Eleven]

Humphrey Garth, with sudden decision. "At least, he's an interesting beggar, and modest with his achievements, even to the point of reticence, I'd say. I like that. They say he's got an amazing place, a regular museum, up there on that island of his. And then, another thing—the date just suits me. Two weeks from now I shall be ripe for a little holiday—need it, by Jove! In fact, I was thinking of proposing a cruise on our own yacht somewhere, with no definite objective in mind."

Marion got up from her chair, stepped quickly around the table, and laid her hands on her father's shoulders. To Marion her father was her all. There were but the two of them, and she had never known her mother.

"I'd love to go, father," she said simply. "It will be a wonderful adventure up among those strange, wild islands that nobody ever visits. I've always wanted to see them."

FROM where they were sitting, the eye met a magnificent grove of trees and a cool, winding avenue that led up to the house. Along this avenue a motor car was now rapidly approaching.

"There's Mr. Rand now," said Marion, as the car swept around to the front entrance and she caught a glimpse of its occupant.

She rang for more tea.

The tea and the visitor arrived almost simultaneously. Marion found herself appraising the man as he came forward along the veranda toward them. He was tall, very dark, quick and lithe in his movements—a man, she judged, of perhaps thirty-eight or thereabouts, and by no means bad-looking—that is, she decided, if one didn't pick his features to pieces. If one did that, of course, the lips were a little too long and thin, and the jaw was terribly hard, and the eyes were too small and too close together. But then, of course, one could pick anyone to pieces!

"I'm afraid I'm a little late," said Rand apologetically, as he shook hands with Marion and her father.

"On the contrary," said Humphrey Garth pleasantly, "you arrived at exactly the psychological moment. We had just decided that the opportunity of paying you a visit up in that queer part of the world of yours was far too alluring to lose."

"Really!" exclaimed Rand heartily. "You're coming, then? Both of you? Well, I *am* delighted! I was hoping you would—but I knew it was rather a large undertaking and I had my fears. I can't tell you how glad I am. I've got to go over to Auckland, as I told you the other day, and then I and my bit of a schooner will strike straight for home, and I'll be there in time to welcome you."

"Why not send the schooner on from Auckland, and come back here yourself and go up with us on the yacht?" suggested Mr. Garth.

"That's awfully good of you," said Rand warmly. "There's nothing I can think of that I would like better. I was almost going to have the temerity to suggest it myself."

"Settled!" said Mr. Humphrey Garth.

"Cream and sugar, Mr. Rand?" asked Marion.

"Clear, please," replied Rand.

"Any particular news?" Mr. Humphrey Garth nodded toward a newspaper protruding from Rand's pocket. "I see you've got a paper. I treated myself to a day off, and I didn't go to the office today."

"No," replied Rand; "no news of any particular moment, except for a rather beastly affair up in the Tuamotu group. A couple of weeks old now—though the news is just in here. A young Englishman of the name of Peter Blake, a sort of beach comber and general all-round waster, I take it from the description, murdered a planter he was working for, and decamped with a collection of pearls valued at a good many thousand pounds."

Mr. Humphrey Garth leaned forward in his chair.

"And the planter's name?" he asked in a low voice.

"I think it was Murchison," said Rand. He pulled the newspaper out of his pocket and consulted. "Yes, Murchison—Thomas Murchison."

"Tom Murchison—*murdered!*" Humphrey Garth's face had set in sharp lines. His hands were tightly clenched on the arms of his chair.

"Daddy Tom!" Marion had risen from her chair and was standing there, a very rigid little figure, very white of face.

Herman Rand set down his teacup awkwardly as he looked from one to the other.

"You—I"—he stumbled as awkwardly with his words—"I am inexpressibly sorry that I should have brought this news. I—I see that it touches you both very closely. I had no idea—"

"Let me see the paper," said Mr. Garth hoarsely.

Mechanically Rand placed the newspaper in the other's hand.

"Mr. Rand," said Marion, and, in spite of an obvious effort to steady her voice, it broke a little, "you won't mind excusing me for a little while, will you? This"—the tears were very near to the blue eyes, dimming them now—"this is—"

She did not finish the sentence, but walked quickly along the veranda and disappeared into the house.

Rand, who had risen courteously, stood watching the girl's trim figure until the door closed behind her.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that I am a bird of very ill omen indeed. It is evident that this has been a frightful shock to Miss Garth."

"Mr. Rand," said Marion—and her voice broke a little—"you won't mind excusing me for a little while?"

"About the same as if someone had suddenly informed her that something of like sort had happened to me," said Humphrey Garth in a strained, monotonous voice. "Tom Murchison was her godfather. He played with her when she was a baby, and they were pals when she grew up. You heard her. She called him 'Daddy Tom.' As for me, Tom Murchison was my oldest friend—and the best man that ever lived on God's green earth."

"Good God!" said Herman Rand beneath his breath.

Humphrey Garth jumped to his feet and began to pace up and down the veranda.

"Rand," he said abruptly, "you know more about the islands and the life up there than probably any other man alive. Where do you suppose that hound Blake got to?"

Rand shrugged his shoulders.

"That's rather a large order," he said grimly. "It wouldn't be so difficult for him, though. He had a motor boat, and he took all the spare cans of petrol with him—quite a supply, according to the account. He could easily enough, in the circumstances, make his way from one island to another, and so on, until he picked up a trading-vessel somewhere and got clear away. I'd say he'll be a hard man to catch."

"Will he?" inquired Mr. Humphrey Garth, with a significant inflection in his voice.

He rang, and resumed his seat.

A servant appeared.

"Ask Mr. Jaffray to come here at once," instructed Mr. Garth.

A moment later a young man came along the veranda.

"Mr. Rand," Mr. Garth said, "this is my secretary, Mr. Jaffray. Jaffray—Mr. Rand."

Jaffray acknowledged the introduction and looked inquiringly at Mr. Garth.

"JAFFRAY," said Mr. Garth gruffly, "I have just received some very bad news. Mr. Murchison was murdered in his bungalow some two weeks ago by a man named Peter Blake."

Jaffray stared at his employer.

"Mr. Murchison—murdered!" he exclaimed faintly.

Humphrey Garth picked up the newspaper and handed it to his secretary.

"The details are there. Never mind them now—you can read them on the way to the city. I want you to motor into Sydney at once. I am going to offer a reward for the capture of this Peter Blake. You'll see the police and the newspapers, or whoever you have to see, in order to have the reward given official recognition and publicity. Then cable or wireless it all over. See that it's known in Singapore—up in Fiji—everywhere."

"Yes, sir," said Jaffray. "And the amount of the reward, Mr. Garth?"

"Five thousand pounds," said Humphrey Garth.

Jaffray had small black eyes. A sort of startled incredulity came into them for a moment.

"Five thousand pounds," he repeated. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Garth—did you say five *thousand* pounds?"

"I said five thousand pounds," returned Humphrey Garth a little sharply. "And I should like to have you attend to the matter at once."

Jaffray bowed to Rand, and hurried off along the veranda.

Herman Rand lighted the cigarette he had been holding.

"That's a rather large sum of money, Mr. Garth," he ventured slowly. "I should say that it would interest most men—let alone the average. I'm not prepared to say that I wouldn't be interested in it myself. I'm quite sure your secretary was."

Humphrey Garth's hands were clenched again on the arms of his chair.

"Do you think so?" he said, with a bitter laugh. "Well, I'll tell you something, Rand: I'll spend a hundred thousand—yes, or two hundred, if I have to—to bring the murderer of old Tom Murchison to justice!"

What becomes of Blake, drifting in the boat under the pitiless sun? You'll learn how chance strangely links his destiny with that of Rand, Garth, and Marion, in next week's installment.

The Red Knight of Germany

The Life and Battles of RICHTHOFEN

The Kaiser's Deadliest Ace

The Beginning of His Fighting Career

By FLOYD GIBBONS

"Women followed him everywhere—he was their ideal," Richthofen's surviving comrades say. This photograph shows a group gathered beneath his car window, as he traveled home on leave.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Richthofen's home today is a memorial to valor in the air. It is hung with trophies of death—a chandelier made of the motor of a French plane which the great German ace brought down at Verdun; a machine gun from an English plane; and innumerable silver cups commemorating his victorious air battles. Before he became a flyer, he was an officer of uhlans. We find him as such, as war is declared, in the vanguard of the German invasion of Russia.]

ON the morning of August 3, 1914, the inhabitants of the little Russian village of Kielce, a few miles east of the German frontier, awoke to find a troop of uhlans patrolling the main street and occupying the points of vantage leading in and out of the village.

Picture by Captain John W. Thomason

A twenty-two-year-old second lieutenant swung from his horse in front of a low building of weather-stained clapboards. His hair was blond; his cheeks were pink; his uniform was natty. With the handle of his riding-crop he rapped on a wooden door, which was opened by the village priest, a tall man in black robes, whose pallid face was all but covered by a full red beard.

"Father," said the boy officer, with heels together as though on parade, "it is my painful duty to inform you that war has been declared between Germany and your country, and that your village is now occupied and surrounded by my men. I must notify you that you are my prisoner. My name is Manfred von Richthofen, second lieutenant of the First Regiment of Uhlans."

The cleric received the formal speech with a smile and folded hands. What nonsense was the boy talking? War? Troops? Prisoner?

The priest prisoner fades into the background, but the boy who took him captive, captured the undefended town without firing a shot, and then found difficulty in convincing the villagers that they were prisoners—that boy became a national hero of his country and the greatest air fighter the Germans ever sent aloft. The incident was the first hostile act of the youth who became the ace of German aces in the air. In the act itself the boy became the man of war.

To make the villagers realize that they were prisoners, young Richthofen wrapped himself in sternness and locked the priest in the tower of the church.

"At the first sign of hostility from your villagers, you will be executed," Richthofen assured him in a forbidding manner.

To insure against the priest's escape, Richthofen next removed the ladder leading to the

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
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belfry; also placed a sentry there.

Then he reported in ponderous peacetime military fashion, writing long accounts of his mission and sending couriers to either flank and to the rear. The frontier was a small river. The young lieutenant and his men, keyed up to the high pitch of the moment, expected to encounter resistance on the international line; and their surprise was beyond words when they passed over the little rustic bridge and found themselves on Russian soil without firing a shot. Maybe the order for hostilities had been recalled, but there was nothing to do but to carry out instructions.

In five days Richthofen's patrol had dwindled to himself and two men, the rest having been sent off as dispatch-carriers. It was quiet in the captured village—so quiet that the lieutenant released the priest.

Puzzled, he went to sleep on the fifth night and was awakened shortly after midnight by a tug at his shoulder. It was the sentry.

"The Cossacks are here," the latter whispered in a husky voice. He also was young. He had seen the enemy for the first time. His voice betrayed not fear, but the thrill that comes with quickened heartbeats when fighting males approach contact with their adversaries.

Jumping from his blankets, Richthofen became the hunter—or the quarry—he knew not which. Senses alert and keen, he stepped out into the night. There was a fine mist of rain falling and the darkness was complete. Under this covering he and his men led their three horses through a break in the churchyard wall and into an open field.

FROM his tree nest, Richthofen sent a bullet through her body.

Picture by CLAYTON KNIGHT

TRAILING a carbine beside him, Richthofen returned through the churchyard, and keeping under cover of the wall, came to the village street. It was filled with men and horses. He recognized them as Cossacks—about thirty of them. Some carried lanterns. They were noisy and raucous as they questioned the villagers. Seeing the leader in conversation with the priest, the young uhlan doubled his caution.

He crossed the churchyard, leaped the opposite wall, and joined his two men with the horses in the field. They took to the shelter of the nearby woods. In the gray early morning they saw the Cossacks ride out of the village, but they did not return to their old quarters, realizing that an outpost had been left to receive them.

Unshaved, mud-splashed, clothes wrinkled from a week's wear, the trio returned to the garrison town on the seventh day after their departure and were received as ghosts. Richthofen had been reported dead in a brush with Cossacks, and his mother had received condolences from friends far and near.

His "return from the dead" netted him an ovation in the little garrison town. This hero worship was short-lived, because within twenty-four hours the regiment had entrained and was off for a destination unknown, but guessed at as France. Day and night the troop train sped westward across Silesia and Saxony in the general direction of Metz.

Richthofen and four young second lieutenants, with all of their bags and equipment, were quartered in one second-class compartment. They had a table between them, and it was loaded with bottles that were replenished at every stop where cheering crowds awaited them.

The regiment was known. The First Uhlans and the 155th Regiment of Infantry had been mentioned in the first official German communiqué as having taken the Russian town of Kalish. They were greeted as heroes, and this greeting was accompanied by the flashing eyes and admiring glances of girls who offered them kisses and flowers and wine.

AS neither Richthofen nor the other three officers had been in the Kalish engagement, the celebration galled a bit at first; but as it was repeated at every place where the train stopped, they soon became used to it and liked it. It felt good to be taken as heroes. Why deny it?

Further than that, they invented wild tales of their encounters with the ferocious Russians, and one of the party, who had brought with him the sword of a Russian policeman, exhibited the weapon as evidence of the fierce combat in which it had been wrested from the grasp of a Cossack and then sheathed in his blood.

The officers' compartment was crowded and hot, and blue with tobacco smoke. Fresh bottles succeeded the empty ones, which were sent out of the window at convenient targets. They sang and joked and laughed and made up more tales for the next enthusiastic throng.

Once the revelry was interrupted by an incident that might have proved tragic. The train stopped suddenly in a long dark tunnel and those on board were not aware of the reason. Bombs — wrecks — attacks — flashed through their minds in the darkness. The silence increased the tension. Then a shot was fired and immediately hundreds of rifles protruded from windows and were discharged. Bullets, hitting the stone walls of the tunnel, ricocheted in all directions. The excitement was intense. That no one was wounded seemed a miracle. The incident served to show, however, that the German military machine was not entirely the nerveless thing of ironclad discipline and precision that it was supposed to be.

Richthofen rode with his regiment across Luxemburg without incident other than his ill-advised capture of a Luxemburg policeman, whom he finally decided to release, inasmuch as Luxemburg had not opened hostilities or resisted the German invasion of its frontiers, and the policeman had not interfered with his march or his men.

Approaching the fortified towns on the Belgian frontier, the cavalry division rode as though on maneuvers. With this division, Richthofen crossed his second enemy frontier in the vicinity of Arlon.

The townspeople were bitter, and the young uhlan later wrote that it had become necessary to execute some of the citizens for sniping.

His daring, which also could be called his lack of caution, did not mark him for great success as a cavalry officer. The characteristics that later made him such a redoubtable foe in the air almost cost him his life, and did cost him

The brothers, Manfred (left) and Lothar von Richthofen, who between them shot down 120 Allied planes.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

So much depends on the soup!

And every housewife knows this!

"IF I CAN only get them to *want* to enjoy the meals, I always know they *will* enjoy them," said a wise mother. And every housewife is sure to echo that statement.

"Winning the Appetite" might well be another name for successful planning of the daily meals. For that is the big task . . . to place before the family the kind of food that is certain to make them eager to eat and thus derive the proper satisfaction and benefit.

So just think how much depends on the soup! For soup is the food that arouses and wins the appetite. Its skillfully blended ingredients offer a variety of tempting flavors not to be had in any other food. Its very sight and savor appeal instantly and arouse pleasant anticipations. Every spoonful refreshes and invigorates. New interest is taken in the meal. And she who is sitting there watching so carefully, knows that the soup has given the meal a sparkle and a "go".

Soup . . . the great tempter of the appetite. Soup . . . the housewife's constant help in serving brighter, better, more enjoyable and more healthful meals. Soup . . . the liquid food that induces a freer flow of the digestive juices. Soup . . . a regular daily dish that belongs in the sensible, wholesome diet.

No wonder Campbell's Soups are so tremendously popular! Women know soup is important. They insist on having it *good*. And they realize that Campbell's Soup *is* good. So splendid in quality, so delicious in flavor that women everywhere are giving up making soup at home.

Depend on Campbell's Tomato Soup to give a happy glow to the family today. You know this is the most famous soup in the world. Let us tell you how carefully it is made and you will understand better why it has such a great reputation.

Only the finest, full-ripe tomatoes are selected. They are plucked just at the moment the sun has sweetened them to full deliciousness right on the vines. They are washed five times in crystal-clear, running water and strained through colanders of pure nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points. Only the rich tomato "meat" and tonic juices are saved in the smooth puree . . . all else is discarded. Nourishing fresh butter and delicate seasoning are blended in and the finished soup offers to your appetite a peculiarly delightful and individual flavor that will make you insist on having Campbell's Tomato Soup every time. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Keep FILM Off Your Teeth

—The Supreme Dental Urge of Today in Combating Tooth and Gum Troubles, and in Correcting Dull, "Off-Color" Teeth

Thus the price of teeth like pearls, is regular film removal in this way

Removing film on teeth is accorded high importance by the modern dentist. So Pepsodent is chosen for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualities and for its special film-removing properties that dentists recognize.

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

Modern dentists regard this new way as of first importance

NOW dental authorities point to a viscous film that forms on teeth as the chief enemy of healthy teeth and gums. To a stubborn film ordinary brushing will not successfully combat.

As a result, on dental advice, the tooth cleansing habits of people everywhere are largely being changed.

Methods considered right yesterday are judged inadequate today. Modern dental science has made important new advancements. Findings that mean much in dental prophylaxis.

What Film Is— Its Effect on Teeth and Gums

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and Removes Film— Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then removes it in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those contained in Pepsodent.

The charm of smiles depends on sparkling teeth, and for those Pepsodent can be counted on invariably

Please Accept Pepsodent Test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better teeth and gums.

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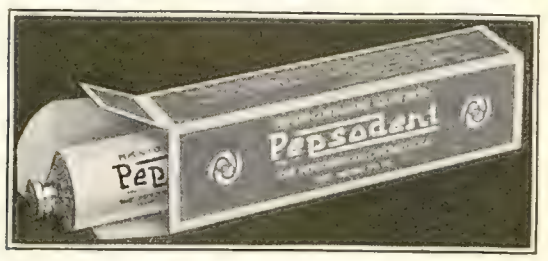

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PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

the lives of most of his troops in his first armed encounter with the enemy. For all his years of military training, he fell victim to the simplest trick in mounted maneuvers. He allowed himself and his troop to be ambushed and almost annihilated.

On August 21, in the little Belgian village of Etalle, twenty miles from the frontier, Richthofen received orders to make a mounted reconnoissance toward the south in the direction of a little town called Meix-devant-Virton. His duty was to discover the strength of French cavalry supposed to be occupying a large forest. With the war less than two weeks old, movement marked the efforts of the opposing forces to get into advantageous contact.

From a hilltop Richthofen looked over the forest with his binoculars. The scene was one of peace, and the patrol of fourteen men felt itself off again on a ride that would bring it back to camp late at night with nothing but fatigue and aching bones to pay for a long day's march. They were soon to have a rude awakening.

AFTER his two advance men had trotted into the forest without encountering resistance, Richthofen advanced with his patrol to the edge of the trees and saw that a large number of horsemen had passed that way shortly before. The hoofmarks were fresh. Here was the chance for action at last. Young blood tingled.

"In my mind's eye I saw myself at last at the head of my little troop, sabering a hostile squadron," Richthofen wrote afterward. "I was quite intoxicated with excitement, and I saw the eyes of my young uhlans sparkle."

They took up the trail immediately and advanced through the darkness of the forest at a sharp trot. At first they rode with the regulation caution of advance and rear guards, but after twenty minutes, in which nothing was encountered, the entire patrol became bunched together and eagerness increased the pace.

In thirty minutes the first riders, making a turn in a leafy glade, were brought to a sudden stop by the presence of a barrier of felled trees lying across the road. On the left there was a rivulet, and beyond that a meadow fifty yards wide. To the right rose a steep stony slope. In all other directions, the darkness of the forest pressed in with menacing shadows. There was no other sound but the snorts and breathing of the sweating horses and the rattle of equipment.

Richthofen galloped up to the barrier and raised his binoculars. At that instant a volley of rifle fire blazed out from three sides on the little patrol. Trapped! A mounted force of French cuirassiers (light cavalry), estimated at 100 men, had them at their mercy.

The carbines banged away. Horses reared and men fell to the ground, some quite still and some to struggle with the reins of their terror-stricken animals.

The path ahead was blocked by the felled trees. The river stopped a charge to the left. The rocky hill on the right barred progress in that direction.

Lifting his hand in signal for hasty retreat, Richthofen put spurs to his horse and dashed backward. But the uhlans behind had mistaken his signal and had galloped to his assistance. Bunched together in the sunlit clearing, they offered an excellent target.

"As we were on a narrow forest path running across the clearing, one may easily imagine the muddle that followed," are the words with which Richthofen later described the attack. "The horses of two men ran away. The last I saw of them they were leaping the barricade. I never heard again from the men and presume they were taken prisoners. My orderly rode at my side. Suddenly his horse was hit and fell. As he was slightly in advance, I had to jump both of them. Other horses were rolling on the ground. In short, it was wild disorder."

In his first clash with the enemy, Second Lieutenant Richthofen had lost ten of his fourteen men. He himself escaped unscathed. In a letter to his mother, written that night upon his return, he described his escape as a "miracle." He credited his French foemen with having surprised him "beautifully."

The defeat hurt his pride. That, however, did not permit him to excuse himself. He acknowledged his fault. His code as applied to himself was as stern as that he applied to others. An alibi would have cost him the pride he held in his courage.

Pride, truthfulness, and a little glimmer of jealousy are the characteristics revealed in his letters at that time to his mother. He wanted the trophies of the brave—decorations for valor. These baubles appealed to him tremendously, and he did not attempt to hide his ambition to win them. To his mother he wrote of his frequent assignments on reconnoitering duty, with the addition, "I am trying hard to win the Iron Cross."

He knew the intrepid qualities of his younger brother, and he lived in the fear that Lothar would see more action than he did, or would have the first opportunity to distinguish himself.

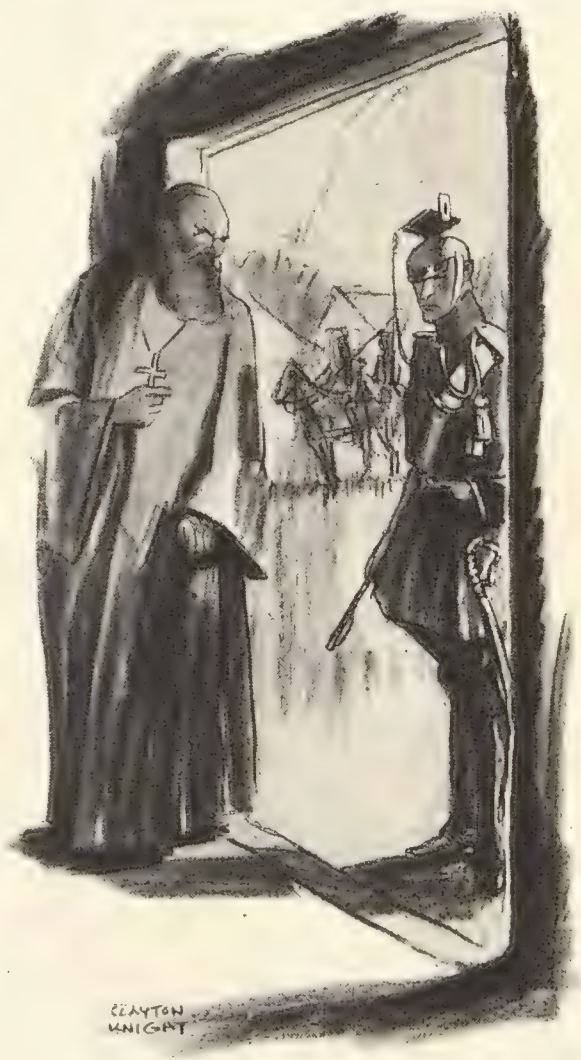
"Unfortunately, we uhlans have been attached to the infantry," he wrote to *liebe mama*. "I write 'unfortunately,' because I feel certain that Lothar has already been in big cavalry charges such as we will probably never ride in here."

This feeling extended even to a fear that the war would end before he was given the chance to win the coveted decorations.

He saw the day of the cavalryman disappear. Trenches and barbed wire spelled their finish in the World War. He saw the infantry lay down rifles and take up the spade and pick. His cherished picture of war—waving standards, flashing sabers, the charge, the mêlée—slowly erased itself, and in its stead came a loathsome reality of muddy shell holes, water-filled ditches, damp, unclean dugouts, and bomb-proofs. Where was the glory of war?

In September, 1914, Richthofen wrote:

> I hear that a cavalry division stands on the approaches to Paris, and I nearly believe that Lothar is lucky enough to be there. But, apart from that, he must certainly have seen more than I have here before Verdun.
>
> The army of the Crown Prince is investing Verdun from the north, and we must wait till the fortress surrenders. Its huge fortifications being what they are, any attempt to storm them would cost more in men and munitions than the strategic value of the position would justify. Only, it's unfortunate that we uhlans are tied up here by these considerations, and that presumably we will have to end the war here.
>
> The Battle of Verdun is very severe, and day after day a vast number of lives are sacrificed. Only yesterday, eight officers of the Seventh Grenadiers were killed in one attack.



"Father," said the boy officer, "you are my prisoner."

ONE of the decisive battles in the war is going on. Thousands of men are being killed. But Richthofen is on the side lines and not in it. The war is quite unsatisfactory to him.

He demanded action. On his hurried front-line visits, he would borrow a rifle and take a pot shot now and then at the opposing trenches. In places where the lines approached within ten yards of each other, he would "stir things up a bit" by tossing a hand grenade over among the French holding the opposing position. Two or three similar presents usually came back.

His hunter instincts could not be denied. After twelve hours' trudging duty through the trenches and in the foul air of the telephone dugout, he would spend the night tramping the woods back of the front in search of prey for his rifle. If they would not let him at men, he must find other game.

Moonlight nights, with the light snow of late fall, came to his assistance, and he followed the tracks of wild pigs through the dark forest of La Chaussée. With much effort he and an orderly built a shelter seat in a tree, and there he waited night after night for his quarry. Morning frequently found him cramped and stiff and almost frozen, but these hardships were like food to the craving within him.

One night there came a sow which swam the little woodland lake in the bright moonlight and broke into a potato field on the other side. Several miles away the guns of Verdun boomed and their flashes sometimes sent flickers of light across the night sky. From his tree nest Richthofen sent a bullet into the sow's body as she swam back across the lake from her midnight foraging. She was only wounded, and the hunter, descending from the tree, plunged into the cold water, bringing his victim out by the hind leg, and finishing her with a trench knife.

At another time he faced a boar, rifle in hand, at twenty yards, and sent a bullet crashing through its mighty head—a head that was carefully salvaged, skinned, cleaned, cured, stuffed, and mounted, and forwarded to the little bedroom in Schweidnitz, where one sees it today on the trophy wall. If not the Iron Cross, then some other trophy, but symbol there must always be of the craving of the primitive.

AT last the Iron Cross came—his first decoration, awarded in recognition of his repeated trips along the front line under heavy fire. In his dugout the following night, he wrote:

> DEAR MAMMA: I come with glad tidings. Yesterday I was decorated with the Iron Cross.
>
> How are matters around Lemberg? Let me give you some sound advice: If the Russians should come, bury everything you want to see again deep down in the garden, or elsewhere. Whatever you leave behind, you will never see again.
>
> You wonder why I save so much money, but don't forget that after the war I must re-equip myself from head to foot. Everything I took with me is gone—lost, burned, torn—not even excluding my saddle. If I should come out of this war alive, I will have more luck than brains.

The Iron Cross helped. It brought some gratification to his pride after the tediousness of his unaccustomed duties as an infantryman. But there were long months ahead in which the accumulated boresomeness of the unchanging and never-ending Battle of Verdun was to drive the restless young uhlan to an act that approached insubordination.

There was excitement, but not of the kind he craved. He was helping to kill, but he was unable to see the foe he slew. His competitive

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Seventeen

spirit had no opportunity for expression. His individuality was lost in the great machine of which he had become a cog. Although he never put the thought into words, his desire was to come in close contact with the enemy; to cross swords face to face with an adversary; to kill or be killed.

In October he was almost killed. Death passed him by a hair's breadth. He was riding back of the front. A French shell came crashing through the trees and landed ten yards in front of him. With the explosion, the air was filled with earth, stones, pieces of wood, and shell splinters. One sliver of steel struck the saddle on which he was seated. His horse dropped beneath him with another splinter through the brain. Three other horses were killed, but the only harm to Richthofen was a hole in his overcoat.

But where was the glory in such a death? An unseen, unknown Frenchman pulled the lanyard on an unseen fieldpiece thousands of yards away and sent forth death. What a death! It was not Richthofen's idea of war. He wanted the personal element. He wanted to attack a man and kill him. He wrote to his mother from Verdun:

> I must spend every other twenty-four hours in the trenches. We, the First Uhlans, unfortunately, have no chance to do anything else in this war unless the plague descends on Verdun. Lothar has the lion's share of the fighting in Russia, and I really envy him. He is not in the same part of Russia where I rode the first ten days of the war. I would like so much to earn the First Class Order of the Iron Cross, but there is no possible chance here, unless I penetrate Verdun in a French uniform and blow up an armored tower.

Verdun bored Richthofen. Lying in the mud almost motionless for twenty-four hours became a dull, uninviting affair. Occasionally the whistle of a shell overhead; occasionally a hit close at hand, and some more human wreckage to be carried back to the first-aid stations: but always the monotony of no movement.

Three months of this stagnation without change, and Christmas approached—the first Christmas of the war and the first Richthofen had ever spent away from home.

WITH the new year he was appointed ordnance officer of an infantry brigade, but the endless inspections and unending paper work brought to him the deeper realization that war was by no means what he thought it was going to be, and with this growing disappointment came disgust.

In February of that year, before Avillers, Allied pressure increased, and there was the possibility of a break through. There were frequent night alarms in which the brigade staffs were called upon to put all reserves in readiness to fill a breach in the line, but always it was the same: the break never came.

"The French and the English and the others who are infesting the Western Front have been getting rather uppish lately," he wrote home. "Probably they think it an opportune moment for an attack because we have transferred large numbers to the East. As far as that goes they figure correctly."

Only the killing of wild game seemed to lift him to a new interest in life. Through his letters there runs a note of joy when there is a prospect of a hunt in which he can bag new victims for his trophy wall and feed the craving which even war, as far as he then knew it, had failed to gratify.

> DEAR MAMMA [he wrote, in the month of March]: At last I have found a sufficient outlet for my energies. On the days free from trench duty, I go hunting. I am rather proud of my bag of three wild boars. The details of these hunting excursions I am writing to papa.
>
> Three days ago we had a veritable offensive for wild pigs, with thirty drivers and five hunters. I myself was the host of the party. The drivers stirred up eight pigs, but every one of us missed his game. The affair lasted from eight in the morning till seven in the evening. In three days we will have another try, and in ten days, with a full moon, I am expecting confidently to bag a wild boar.

AT times he would give serious consideration to his own chances of being "bagged" in the game of war. He believed in his luck and liked the axiom that "he who hesitates is lost." He frequently made a mistake, but he never shunned a decision.

In the same month of the hunting party, his schoolboy friend, Hugo Frei of the Fourth Dragoons, was killed, but his death made only a passing impression on Richthofen. He admired Hugo. Hugo was dead. Well, the best ones are always the first to go. "Weeds don't perish" was his comment on his own salvation when his comrades had been killed on both sides of him and he was as yet untouched by an enemy bullet.

But how long could he go on unscathed? That depended upon how long the war went on. Here it was April, and the conflict had raged for nine months, and there was no prospect of its abatement. Richthofen was not the only combatant, German or Allied, who was surprised at its lasting so long.

"Who would ever have thought that the war could continue so long?" he wrote to a friend at home. "Everyone believes that we will win, but no one knows when that will be. Consequently, we have to struggle on."

Toward the first of May, he received instructions to prepare himself for another duty in the service of supply still farther back from the front lines. Strong as army discipline was in him, he exploded, and the day after that the commanding general of his division received one of the shocks of his life when he read the following unmilitary communication from the restless uhlan:

> MY DEAR EXCELLENCY: I have not gone to war in order to collect cheese and eggs, but for another purpose.

The rest of the letter was an official application for his transfer to the Flying Service. His uncivil letter gained his end. At the end of May, 1915, he was transferred to the Flying Service and sent to Cologne for training.

With the cavalryman's contempt for the gas engine, he knew nothing of what was under the hood of an automobile. This pardonable ignorance stood him in bad stead when he began his training for the air. It almost barred him from the pilot's seat.

His conscious inclination was not toward flying as a sport. To him it offered an opportunity to get in touch with his enemies—to see the man he wanted to kill. At the front he had seen the few military planes then flying, but he had considered them only fads. He was not aware that the legend of his corps as "the eyes of the army" had passed forever to another service.

Picture by CLAYTON KNIGHT

In his first clash with the enemy, Richthofen lost ten of his fourteen men.

He had watched the airmen aloft with not sufficient interest to learn the different markings that distinguished Allied flyers from German. In the fall of '14 his men had fired their carbines on all planes that passed over them, being unable to distinguish foe from friend, and also being unable to resist the temptation offered by so excellent a target.

"It never occurred to me to be a pilot," he wrote. "I was anxious to get into the air at the front as quickly as possible. I began to fear that I might get there too late; that the World War would be over before I could really get into it. To become a pilot would have required three months' training, and by that time peace might have been concluded."

It was upon his cavalry training, if not experience, that he depended to fit himself for an aerial observer. But his cavalry training failed him that morning in June, 1915, when he went up into the air for the first time. His sense of direction left him, and in his new world of three dimensions he was completely lost. The sensation is not new to anyone who recalls his first flight, but it pained Richthofen and deprived him of the fullest enjoyment of the sensation of flying which he began to love from that moment.

He had gone to bed early the night before to be in the best possible condition for the flight. He took his seat in a plane for the first time, and encountered the customary discomfort from the propeller's blast which whipped the muffler from his neck and blew his helmet off before he had time to fasten it. His gloves blew from his hands, and the noise of the engine drowned his voice so that he could not communicate with the pilot in front of him.

In the dash across the flying field, he gripped the sides of his seat and tightened his muscles

at every jolt. The machine finally left the ground, slid into the air like a knife blade, wheeled first to the right and then to the left, and then straightened out on a level course 800 feet above the ground. The future ace of all German flying men clutched the sides of the fuselage and peered over and downward. He wrote later that he was much surprised to find he was lost over his own airdrome.

But there was glory in the motion. The wind tore at the buttons on his jacket and gave him the sensation of speed. Here was movement. Here was the stimulation, the intoxication he had felt taking the jumps on the hunting field. No sign of sickness or dizziness—just speed and exhilaration. He wanted to sing. His eyes sparkled and his nerves tingled. Here was a steed worthy of a man hunt. A man could fight and see what he was fighting.

RICHTHOFEN was drunk with enthusiasm when he landed. In the long glide to the landing field he had been impressed by the deep silence that followed the heavy noise when the motor slowed down and the plane skimmed over the ground at express-train speed. But he felt that he could know no fear in the air. It was all so simple, all so clean, and, God! how he hated the mud of the trenches!

He won his brevet and, after two weeks' daily flights, was sent to the Russian front, where Mackensen was hammering his way through the Russian lines. His pleasure was complete. Action at last! Burning towns and fields and the forward and backward sway of battle, all unrolled below him every day like some great unnatural spectacle staged to tingle the craving in his heart. The uplifting effect of actually seeing carnage reflected itself in his first letters to his mother. He wrote:

Liebe Mama:

July 20, 1915. 20 kilometers south of Cholm.

I hope you are receiving the letters I am sending. I am here with the Mackensen Army and am attached to the Sixth Austrian Corps. Now we are again in the full war of movement. Nearly every day I fly over the enemy and report. I reported the retreat of the Russians three days ago.

It gives me great fun—at least more than when I had to play at being an orderly officer. We all live in tents. The houses are nearly all burned down, and the remaining ones are so filled with vermin that no human can enter them.

I am so pleased that I can help here just at the most important sector of the front. In all probability matters will come to a decision here shortly. I have been flying here now for a fortnight. The period of training lasted only four weeks. Of my fellow students I was the first to be sent to a field flying formation.

To Richthofen those months of June, July, and August, 1915, when he flew against the Russians, constituted a new freedom after the muddy drudgery of the trenches. His experience and distaste for the filth and discomfort of land fighting gave him a new respect and admiration for the millions of weary ones who plodded on through the mud and grime throughout the war.

Morning and afternoon he sallied forth on reconnoissance flights over the enemy lines and far into the rear, bombing railway stations and bridges, machine-gunning columns of troops on the roads, and, most important of all, bringing back the information upon which Mackensen made his plans for new blows against his poorly equipped and none too well organized foes.

Richthofen's first pilot was Zeumer — little Zeumer, the "lunger." Zeumer was a first lieutenant and one of Germany's first pilots. He was considered one of the aces of the Sixty-ninth Squadron, and his daring was a thing that officers and men alike talked about when out of the little fellow's hearing.

ZEUMER did not like them to talk about it in his presence.

He thought they suspected the reason for his daring. His eyes had a feverish light and his sallow skin was drawn tight over his cheek bones and temples. His voice was dry and weak, seeming to come from a mouth that lacked moisture.

Zeumer was dying. Beneath his shrunken chest, slow death gnawed. But his eyes were young and clear, his heart was stout and good, his mind was keen and quick. In the air he was as good as any pair of spotless lungs—yes, better, because he could dare with less to lose and more to gain. He would disprove the charge that war took the best and left the weak.

Richthofen gained new lessons in fearlessness in those days when he flew with a dying man. Zeumer's flying was a race with the "bugs," and his goal was the hope to cheat them. He courted any end other than the one that Fate had marked for him.

But the race was long. Death in the air evaded him and the "bugs" gained daily. A year later he was shot down near Verdun by a French flyer. He arose from the crash with only a few flesh wounds from glancing bullets. Three days later, with his growing weakness, he fell from the pilot's seat of a new machine while it was in the hangar and went into the hospital with a broken thigh. But the dying man's determination knit the bone with the heat of desperation. A month later he limped out a cripple, but went aloft again, trying to catch up his lost laps on the "bugs."

Another year, and it was June again and France. The story was simple—several lines in a letter from Richthofen to his mother. They read:

> Yesterday Zeumer was killed in air combat. It was the best that could have happened to him. He knew he had not much longer to live. Such an excellent and noble fellow! How he would have hated to have to drag himself on toward the inevitable end. For him it would have been tragic. As it is, he died a heroic death before the enemy. During the next few days his body will be brought home.

Little Zeumer had won his race. Richthofen's was still to be decided.

Richthofen's first air fight with Zeumer at the "stick," his first time in the air alone, his début as a pilot, his bombing raids in Russia, and how he shot down his first Englishman, are told in next week's installment.

The STAR that Never FADES

Norma Talmadge Sheds Modern Light On an Old Classic

An Article by

Frederick James Smith

The modern Camille *enjoys modern luxuries.*

Gilbert Roland as Armand *and Norma Talmadge as* Camille, *in the old stage favorite.*

NORMA TALMADGE is the last of the early screen school of acting. Yet she has kept so abreast of changing screen fashions that it seems incongruous to classify her as of anything but the most up-to-the-minute style of shadow pantomiming.

It was not so many years ago that Norma Talmadge was a Lewis J. Selznick star, co-featured with Clara Kimball Young and Kitty Gordon. Hundreds of celluloid stars have dropped below the horizon during Miss Talmadge's career. She is still among the first three women stars in popularity, and it is possible that she leads them all in box-office favor. This 1927 trio consists of Miss Talmadge, Clara Bow, and Colleen Moore.

Today's costumes clothe Dumas' timeless characters.

Norma Talmadge is in her early thirties. She was born at Niagara Falls, New York, just before her family luckily migrated to Brooklyn, the home of the old Vitagraph Company. Norma Talmadge's father, Fred Talmadge, was born on a Connecticut farm.

The Talmadge sisters, however, owe everything to their mother, Margaret, better known to film-colony folks as Peg. It was she who encouraged Norma when she tried out as a Vitagraph extra at fourteen, and it was she who steered the little family through the early, trying days.

Norma attended Public School No. 92 in Brooklyn and was a student at Erasmus Hall when Charles Kent, the pioneer Vitagraph director, first engaged her. It was not long before Norma was playing all sorts of rôles. Then her sister, Constance, came around and got a job, too.

The ultimate Vitagraph moment came when Norma appeared in that fearful before-America-went-in-the-war effort of J. Stuart Blackton, The Battle Cry of Peace. Norma was becoming a favorite. She asked for an advance of twenty-five dollars, and the conservative old Vitagraph officials turned her down. At that moment came an offer from D. W. Griffith, and Norma departed for his Fine Arts Triangle studio in Hollywood. Constance and Peg went along.

Then came several hits at Triangle, among them The Social Secretary and Fifty-Fifty. Next, Miss Talmadge became a Selznick star, scoring in Panthea, Poppy, and other pictures. In November, 1916, Miss Talmadge married Joseph Schenck, now one of the leading business forces in motion pictures. At that time he was Marcus Loew's right-hand man, and, with his brother, Nicholas, had won a small fortune out of Palisades Park, across the Hudson from New York.

Under Schenck's shrewd guidance, Miss Talmadge advanced steadily. She has had more hits to her credit than any other feminine star—among them Smilin' Through, Within the Law, The Lady, Graustark, and Kiki.

Miss Talmadge has threatened frequently to do a film *Juliet*. Finally, however, she decided upon *Camille*, that frail lady who has evoked tears on the speaking stage for generations.

This new Camille is a little more sexy than most Talmadge films. Norma Talmadge reclines *en déshabille* for many feet of celluloid, and there is even a glimpse of *Camille* plunging into an ornate De Mille bathroom pool. This is stretching the plumbing possibilities of Paris a bit, but it will give inland America its kick, nevertheless.

Miss Talmadge's *Camille* is modernized. Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, wrote *La Dame aux Camélias* in 1848. The transfer of the story to 1927 eliminates the costuming of the days of Napoleon III. Norma's *Camille* has bobbed hair and wears no stockings. *Armand* looks like the usual Hollywood sheik.

The old story remains, however. *Camille* is still the beautiful demimondaine with tuberculosis. She still renounces her *Armand* after her hour of happiness—and dies alone. A whole lot of film footage is given over to *Camille's* early life, carefully planting—for censor-infested States—that the young woman became a silken courtesan only because her father and stepmother were very, very brutal to her.

Gilbert Roland, the son of a matador, according to the solemn oath of his press agent, is the *Armand*. He is rather ham and staycomb, but he has a good measure of what Elinor Glyn calls It. Miss Talmadge generously gives him plenty of opportunity. Remember Alla Nazimova's *Camille?* Poor Rudy Valentino was the *Armand*, but Mme. Nazimova permitted only his arm to appear now and then in her long series of close-ups.

Constance, Norma's sister, is not so lucky with her new comedy, Venus of Venice. Connie plays *Carlotta*, girl thief of the city of gondolas, who just can't resist lifting little things. Being an expert swimmer, *Carlotta* makes easy getaways. Still, she's a good girl at heart and completely reforms when true love, in the person of Antonio Moreno, comes along. This comedy is a little wet and soggy.

Do you know that—

Mary Pickford has selected Buddy Rogers to be her leading man in her next picture, now titled My Best Girl? . . . Doug Fairbanks has picked Eve Southern to be his leading woman in The Gaucho? . . . Lon Chaney is to do a Russian muzhik in Terror? . . . Famous is conducting a wide search for players to do *Lorelei Lee* and her friend *Dorothy* in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?

Are you Buying Tires *this Summer?*

MOST people keep changing—trying to find a better tire . . . . But fewer people change from Indias than from any other kind . . . . The reason? . . . There are no better tires made than Indias . . . . *Take appearance.* The jet black rubber and red stripe which distinguish India tires make any car look finer . . . . *Look at the tread.* Designed with the balloon tire, it conforms to the road action perfectly so wears evenly without "cupping." The deep lateral grooves parallel at the center riding strip and zig-zag at the shoulders make for safe driving at high speed in any going . . . . *As to mileage.* Two extra plies of cords under the tread (India's patented construction) give long wear and freedom from punctures . . . . Loyal India users—tho they cannot see the changes—find India tires are constantly improved. This balloon tire, by actual test, is giving thirty per cent more mileage today than when it was first designed . . . . India tires were then a little better than others—and they still retain this lead—for that's the policy on which the business was founded . . . . It will pay you to investigate the India balloon tire and the India True-Blue [HEAT-PROOF] inner tube before you invest in tires this summer . . . . They will settle the tire question for you for many summers to come.

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even greater ESSEX *Super-Six*

Greater power-more brilliant performance
Roomier-Finer and more luxurious bodies

Here is an unprecedented thing to do.

Essex Super-Six is the outstanding success of the year. Its sales have topped all records. Its popularity with thousands and tens of thousands of owners has made it the most brilliant accomplishment the industry has known.

But Essex engineers have now created an even greater and finer Essex Super-Six. So startling are its advantages that at the height of the selling season, with the market stripped of Essex cars and thousands of unfilled orders on hand, we interrupted production to give buyers a greater and finer value.

Dealers are now showing the finest Essex value of all time. Though factory production is the largest in our history and has recently been greatly increased, your promptness in ordering alone can insure delivery ahead of the multiplying thousands who want this new Essex.

Everyone says-
"Riding is like flying"

Super-Six

It's Therm-a-Jug Time

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

'Tis the spell of summer and all out-of-doors that's upon us! Can you resist the lure of winding roads, the daisy-flecked meadows, the woody glen, the old swimming hole? *Not you!*

And how much more enjoyable will be your tramping or motoring, camping and picnicking, if your refreshments are carried in a *Therm-a-Jug*.

No need to unscrew the big sanitary aluminum cap every time you pour the ice cold or piping hot liquid from a *Therm-a-Jug*. No inrush of outside air to change the temperature inside *Therm-a-Jug*. Just pull out the small stopper in the screw cap and fill every glass without spilling or splashing a drop. The ice cannot come tumbling out!

Therm-a-Jug is the only jug that has this "little stopper in the big cap" feature. It is the perfect jug. The white glazed, non-porous lining is encased in the finest drawn steel. It is rust-proof and water-tight.

A little stopper in the screw cap—what an amazing improvement and wonderful convenience it is! The big cap is easily unscrewed for foods, filling and cleaning *Therm-a-Jug*. And isn't the $3 price a happy surprise? Get a *Therm-a-Jug* today at any department store, drug, sporting goods, accessory, or hardware store. It is the unconditionally guaranteed jug.

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Monarch Triple Reserve Tank

Gas—Oil—Water, 1½ gal. each.

More necessary than a spare tire. Easily attached to running board. Rustproof, rattle-proof and thief-proof. Handsome enamel finish. Price $5.00. (Slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains.) Ask your accessory dealer or write us.

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12-pound ice-chamber. Leak-proof.

She Told On Herself

A Short Story of a Wife Who Couldn't Keep Her Secret

By SYLVIA THOMPSON

Pictures by JOSEPH MATURO

At last his words came with a strange radiance, as though the phrase itself were newly coined from heaven: "Darling—I love you."

WHEN Helen first met Raymond Travers she was seventeen. It was at her coming-out ball, and when he first saw her she was standing beside her mother at the top of the big staircase and shaking hands with the innumerable guests who flocked past into the ballroom.

For each guest in that scented, rustling, murmuring crowd she held out a pretty hand and smiled, and seemed to irradiate the atmosphere with her young, careless happiness.

She was sheathed in a silver gown, the white vibrant silver of moonlight; and her hair, which framed her delicate, vivid face, glowed like soft golden flames, rippling and curling round her enchanting countenance.

She had, as she stood there receiving her guests, a certain dignity combined with her easy, radiant youthfulness. When Raymond Travers caught sight of her he remembered that he had heard women compared to lilies, and scoffed at so far-fetched and sentimental a comparison; now, gazing at Helen, at her kind of stately, shimmering purity, he could only describe her to himself as a flower—of tall lovely innocence, of gleaming whiteness and soft golden gayety—as an arum lily in the sun.

The butler announced him:

"Sir—Raymond—Travers!"

He was shaking hands with Helen's mother, then with Helen herself. He was exquisitely conscious of her smiling, of a red mouth that had still a childishness in its curves, of eyebrows like the slender wings of a bird, slightly raised above great, wondering, laughing eyes.

"May I have a dance?"

She hesitated for a second.

"If—you—don't mind waiting until pretty late in the evening!"

"I would wait—longer than that."

She faintly flushed at his look.

"The third extra?" she said hurriedly. He bowed.

"I shall try to—divert myself until the third extra!"

The blush ebbed from her cheeks, and she smiled at him as he moved on. But with the next guest she was a little *distrait*. When will they have the third extra? she was asking herself.

She scarcely saw him for the next three hours. Immediately young men claimed their dances, complimented her, flirted with her, fell a little, or very much, in love with her; while innumerable friends of her mother were saying: "Why, Helen's grown up to be more than pretty! She's a beauty!" And older men, and old men, held up their monocles or readjusted their glasses, and exclaimed that there had been "nothing like her since Lily Langtry!" (since the Jersey Lily!)

Old Lord Brondesbury took her down to supper, and halfway through he lifted his glass: "To Helen!—the face that launched a thousand ships!" And then, perhaps because he was inspired and a little saddened by so much champagne, perhaps because he remembered in his long gay experience how so many

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Never,

never trust your skin to anything else!

OLIVE OIL! the most precious beauty-safeguard in all nature's repertoire! An olive oil soap is the only toilet soap you can safely use. And of course that means Castile. But not merely Castile—now you have a Castile Beauty Soap, the most exquisite of all modern beauty soaps, Doña* Castile!

This lovely new soap is made for women who treasure their complexions, the women who know the matchless virtue of olive oil but who want a Castile with certain feminine virtues that the old Castile never had.

Doña Castile first of all will give you a generous lather even in cold water (instant, complete rinsing too)! Doña is molded in a delicious shape for your hand, "hard-milled" (so it will last) and comes in a charming wrapper. Exquisite! Doña belongs with your other dainty toiletries, and is the most precious beauty aid of all. Buy Doña wherever you buy your toilet soap. Armour, U. S. A.

Castile was first made in Castilla, in northern Spain, six hundred years ago. It has been used ever since by the beauties of Spain, possessors of the most gorgeous complexions in Europe; and by the aristocracy of the whole world.

*Pronounced *Don-ya*

COSTLIEST TO MAKE

We could reproduce the finest of imported Castile soap for considerably less than it costs to make Doña Castile. To the best of our knowledge Doña is the costliest to make of all pure unscented toilet soaps.

10 Cents

Doña CASTILE

Pure Olive Oil gives Doña Castile its color, fragrance and delicious blandness for delicate skins.

THE TOILET SOAP FOR ALL THE FAMILY

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

lovely girls had allowed their lives to become spoiled by their beauty, he added, "Remember, my dear. Take it from an old man who's seen something of life—don't let your looks get the better of you—*and* other people. Remember, love, real love, and not just a lot of heady admiration, is the foundation of happiness!" And she nodded gravely, and promised him she would remember.

At last, the third extra! She saw "him" coming toward her through the crowd, tall and fine and bronzed, a look of gravity and strength about his brow and lips, and glimmering laughter in his brown eyes. Her heart beat queerly. Even in that one moment, when they'd spoken in the doorway, she had had a sense of his charm, his humor and gentleness, and some deeper sense of a quality of power in him; of a strength that was almost rigidity; of an unflinching idealism behind all his ease and sweetness of manner.

They became merged in the gliding, lilting movement of the crowds, whirled and swayed swiftly and gently and rhythmically. To Helen it all became a mirage of lights and subtle intoxicating music and perfume and movement—and Raymond's arm holding her. And Raymond felt the coolness of her hand, and was conscious of the golden head near his heart.

The magic was strange and swift and beautiful. They were in love with a suddenness and completeness that had the blinding uncanny quality of an Oriental dawn.

HE kissed her mouth and neck and eyelids. She couldn't—didn't want to—resist.

A week later they were engaged. Two months later they were married. The papers were full of it:

BEAUTIFUL DEBUTANTE MARRIES YOUNG BARONET

A SPEEDY ROMANCE

THE "FAIR HELEN" TO WED

There were pictures of Helen, of Raymond; snapshots of Helen and Raymond together at Ascot, in the Park, on the golf course, and of Raymond's ancestral home.

* * *

THEY spent their honeymoon in September on an island in the Mediterranean—an island of rugged sun-baked rocks and little bays drifted up with golden sand; an island whose luxuriant fig trees were weighed down by their dusky indigo fruit, whose big pine trees cast a dark sapphire shade and breathed a sweet biting fragrance; a tiny island rising from that temperamental sapphire sea, drenched with sunshine, and caressed by the winds that came across the glitter of the waves from Spain or Africa, or from the East, from Samarkand, across Greece and Sicily.

They arrived in the small sailing boat, which plied twice a week, skimming like a white bird from the mainland, bearing such letters and provisions, and such very, very rare visitors as were due, to the minute inn and three cottages of the islanders.

Helen and Raymond had watched the main coast of France vanish over the horizon, and, after sailing for four hours, beheld their destination; beheld the dark pines above the rocks and, as they drew nearer, the small square inn with its sleepy green shutters, the three cottages in a ramshackle yellow

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Eddie Cantor,
famous musical comedy star,
protecting his throat from irritation,
writes:

"My voice must be in condition 365 nights a year and when I smoke, I insist upon Lucky Strikes because I found from experience that they don't irritate my throat."

Eddie Cantor

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, *and* there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection

When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

cluster above the harbor, where half a dozen little painted boats reflected their harlequin colors in the water.

"It's like a place in a fairy story," Helen murmured. "It's almost too good to be true!" That was, somehow, what she obscurely felt, in those first weeks of their married life.

THAT was how it began—their life together—on an enchanted island of sunny days and starry, moonlit nights.

In a little while they came home and settled down to yet more happiness—an existence of gayety and ease and perfect contentment with each other.

They were so radiantly content—with each other, and with the son and heir, who was christened Derek Raymond; and later with the daughter, whom they called Helen Mary—that evil and misfortune and unhappiness seemed to Helen something far off and unreal; something pitiful, which had, for her and Raymond and the children, no meaning or portent; and she looked out on her fair horizon with a pure, sweet sense of security.

And Raymond, looking at her sometimes, would be proud and happy and grateful—for her beauty and gayety and fine, stately innocence.

AND then, after three years of their marriage, Raymond had to go away to inspect some property that had suddenly been left him in western Canada. He didn't want to go. He and Helen had just decided to spend a quiet few months in the country, after a strenuous period of gayety and entertaining in London. Raymond had been going to finish a book on agricultural methods, and Helen meant to have all her time for the children.

She was distressed, almost angry, at his going.

"Darling, you won't be *long* away?"

"Not more than—five months, anyway. I imagine there may be rather a lot of organization and business to get through."

He went at the beginning of July, and Helen decided to stay quietly in the country until he came back.

But it wasn't easy for Helen, young and beautiful, with dozens of friends, to live very quietly, even in the country. And she missed Raymond, was conscious of a vague loneliness, so that when company or diversion offered itself she was grateful.

And John Temperley began by being company and a diversion. He was the son of some neighbors, home on leave from West Africa, staying with his people until he should have to go back to his hard, monotonous, lonely job in the autumn. He was very young, very slender and boyish and good-looking, with blue eyes and thick fair hair, and a ready, ingenuous smile.

Helen met him first at a local tennis party. He struck her as "good company"; as being a nice, beautifully mannered creature, and obviously a little bored at spending his precious leave playing golf with his irate old father, or driving his mother to do her shopping in the local market town. Helen asked him to come to tea with her and the babies.

He came. He played games with the fat Derek Raymond and tickled Helen Mary's pink face with a grass and made her laugh, so that her perambulator shook with her gurgling mirth. He was delighted with Helen's new plans for the box garden, and deeply impressed with the new portrait of Raymond that had just been hung in the hall.

"By Jove, he is good-looking!"

Helen glowed affectionately.

"Yes," she said with quiet pride.

But the young man's candid, boyish look turned from the portrait to her lovely profile, the long curving lashes and red mouth and slender white throat; and he flushed, and said nothing.

He came over every day. Sometimes he rode over and stayed for luncheon. Sometimes he strolled into the gardens in the afternoon, and found Helen sewing or reading, and swinging lazily in the hammock in the orchard. Then they would play tennis, or go off and eat warm early peaches in the kitchen garden, or sit by the pool in the Japanese garden and talk, lazily and lightly.

Sometimes they would ride together before breakfast—start out into the cool mysterious loveliness of the early morning, the air dewy and golden, the turf springy and glittering along the green glades in the woods.

They would canter on and on through the woods, scarcely a word between them, their look bright and steady, their color high; and then, emerging on to the great sweeping spaces of the downs, break into a gallop and speed onward at a breakneck pace, glowing and speechless and alive, and return home hot and drowsy, as the sun rose higher in the summer sky.

MEANWHILE no letters came from Raymond—no letters after the long affectionate one written on the ship and posted from Quebec. He had said that mail might be rare or slow coming through, once he got away up into the mountains. All the same, this not hearing from him gave Helen a vague sense of grievance; moments of resentment; times when she was half unhappy, half angry. And she would sit and brood, troubled shadows in her eyes, and become haunted by a queer, indefinable sense of unrest and of apprehension.

She was puzzled by her own feelings and, sometimes, oddly ashamed of her resentment at having no letters. She would tell herself that she was being unreasonable, and yet was unable to dispel this

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Never exactly sick— never entirely well

When even parties seem a drag and daily duties leave you listless and let-down—Auto-Intoxication may be sapping your strength

FOLLOW a woman through an average day. Think of her worries and cares, of her social obligations and of the hundred petty duties that clamor for her time!

Borrowing tomorrow's energy for today's tasks, the busy wife and mother is a flagrant offender against the rules of careful eating, prudent exercise and those daily habits which she strives to implant in her family.

Such neglect of Nature's A-B-C's of health leads most frequently to stoppage of waste products in the intestines. And when waste materials do not quickly pass out of the body they ferment and set up poisons which are carried through the body by the blood—causing Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

How to guard against self-poisoning

Self-poisoning shows itself in dull headaches, weariness, indigestion, irritability. It causes thousands of women to drag themselves through day after day, feeling "never exactly sick, never entirely well." They never are in buoyant health. Very few can "put out their tongue" and have it give them assurance that they are in good condition.

The first step in combating Auto-Intoxication is to correct the stoppage in the intestines and to sweep away the enervating poisons of waste. To do this Sal Hepatica is a safe and approved standby. It stimulates the natural secretion of water in the intestines and brings about prompt elimination by flushing.

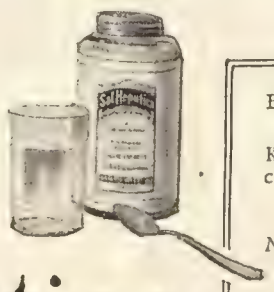
Sal Hepatica is really the practical equivalent for the "cure" at the famous springs of Carlsbad, Vichy, Wiesbaden, Aix-la-Chapelle, where specialists send their patients to gain their health by the daily drinking of salines in solution.

Take Sal Hepatica, the standard saline, whenever you need it

Sal Hepatica is a delicately balanced combination of several salines, fortified with sodium phosphate. Dissolved in a tumblerful of water it makes a sparkling effervescent, palatable drink. It is used regularly in hundreds of thousands of homes.

You may take Sal Hepatica on arising, or, if you prefer, half an hour before any meal. It is sold in three sizes in all drug stores—30c, 60c, $1.20.

Send the coupon for the new booklet on "Auto-Intoxication" which explains more fully the causes and effects of this self-poisoning and the many ills which follow in its train. It also explains how you may avoid this prevalent condition, and clearly and logically it tells you how to keep physically fit.



Sal Hepatica

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and effects of Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

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Soothing Shade
on the brightest day

The Comfort Cap for people of action. Restful to the eyes—feather-like on the head—no binding—no headaches.
Easy-fit Size Adjuster makes one cap fit the whole family.
Ask for America's SUNSHINE CAP by name to get this exclusive feature. Sold in a variety of colors by leading stores everywhere.

THE BREARLEY CO., ROCKFORD, ILL.

America's
SUNSHINE
CAP

Why Under the Sun Don't You Wear One

[SHE TOLD ON HERSELF
Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

anger which had in it some deeper element of fear. And then she would look up and see John coming toward her across the lawn, slender and good-looking—and, as the weeks passed, with a look of suppressed unhappiness which somehow added an appeal to his boyish charm.

The summer days passed for them like a half-pleasant, half-feverish dream. Each tried to banish all thoughts of the future, all thoughts of any deeper implication in their relationship. Helen, deliberately ignoring and avoiding recognition of John's feeling for her—turning away from his sudden adoring, longing glances, or quickly breaking into any dangerous silence with light, friendly talk — imagined she had convinced both herself and him of the innocent and easily transitory nature of their friendship.

AND then, suddenly, one day when John was departing after tea, he remarked, avoiding her look:

"You—my leave's up the day after tomorrow. Tomorrow's my last day."

She caught her breath; gazed up at him. She had become so used to his presence, to having him with her. It hadn't seemed to her to affect her loyalty to Raymond, but just to be a pleasant compensation for his absence, almost a righteous compensation for the scarcity of Raymond's letters.

"Oh—John!"

Still he didn't face her.

"I'll come and say good-by — tomorrow evening—if I may."

She nodded. "Of course—come to dinner—"

"Thanks." He turned on his heel and walked away.

She was haunted all through the next day by a feeling of sadness that was like a kind of nausea. It seemed to her that the last few weeks had, in a queer, unreal way, been very lovely and irresponsible. She told herself, "It's been fun—he's a darling—" She was frightened, thinking about his feelings, for she knew that for him there had been more than "fun" and "pleasantness" in it; that he couldn't just think of her lightly as "a darling."

She knew that he had behaved well. He was in love with her; and he had never even touched her hand. Deliberately she had kept things on that level; but for a moment her conduct seemed to her to be less worthy—and more cruel and facile than she cared to admit.

She waited for him, standing by the window in the drawing-room. She stood looking out at the soft, glowing evening; the mellow light and long shadows that preceded the sunset. Vague sadness became a sweet liquid pain in her veins. She reproached herself, and was afraid.

She explained exactly what had happened,

She started at the butler's voice:

"Mr. Temperley, m'lady."

She turned swiftly.

"John!"

THERE must have been still some shadow of pain in her eyes, for John stopped suddenly, and hesitated.

"Helen—what's the matter?"

She shook her head easily.

"Nothing, my dear."

"Dinner is served, m'lady!"

She gently touched his arm.

"Come and have dinner!"

They were very quiet during dinner. A strange oppression held them both. The windows of the dining-room faced westward, and gradually the sky was lit to flaming cloud, and the room was flooded with soft tawny light, which glowed on the silver and on the dark polished table, and touched Helen's hair, so that she appeared

at the piano. Her fingers hovered over the keys.

"What d'you want?"

Her voice came to him strangely through the glimmering dusk of the room.

"Anything—you like."

She began playing Debussy's *Claire de Lune*. The music rippled through the atmosphere like liquid crystal; invaded their consciousness with its cold, delirious magic.

close to her side. A faint scent of jasmine hung about her and mingled with the warm, heavy fragrance of the summer night.

She seemed to him as cool and silvery and slender as the moon.

"Helen—" he breathed.

She didn't turn her head. "Yes?"

"Helen—we may never meet again."

"I—I know."

from beginning to end. He listened, rigid and expressionless. When she had finished, he nodded.

to John, staring, pale and tense, across the table, like some spirit of burning, unbearable loveliness.

They went back afterward into the drawing-room, and already the afterglow, a rosy-saffron mistiness, was changing to dusk. Twilight was drifting over the garden and hovering among the flowers, coming, like a myriad azure wraiths, from among the trees.

He went and stood by the window.

"Won't you play something?" he asked.

She nodded; went and sat down

Slowly he turned from the window to watch her. He could see her only as a white form in the shadows, could catch but dimly the bend of her neck and the movement of her arms.

AT last she stopped. There was absolute stillness. The room was almost dark. She got up and came to the window. The trees beyond the lawns were towering masses of shadow, and the young moon was a crescent of cold silver flame.

"It is—lovely—" she whispered.

He didn't answer, but came

The night breeze touched his burning eyelids.

"Helen—I love you so much—"

She didn't answer. He went on, desperately, feverishly: "Helen—darling—will you—may I kiss you once?"

She didn't resist him; turned toward him with a queer sobbing breath; let him take her in his arms. He murmured:

"Darling—darling—" held her with a desperate, passionate adoration; kissed her mouth and neck and eyelids.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

This

"small-bubble" lather

softens every whisker

THERE is this difference between ordinary lathers and Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather: The Colgate bubbles are smaller — they penetrate deep down to the base of every hair—make it super-soft right where the razor works.

How "small-bubble" lather works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, every hair is cut close and clean. Your face remains comfortable all day.

FREE—A Week's Better Shaves

Prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just write to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502-F-1, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a generous trial-size tube—free.

Additional Dividend. We will include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that keeps your face looking freshly shaved.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

"What, leaving so early?
The party's just begun."

She has lost the KEY TO HAPPINESS

Any excuse to get away! The very atmosphere of the party makes her uneasy. Such compliments and flattery as those women exchange —as if they are any prettier than she. Men, too, are so easily fascinated by vivacity, laughter and pretended interest.

HER husband knows her excuse . . . "not feeling well" . . . is really the truth. She treats her health as though it were a hateful nuisance instead of the key to happiness. And then . . .

She tries to force the lock!

When will she learn that Paris gowns, costly jewels and cosmetics can merely heighten personal charms—not create them?

Health—that is what makes your eyes shine, your laughter a rippling delight, your every gesture a thing of grace. Health—that is the most compelling charm of all—to which men and women both respond instinctively.

You can't call it "Health" if you mean that you are "not sick" most of the time. Even half-health paints shadows under your eyes, dims the lustre of your hair, hardens your face with premature lines, dulls the ring of your voice.

Yet full health is so easily obtainable. Just give one-tenth as much thought to your health as you now devote to other ways of making yourself attractive—and most of those headaches, colds, attacks of indigestion and other slight ailments can be avoided.

But—you dislike to think about health? Not if you play with the phrase "I feel *fine*"! It is magic. It will awaken the desire for health. Say it enthusiastically—half a dozen times. Try it as a mental setting-up exercise—"I feel *fine*"! Give it various lively inflections.

It makes you remember those rare days when real health was surging through you. And you'll find yourself resolving not to submit any longer to the half-health that's been afflicting you. You want real health back.

"*I feel fine*" opens your eyes to what you need. Perhaps a talk with your family physician. Perhaps only an expedition to your medicine chest—or the druggist's for simple efficacious remedies. And you go!

Each morning you test yourself with "*I feel fine*" because you like it. And when you look in your mirror and see glowing beauty—when you feel vital health coursing through your veins—you'll say "*I feel fine*" spontaneously.

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THROUGH PHYSICIANS, DRUGGISTS AND DENTISTS

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McKesson & Robbins originated and perfected Hydrogen Peroxide, Compound Stearate of Zinc, Internal Mineral Oil under the name of Liquid Albolene. The only oxygen dentifrice, Calox. They were the first to perfect a true colloidal Milk of Magnesia and to originate a candy laxative, Analax—and many other products of outstanding merit.

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McK & R MILK OF MAGNESIA—More colloidal than others. Mild laxative and corrector of acidity in mouth and stomach.

McK & R STEARATE OF ZINC—(Plain, with Boric Acid, or with Balsam of Peru). The original waterproof baby powder. Prevents chafing—soothing to the skin.

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ANALAX—Ideal mild laxative for women and children. Tastes like candied raspberries.

McK & R STANDARD FIRST-AID AND SURGICAL DRESSINGS.

Ask your druggist to show you the McK & R Shelf on which these and other products are displayed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

She couldn't—didn't want to—resist. His youth and unhappiness, his desperate passion for her, the sense of its being their last hours together, and remorse for the way in which she'd, perhaps, encouraged him—her affection and pity for him obliterated from her mind other, and that Fate had given her to him as his wife. Ever since those letters had come her existence had been a nightmare. Now she waited on the dock, dry-lipped and heavy-eyed, her heart beating in rapid, sickening thuds.

Then she caught sight of him coming down the gangway: tall

They would start out, side by side, through those glimmering, magical glades.

all consciousness save the desire somehow, and finally, to make amends, to make him happy.

They were lost in oblivion of the world while the young moon climbed among the stars and the room was filled with the fragrance of the night. An owl hooted far off in the woods.

THREE weeks later Raymond came back. Helen went to meet his boat at Liverpool. She was terrified, uncertain, agonizingly remorseful. The day after John had gone she had received half a dozen of Raymond's letters, which had been delayed in posting—gentle, humorous, adoring letters, telling her how hard and grimly he was working so as to get back to her soon; telling her how he missed her, how often he thought of her and the children and their lovely home; how proud and grateful he was that they should so love each and fine and bronzed; looking about him with a kind of proud, boyish gayety, in joyous confidence that she would be there.

She knew, watching him, that she had never loved him so much, never known before how completely he embodied all that was sweetest and most precious to her in life. She stood perfectly still, giddy with terror. She knew she must tell him; just because her love for him was so supreme and important—she must tell him. Deceit would be an even greater treachery.

Suddenly he caught sight of her; came toward her through the crowd.

"Darling — Helen — *darling!*" He took her hand, then started, surprised and concerned. "Darling, have you been ill?"

She was so white, with a strange, harassed look.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

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United States Balloon Tire Patch

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INSURANCE against being caught in a "hole"—no spare left—and nothing to do but run on the rim.

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Trade Mark

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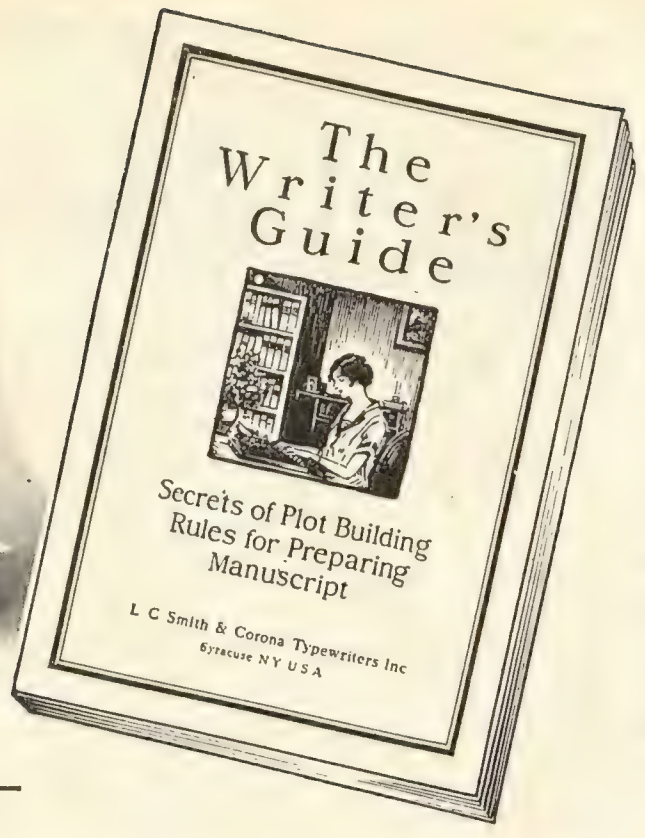

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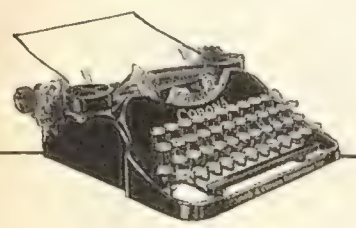

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[SHE TOLD ON HERSELF
Continued from Page Thirty-three]

She shook her head, trying to smile.

"No—"

But he wouldn't believe her. "Sweetheart, what *is* the matter?" A look of fear came into his eyes. "The children are all right?"

"Oh—yes."

"But, darling—there *must* be something."

She said queerly: "Raymond—Raymond, darling—I'll explain when we get back." She put her hand in his arm with a little clutching, frightened gesture. "I—can explain better at home."

She did explain—when they were seated together in the rose garden after tea; after Raymond had seen the children, and Nannie had finally borne them off to bed.

She explained exactly what had happened, from beginning to end. She sat still while she spoke, her hands clasped on her lap, and looked straight into her husband's eyes.

He listened, rigid and expressionless. When she had finished, he nodded.

"I see."

ALL light and gentleness had gone out of his look. He was stern, his mouth set in a hard line. He looked at her as though he had no kind of personal interest in her at all; as though she had no particular significance for him.

"I see," he repeated in a polite, cold voice, and got up and strolled away toward the house. Then he turned round.

"I think you'll need your coat if you're going to stay out of doors," he said formally. "Shall I fetch it?"

She shook her head. Bitter, scorching tears poured down her white face. He accepted her refusal of her coat and departed indoors.

When she came in he was sitting at the writing-table in the library.

"There's a lot of correspondence that's accumulated while I've been away."

She stood, choked and silent, behind his chair.

"Can I—help you?" she asked.

He thanked her courteously; he thought he had better do it all himself. Timidly she put a hand on his shoulder. He started and flinched away from her as though she had touched him with a red-hot iron; then suddenly controlled himself and helped himself to a cigarette. But when he looked round, deliberately and coolly, she had vanished from the room.

That was the beginning of two years that seemed to Helen like eternal torture. He was polite, companionable—and utterly strange to her. His courtesy was perfect. When she had new dresses he admired them, but they might have been exhibited on a wax figure. He betrayed no feeling of any kind toward her; he seemed to have no emotions of any kind. Even his manner toward his children was distant.

Helen changed in those two years. She lost her look of radiant youth, her sweetness and easy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

See history as it happens

Pathé News

Nicaragua! You hear the name, and there springs to mind a center of World events, of mystery and intrigue, adventure and battle. Then tonight you go to your favorite Pathe News theatre and actually see the happenings of the day in Nicaragua flash before your eyes—vivid, complete, authentic!

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Make Pathe News a habit at your favorite theatre

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.
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"Sees all—knows all"

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

gayety. She had a sense of living in a dead world—a world of gray, frozen surfaces — and its cold, bleak light seemed to be reflected in her eyes.

She became more and more silent. She slept badly, and was awakened by dreams that left her nervous and shuddering. She was always pale, and there were deep bluish stains under her eyes. She moved listlessly and had terrible headaches.

AT last, Raymond, looking at her politely and distantly, remarked that he wished her to see a doctor.

"You probably need a tonic, or a change of air."

"Oh—I'm perfectly all right—" She didn't care. She didn't care whether she were ill or well.

But he insisted, and she kept the doctor's appointment he made for her.

Raymond asked her when she came back:

"What did he say?"

She sank down on a chair.

"Oh, heart or something," she said indifferently. "He said I was nervous and run down to begin with, and my heart was doing funny things." She lit a cigarette.

He hesitated, then said in a constrained voice:

"Did he say—you were really ill?"

Her reply came with a vague, weary impatience:

"Oh—only that I'd got to be careful."

But her vagueness couldn't, as the weeks passed, disguise the fact that she was as ill as the doctor had gravely warned her. He had told her she must have complete rest. "You can't play tricks with a heart—Lady Travers." And she smiled a little bitterly at the sense of his remark.

But she hadn't obeyed him. And suddenly, one day, she fainted —collapsed utterly; and Raymond sent for a nurse and she was put to bed. The doctor came and discovered that his warnings had been neglected.

"She's been very—imprudent," he said gravely to Raymond. His tone held no modifications of what he implied. He described a number of complications.

"If she can pull through the next three weeks—" he finished up. He added, in a curious tone:

"She didn't tell you, then, what I said the first time she came?"

Raymond shook his head. He didn't say aloud: "She never tells me anything—since—"

A nurse was installed. The children called her "the blue lady." She was young and competent, and quick of apprehension.

Through the next fourteen days Raymond continued his usual routine of duties and twice a day inquired after Helen's progress, and received formal reports:

"Weaker"; "A little better"; "A better night"; "A rather bad night."

But suddenly, one day, the nurse stopped him after delivering a quiet intimation that Lady Travers' condition was much the same.

"Forgive me, Sir Raymond—"

He turned at the queer note of pity in her voice.

"Yes?" he inquired rigidly.

"It's mainly psychological," she pronounced.

"I don't quite—"

The young woman faced him with a look that held an implication of tragedy.

"As far as she has the strength to want anything—she wants to die," she said.

Raymond wondered if he imagined the note of accusation. He took the sentence and went downstairs. He felt dizzy. An awful pain, which seemed the culmination of all his terror of the last weeks (a terror that had gradually blotted out all other scores and annihilated the last sparks of his pride), held and racked him. He loved her, had always loved her—with a kind of obsession, first magical; then, after her confession, by a violent inversion, terrible.

Now the colossal, staring fact faced him to the supreme admission: that Helen, whatever she might incidentally do or be or say, was his life and the very soul of his existence. The familiar world seemed to jolt and stagger round him, like a scene in a nightmare.

HELEN lay perfectly still, and it seemed to her that the great room, filled with shadows and vague flickering illumination from the night light in a far corner, was melting to some huge dark liquid tide, to some atmosphere that had the beauty of sleeping pain—lapping about her—threatening, inch by inch and second after hushed second, to engulf her weakness finally and utterly; to drown her blessedly in what she obscurely and a little humorously told herself was death.

She lay, and as the tide seemed to grow in darkness and strength she shut her eyes with a sense of surrender that was, in its utter abandonment, almost positive. Behind her closed lids she saw gigantic patterns, like cold lightning. She thought, "This is dying — dying — dying—" She thought of Raymond, and told herself, "This is the last pain, the last—" And she remembered a far-off dream—when there was life and — Raymond — and something queer and great and golden called "happiness."

And suddenly she felt—or wondered if she felt—a touch on her shoulder. Still her eyelids were heavily closed. Again that touch, the sense of breathing near her; a swift touch—a head dropped against her bare neck; a hard, choked whisper:

"Helen—Helen darling—"

She was rigid; terrified; a racking sense of something that was pain—and yet pain unbearable in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YOU can obtain better driving light with TUNG-SOL bulbs. They are made with utmost care. Filaments are placed with precise accuracy and every process of construction reflects a sincere desire to make the finest bulbs human skill can produce. The manufacturers of TUNG-SOLS have long endeavored to reduce the hazards of night driving. In this movement, we enjoy the loyal support of car owners and car builders. We have now prepared a chart which shows how to focus bulbs and adjust headlamps: how to do away with glare: how to improve driving light. A most valuable contribution to safety and yours for the asking!

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We recommend TUNG-SOL bulbs as the *first* step toward proper illumination. Secondly, the correct adjustment and focusing of headlamp equipment accomplished easily with our chart. All owners, whether they use TUNG-SOLS or not, are invited to send the coupon. Chart will be forwarded by return mail, with our compliments.

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Cultivate this good habit

Each day more men and women are learning that good health and beauty are dependent upon the condition of teeth and gums. They practice simple preventive measures. And they never forget to go to their dentist at least twice a year.

4 Out of 5 Pay Pyorrhea's Price

Unless a vigilant guard is kept, Pyorrhea steals into the mouth and starts its deadly work. Its poison creeps through the system. In its wake may follow rheumatism, anemia, stomach troubles and even distressing facial disfigurement.

It takes as its victims 4 persons out of 5 after 40 and thousands younger.

Don't fear these uneven odds. With a little care you can protect yourself against Pyorrhea. Go to your dentist for a thorough examination, once every six months. And start using Forhan's for the Gums regularly, morning and night.

It is the one dentifrice specially designed to combat Pyorrhea. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., who for years specialized in the treatment of this disease.

Start using Forhan's for the Gums, tonight. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere. It wards off Pyorrhea or checks its course if used regularly and in time.

It firms gum tissue and keeps it sound. It keeps teeth snowy white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

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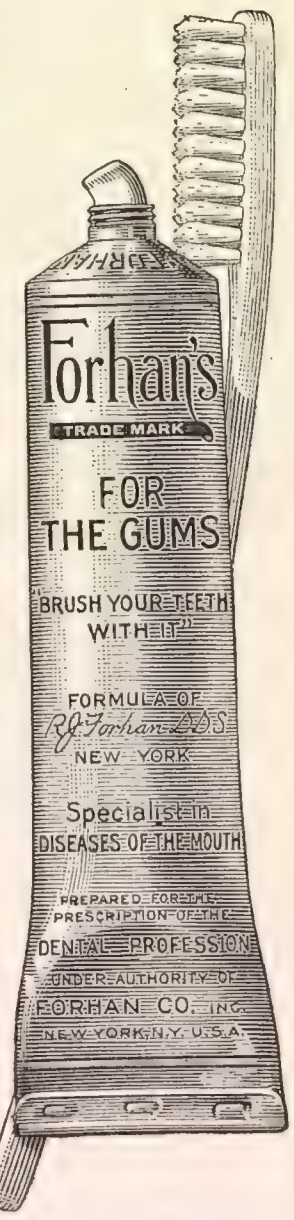

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We Make This Promise

Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their telltale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

[SHE TOLD ON HERSELF Continued from Page Thirty-five]

its sweetness, in its agonizing beauty.

Raymond's cheek laid against hers; his sudden sobs.

She heard her own wavering whisper:

"Dearest—"

He was silent. At last his words came with a strange radiance, as though the phrase itself were newly coined from heaven:

"Darling—I love you."

And her smile dawned in the tide of shadows, and she heard her own whispered echo:

"I love you—darling."

* * *

They were together—six weeks later—on their island in the Mediterranean, among the pine trees and the thick golden sunlight and the sparkling sapphire surfaces of ocean.

They stood on those rocks which seemed to hold the warmth of a thousand southern centuries, and the wind touched them with its soft vivid caresses.

Raymond turned from the glory of the sea to his wife's profile—and watched her slow adorable smile and the young radiance of her look. Her smile crystallized to words, dropped gently, as though they were too sweet to part with willingly:

"It's all—as lovely as ever," she said. And suddenly he bent and kissed her hand.

THE END

POEMS *YOU OUGHT TO KNOW*

A Ballad upon *a* Wedding

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING

[Sir John Suckling (1609-1642), soldier, wit, and political exile, took poison and died in Paris. His varied works were collected and published in 1646. He was distinguished in the literary world for his graceful lyrics.]

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did
bring;
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled
there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Ingersoll YANKEE $1.50

Dependable Time and a Carefree Mind *for Active People*

If Mr. W— loses his expensive gold watch or has it stolen, it means a big investment for a new one. If he breaks it, it means a sizable repair bill.

If instead for Summer Time he either carries an Ingersoll Yankee or wears an Ingersoll Wrist watch, he has a watch that will keep dependable time under all conditions and more dependable than expensive, delicate watches under conditions of hard usage.

If he loses his Ingersoll, or has it stolen, he can get it replaced easily at one of the hundred thousand stores that sell Ingersolls. And if he breaks it he can get it repaired quickly and at a nominal cost by sending it to the Ingersoll Service Department at Waterbury, Conn.

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Religion
Behind the Scenes

P. & A. photo

Elsie Janis in her greatest rôle, A. E. F. entertainer.

An Article by
ELSIE JANIS

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
God bless mother, and make me a good girl,
And please make me a hit in Buffalo next week."

THUS prayed little Elsie—aged six, seven, eight, and nine. In fact, even at thirteen and fourteen the formula held, with a few changes of locale—sometimes in a Pullman berth, sometimes in a quiet country boarding-house if Elsie happened to be playing a summer park. She loved the latter place because she could ride the merry-go-round for nothing.

Of course, as the years flew by and more important engagements came, she would sort of hurry through the "Now I lay me down" portion and concentrate more on the requests she had to make of her very personal Father in heaven, such as, "Please don't let the Gerry Society take me off," or "Please don't let my voice get hoarse," and very often, "Please don't let dear mother worry so."

And if sometimes, when very tired, her eyes closed and her voice trailed away in a murmur before she finished her conversation with Him, in the morning she would somehow know it and apologize, because her mother dear had explained to her that He understood how tired a little girl might be after two shows. You see, mother dear had taught lots of little girls and boys about Him, when we had lived in Columbus. And she had taken even a smaller little Elsie to her own Sunday-school class, where the other children were seven and eight and little, little Elsie was only four.

And had not Elsie sung a song in the big church itself at that same age of four? A song that led people to say that she could sing even out of the church? And then, too, there were recitations taught to her by mother dear.

But we have naught to do with her talents or the career she has followed. We are telling of her prayers. You will understand, I hope, that Elsie said her prayers just as she cleaned her small teeth—herself, and by herself. I never can remember being made to say a prayer, but I can hear mother's voice saying softly, and I sometimes hear it today: "Don't forget your prayers, dear."

Picture by GRACE NORCROSS

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

It was agreed early in life that one did not have to kneel in the middle of a sleeping-car to say a prayer; because, outside of the danger of catching cold, there were always those Pullman pedestrians, whose greatest joy in traveling seems to be in kidding themselves that they are really walking to their destination. They prowl back and forth like sentries whose chief duty is to stand at attention on someone's pet pedal abrasion.

However, I had better get off that subject, as my theme is religion. And why? I can imagine some people asking:

"Why religion? Elsie Janis belongs to the theater, or perhaps overseas with the sol-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Delicious "Frosty" Malted Milk

Only this New Type Mixer can make it . . .

NEVER were malted milks so truly delicious, so "frosty", so satisfying, until the recent perfection of this new type mixer—the Arnold Sixteen. A new-type high-speed mixing action whips the beverage to creamy smoothness before the ice cream melts, before the drink thins out and loses its appetizing chill.

Thirty seconds! That's all it takes with an Arnold Sixteen mixer to mix a rich, "frosty," heavy malted milk, made with a double portion of hard ice cream. Time it yourself—at any fountain equipped with Arnold Sixteens. Ask for your malted milk after thirty seconds—you'll notice at once how much better it tastes.

Arnold Sixteen sets new standards of sanitation, too. It has *no exposed mixing rod*, drippy and sticky, to attract flies and dust. The mixing agitator is clasped inside the container where it is rinsed clean after every drink.

Look for this New-Type Mixer at the Fountain

Thousands of up-to-the-minute fountains now have these new Arnold Sixteens. They are easy to recognize—they're the only mixers that have *no exposed mixing rod.*

ARNOLD ELECTRIC CO., *Racine, Wisconsin*

Arnold Sanitary Malted Milk Dispenser. Another Arnold appliance to make the fountain more sanitary. Keeps malted milk sealed from flies and dust. Does away with old fashioned exposed jar or can. Dispenses exactly the same amount every time—drinks are always uniform. You'll find it on up-to-the-minute fountains.

Arnold
SANITARY
FOUNTAIN APPLIANCES

[RELIGION BEHIND THE SCENES]
[Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

diers. Why drag in the church?"

And I answer:

"Because in all the interesting things in our ultra-interesting world today, in all the great inventions, the scientific marvels, the untold influences that are at work, there is religion—not dragged in as something that should be there, but as a living, breathing, helping influence that must be there. And in the theater it is more there than the general public could possibly imagine."

I think anyone will agree that all religious people do not frequent the church, and that all of the people who do frequent the church are not religious. As far back as I can remember, religion had a firm grip on me. But now, as I am beginning to understand the things I used to read as a sort of duty, I realize that the grip has mellowed into a fond embrace: one that is protecting, thrilling, and peaceful, and at the same time combining the gentleness of a mother's bedtime lullaby and the strength of a father's strong but often clumsy good-night kiss.

When I say that I understand the things I used to read as a duty, I mean the Bible. To me, as a growing girl, it was a dull book, filled with what I was pleased to describe as "too much begat to get at."

Today I read it from choice, having read through the years all the stories of it and taken from it.

I FEEL as Papini must have felt to write his splendid Life of Christ — that Bible-story books should be written to catch the young and hard-to-hold interest. Books like Bruce Barton's marvelous The Man Nobody Knows must win thousands of friends, and then, after his readers have tasted the fruits of the biblical tree of knowledge, the root will be found sweet and sustaining.

People of the theater seem to be merrier and more showy than others. Perhaps it is because so much of their time is spent in pretending. They will talk and joke about almost anything; but they are strangely shy about religion. You can ask Miss Flossie Featherbrain of the Nakedness of 1927 company what she thinks about marriage, divorce, prize fights, the murder of the moment, or the Charleston, and she will answer glibly; but ask her what she thinks about religion, and you will find yourself staring at a blank wall.

She doesn't know enough about it to discuss it, but she feels too much about it even to try.

Walk down the hall in a theater where the dressing-rooms of the chorus girls are, and, amid laughter and shrill back-chat, you will hear the Deity being paged every other word. It is shocking to me; but I don't believe it is to Him. And I firmly believe that the voice of one of them calling sincerely for help will be heard as clearly and answered as quickly as a voice more coldly controlled that never mentions that name except in prayer.

Use the vacuum cleaner on the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You can keep strong, thick hair

Worrying a little about your hair?

PERHAPS your hair seems thinner, less healthily vigorous—you have asked yourself whether "anything could be done to help it . . ."

Two common scalp troubles cause thinning hair—dandruff and sluggish scalp circulation. This simple treatment corrects quickly *both* these hair ills:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then, with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

Give yourself this Pinaud treatment *every* morning—feel the new glow of swift scalp circulation—notice the absence of dandruff—the fact that your hair is thicker, more vigorous!

You can buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. Canadian distributor, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.

PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

thought and the body will mind its own affairs.

Everyone has heard of the superstitions of the theater. You mustn't whistle in the dressing-room; no shoes on a table or shelf; no passing anyone on the stairs—and so on. What is superstition? The Buddhist calls it religion. The people of the stage believe in some great Power, but many don't know what it is.

I've had young writers suffering from an overdose of Nietzsche tell me they didn't believe in anything. I've heard business men scoff, musicians play music sent directly from some heavenly place and give no credit; but, in my life, I've had only one actress tell me she did not believe at all. She was a pretty and very successful kid who earlier had heard too much of what He would do to her if she sinned, and not enough of how He would help her not to sin if she asked Him.

THE people of the theater are the most generous I know. Why is it that behind the scenes there is always some collection going on for some poor unfortunate who has seen better days, and why do the people of the theater never refuse? Is it because they are really so much more generous, or is it that their lives and their successes depend a great deal on the luck they have, on the parts they play, on the looks they have, on the health they must keep? Perhaps somewhere, some time, they have heard or read, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

But, whether through gratitude for what they have received or for fear it will be taken from them, they give and give generously always. Now, if it is gratitude, to whom are they grateful? If it is fear, of whom are they afraid?

Perhaps the theater has a religion of its own, but I know one thing: I have seen a great deal of Christian spirit there. A few slogans of the theater might well be traced to the teachings of the Bible, though I doubt whether anyone on the stage would claim this to be a fact.

For instance, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow. . . . Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Certainly almost everyone in the theater follows that instruction, and over-follows it.

You seldom hear of a prosperous plumber of ten years ago who is not plumbing today, or who is not in a position to laugh at every washstand and say, "I made enough out of you; now I wash my hands of you—or in you."

But ten years of an actor's life—that's different. What do they do with their money? people ask. And being one of them who a few years hence may be one they will ask about, I will tell you. Most of them give it away. Selfishly, perhaps; but they don't eat alone, nor do they drink alone, or live alone in their beautiful king-for-a-day palaces.

And for every $100 that is added to the salary with each successful stride, another go-while-the-going's-good friend appears and is welcome.

Just think: for one begging letter that Mr. Average Man receives and murmurs, "What a nerve!" a stage star receives at least ten. You can't have your name up in fifty-foot letters over a theater and keep your address a secret.

Charles L. Ritzman photo

A TINY church in London never had a more earnest visitor than Gaby Deslys, where, at 6 o'clock every Sunday morning, her motor car waited for her.

Mr. Rockefeller gives away millions, they say, and Mr. Rockefeller knows where his comforts are coming from for the next hundred years, if he could only live to enjoy them. But Mr. Actor and Mrs. Actress do not know—nor do they, apparently, care. Perhaps they have heard that it is going to be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

WELL, I'm sure that reason will never keep any of the theater's children from wearing wings. And yet, we never hear of the thousands of dollars given away at stage doors nightly. "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Nowhere is that rule more generally observed than in the theater.

They give automatically; and oh, how they are done! I have known beggars to go to two or three stage doors a night and collect. Later on the stung ones will get together; and when one tries to tell of some poor little woman who had four starving children and told such a tale that the stung one's heart was torn to the tune of ten, twenty, or fifty dollars, another one will describe the little woman, and a third one will say, "Of course she came to me."

But will they cease to give? No! They all feel that for five fakes among that string of pearls of hard-luck stories there might be one real one, and the feeling of having saved it from being trampled upon in the gutter is a glorious one.

"And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. . . . But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet"—and that does not bar the dressing-room or the taxicab, or even the wing on the stage where one waits to make an entrance on a first night. Help is needed then, and oh, so often asked for and given!

There are many reasons why theater folk are not often ardent churchgoers; but the best one is, I think, shyness. Somehow, in a church an actress is self-conscious. Last Easter—not Sunday, but Saturday—I walked to a hotel to take a Turkish bath.

MY mind was far from the day and the importance of it to the really religious. On arriving, I was informed that Saturday was "for gents only." I went out to the street, wondering why women shouldn't be allowed to clean up for Easter, and when I reached Fifth Avenue I saw the cathedral in the distance.

"Ah," I said to myself, "it should be wonderful in there today. I will go and sit quietly for a few minutes."

It was half-past eleven, and a mass was to be said at noon. When I entered everything was astir, and I thought then of the resemblance to the theater.

The choir boys were getting ready, and their chairs scraped and rattled on the bare floors. People bustled in and out. Here and there some poor soul knelt in prayer, trying to be alone with Him.

And I, after five minutes of interested but far from devoted contemplation, walked out, thinking, "What a successful church that is!"

I was, however, determined to find what the blue of the sky and the tang in the air had made me desire—a closer communion; so I walked on, singing to myself, and entered another grand church. There a gentleman met me at the door and said, "Over to the right, please."

The beautiful church was empty; but "over to the right, please," was an anteroom where a few people were listening to a sermon.

"I will stay here," I said, gazing at the lovely altar.

"But the service is over there," he said—just as if I wanted to sit

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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TOPKIS Athletic Underwear

AT THE TOP OF UNDERWEAR FAME STANDS THE TOPKIS NAME

[RELIGION BEHIND THE SCENES Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

in a box when I had bought only a gallery seat.

"Thanks," I replied, and turned to the sunlit street again, murmuring, "God's in His heaven: all's right—"

"Buy a gardenia, please, lady? Business is very bad," said a voice; and I saw a little old man who looked as cold as the stone step he sat upon. I bought all he had, and gave him what I would have given inside the church.

At Forty-eighth Street a very small church, which looked rather embarrassed by being on Fifth Avenue, gazed back at me calmly as I stood wondering whether a third try was really always the charm, and on the door I read: "This church is open at all times for meditation and prayer. Everybody welcome!"

I entered. The peace and quiet were unearthly. The light through the stained-glass windows was as soft as a caress. I sat down, entranced. But that church was not so successful, for at the end of twenty minutes I was still alone. Then an elderly woman entered slowly and sat down almost beside me.

"Isn't it lovely here?" she asked.

"Beautiful," I answered.

"I come every day," she said. "I lost my little girl a month ago, and I seem to find her here."

One could have found anything there that one wanted, I'm sure. We came out together. I divided my gardenias with her.

"I'll take them to her—she loved them so," the woman told me.

I DON'T know why I've written all this, except to show what I mean about people of the theater not going to church so much as others. You have got to be stubborn, as I am, to find a little peaceful church; and even then you are sorry that it is not filled for its own sake.

Of course, hundreds and even thousands of professional people are devout churchgoers. Among my own acquaintances I have found more Catholics than communicants of other denominations. I have many friends who go to early mass on Sunday, no matter how late the Saturday-night party was.

It must be a wonderful religion. They are all wonderful, but the absolute belief that Catholics display is marvelous.

Poor little Gaby Deslys, now gone, was strangely devoted, in her own wild little way. The tiny church in London where at 6 o'clock Sunday mornings her enormous motor car would wait for her, never had a more earnest visitor.

When her father died, she had enormous cards with an inch of black around them sent to all her friends and enemies, announcing his death and begging that we pray for him. When she lost anything, she would rush to a statue of St. Antoine; and when her dancing partner, Harry Pilcer, a Jew, lost his scarfpin, she took him and presented him to St. Antoine, and Pilcer got his pin back—perhaps because he believed.

Belief is a great thing, and you cannot even be unhappy if you believe you are happy. That sounds Irish, but what I mean is—belief is the beginning and the end. People say, "I don't get this Christian Science stuff." How could they get it? It isn't given out in samples that you can show your friends.

"DO you believe in spiritualism?" people will ask you, as if they were saying, "Do you take sugar in your tea?" I have never studied it, but all the books by all the authors won't prove anything to you. Make up your mind to believe, and then don't be scared if what you believe should be true.

"Do you believe in a hereafter?" is the most popular question of the itinerant Christian who plays a bit in each and every religious cult and ends by asking God to forgive him, never mind how.

I am not saying what I believe about the hereafter, but I am saying that I cannot understand anyone wanting to think that this world, no matter how wonderful, is all. And as we don't really know, why not think there is another, more perfect?

For myself, this one is grand; but just imagine for the golf players a course with rubber sand-traps; or, better still, instead of those long-grass-loving balls, some little animal fashioned along the lines of a turtle as to covering, which, after you had socked it 200 yards, would sit up and bark, "Here I am." For motion-picture players, a heavenly spotlight that would make one look any age from twenty-four down. For automobile drivers, a street filled with pedestrians made of rubber that they could knock down and be sure they would bob up serenely.

Seriously, I don't know how people can bear losing their dear ones if there is no great future. I used to resent death so terribly. First I would rave, then cry. And suddenly I realized that, although I was saying how dreadful it was for one so attractive to be taken, I was really resenting the fact that I had been robbed of the joy the one who was taken meant to me. The war cured me of that; and now I feel that I have almost as many friends somewhere waiting as I have here with me. Of course, we don't know; but, just in case there is a bigger and better show coming, why not play safe by trying to live and behave in a manner that will insure a ringside seat?

P. & A. photo

St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, New York.

Speaking of ringsides, if you don't think religion was right in the middle of the Dempsey-Tunney fight, ask Mr. Tunney or anyone who knows him well. Mr. Dempsey

had never been face to face with it before.

I was crazy for Tunney to win, principally because of his cleanness of living and mind; for news of a fine life spreads just as well as the other, and I knew that if Tunney and all he stands for went down before Dempsey, hundreds of fellows, only too anxious not to believe in right swinging a good right, would say, "There, you see? It doesn't pay."

So, as I listened to the returns, I wondered whether or not one should honor a prize fight with prayer, and if Tunney—

At that moment the radio voice announced the new champion, and I knew that Gene Tunney had beaten me to it. He believed.

Out there in Los Angeles, where I was at the time, there is a woman called Aimee Semple McPherson, who has built a temple that cost $400,000 and it has been paid for by belief. This woman has any stage personality I know of looking like a cup of tea by comparison.

P. & A. photo

Aimee Semple McPherson, the evangelist, who makes her preaching theatrical.

Before she was exonerated from a charge of perjury for saying she was kidnaped while the people who were after her scalp, complete with halo, said she was at Carmel-by-the-Sea doing what she tells everybody not to do, she sat on trial all day, and at night preached the four-square gospel, telling the world there and over the radio what she thought of her enemies.

The good she has done is stupendous. But the newspapers were full of this woman's supposed downfall. Away down in one corner of the paper I read: "Man kills three with an ax and escapes."

In vain I searched for further details of the murderer's fate; but all the courts, counsel, cops, and capitalists were too busy trying to pull Sister Aimee down from her throne, which she built by her own personality, teaching lessons to thousands who would never listen before because they wanted theater with their religion, and Sister Aimee made Barnum's circus look like a peep show. She converts hundreds each week, and they give her everything but their lingerie.

AND who gets the joy out of that? They do. She stands there, gleaming like light, and says: "How many of you would rather be here than in any theater or dance hall or [with fervor] moving-picture palace?" And 10,000 people roar, "I would!" This woman they wanted to shut up—this woman who heals, converts, baptizes, and sells religion to eager buyers, who makes people believe, whether she believes or not.

Why don't you hire a hall, Miss Janis? You sound like one of those glory-hallelujah merchants yourself. And maybe you think I wouldn't love to be one! If I thought I could influence people and bring that light into their eyes and that wonderful warm feeling around their hearts, I would do it in a moment. But it takes more than the wish. However, if some day you see a large tent somewhere with "Three-Ring Gospel by Sister Elsie Janis" written over it, you will know I've joined up.

Sister Aimee's public pay as they exit, and as they please; mine, as they enter, and at a fixed price. Someone might want to know, after all this talk of religions in general, to which one I have pinned my apparently quite elastic faith, and I feel it only right to confess that I have not decided yet. The Sunday school mentioned in little Elsie's life was Congregational, but big Elsie is at present cosmopolitan.

She wears any small sacred medallion that is given to her by one who believes in it. She reads any lovely book of any creed that is handed to her by loving hands; she listens with joy to anyone's theories as long as they are pro-religion; and she is convinced that, just as attentive and loving ears hear prayers in every and any language, so the route is as direct "home," no matter through what lands or creeds it winds.

IF I had a child, I would let it choose its own route. I am traveling many roads and learning many ways of saying the same thing; but before I book my last passage I shall choose but one of the many lovely ones, so that I may go direct, without the detours caused by a lack of preparedness.

Any article written by me should end with a wise crack or quip; but since this one started seriously with little Elsie's prayer, I should like to risk a laughless exit and finish it with one of big Elsie's, which she wrote one time after listening to a lot of people of different creeds telling one another what was wrong and right about the other one's belief. And big Elsie thought, "Oh, dear, I can't understand half they say; but I suppose He does."

And she wrote:

God, let me live each lovely day
So I may know that, come what may,
I've done my best to live the way
You want me to.

Forgive me if I do not pray
The ultra-sanctimonious way
In church on every Sabbath day
As some folks do.

Just let me know, if I should stray,
That I may stop along the way
At any time of night or day
And talk to You.

THE END

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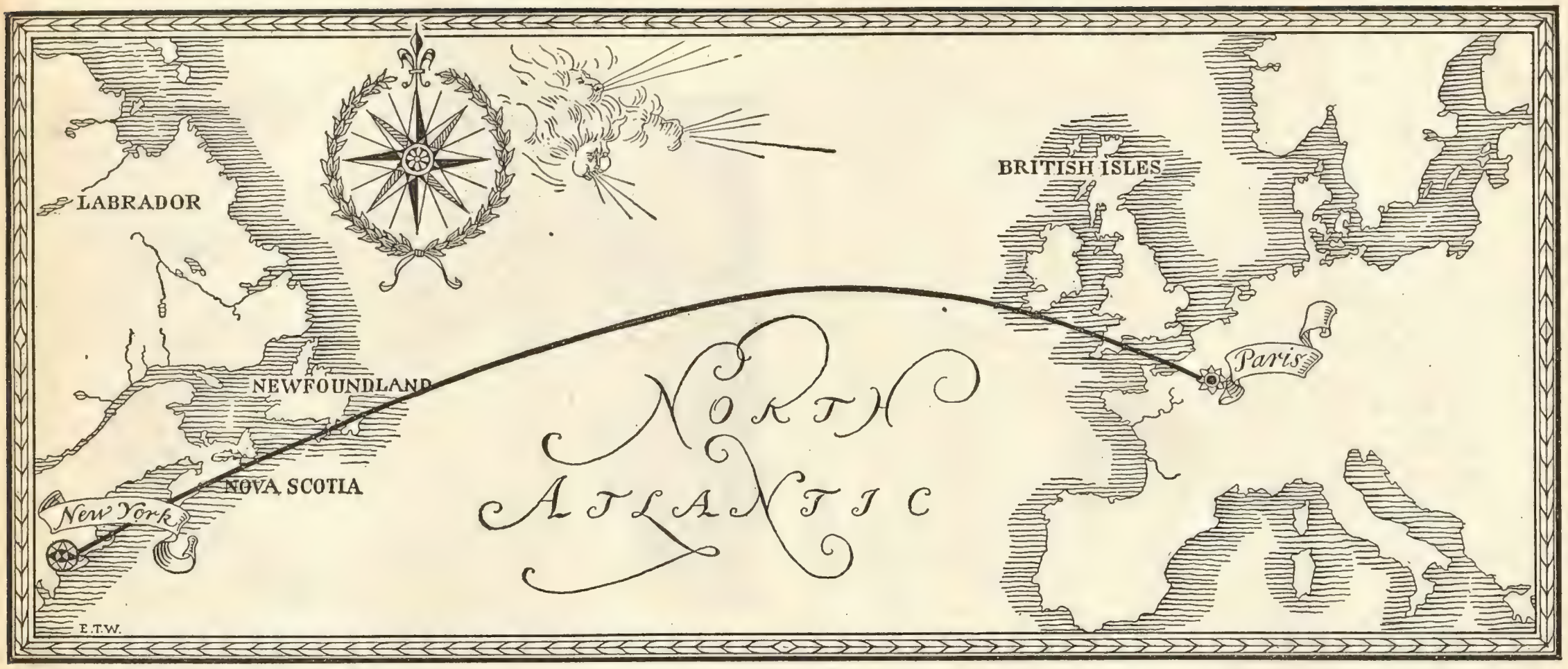

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In my flight from New York to Paris my engine was lubricated with Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" and I am happy to say that it gave me every satisfaction. My engine functioned perfectly.

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NEVER before have the skill and daring of a single man gripped the world as did Captain Charles Lindbergh in his flight from New York to Paris.

In 33½ hours he flew 3700 miles—alone in a single-motored plane—through fair weather, storm and sleet—straight to his goal and to fame.

Success!

Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" lubricated the engine of Captain Lindbergh's plane, "The Spirit of St. Louis." And what a test of lubrication! That single engine must function perfectly. The slightest mishap meant instant danger, perhaps the end of the flight in the waters of the Atlantic. The engine did function perfectly. The flight was a success.

Thus another great adventure is written into the vivid history of American aviation in which Gargoyle Mobiloil has played its part.

When Commander Byrd flew to the North Pole—he used Mobiloil "B."

When the U. S. Army fliers flew around the world in 1924—they used Mobiloil "B."

When Lieutenant Maughan flew across the United States "from dawn-to-dusk"—he used Mobiloil "B."

When Capt. Lindbergh flew from San Diego to New York—he used Mobiloil "B."

And now when Capt. Lindbergh flies from New York to Paris he uses Mobiloil "B."

In a press interview shortly after his arrival in Paris, Lindbergh said, "We had the worst possible weather for over 1000 miles over the open sea. I cannot say too much for the way the ship and the motor stood up under all this punishment."

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The Gargoyle Mobiloil Engineers are constantly and directly associated with aeronautic developments just as they have been with automobile developments from the beginning. Their Chart of Automobile Recommendations is approved by 182 manufacturers of automobiles and motor trucks.

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CALIFORNIA
Wet and Dry

HARVESTING a crop of California grapes in the shadows of the mountains.

THE great wine bottle which the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce sent on a publicity tour in 1912.

Why Prohibition Votes and Wine Grapes Grow on the Same Vine

An Article by

GEORGE K. SHAFFER

WHEN Father Junipero Serra planted a sprig of grapevine at San Gabriel Mission in 1771, he planted not only the first grapevine in California, but the roots of a vast industry and a gigantic political problem.

The benign Franciscan padre could hardly be expected to know that from the little shoot of grapevine from his native Majorca or chosen Spain, which he had carried so painstakingly over hundreds of leagues of New World desert, would sprout an industry worth $350,000,000 with employment for 100,000 persons and a century of prosperous history culminating in a surprising enigma of politics.

Father Serra's original vine still grows. The traveler who leaves the beaten path of southern California tourists and rings the bell at the ancient adobe wall, will be admitted into the yard of an old inn at San Gabriel. There, in a windowless inner room, eleven miles from Los Angeles, *Ramona*, heroine of Helen Hunt Jackson's novel, was born.

In the inn yard the patriarch of grapevines stands just where the old monk—now 143 years dead—planted it. It is said to be the largest grapevine in the world. It certainly is, in point of political consequences.

Eight feet in circumference, its gnarled and twisted trunk flings long, winding arms over a trellis that covers an acre. A ton of grapes is its annual yield. The benches and tables of more convivial times still recall the custom of country folk to gather and sip their wine under its shade.

Countless cuttings of Father Junipero's old vine have founded newer vineyards of black mission grapes the length and breadth of the State. California's grape industry spread like the old vine itself; and from the fruit of the vine has fermented a bewilderment of politics.

No more contradictory tangle of principle, sentiment, self-interest, and money exists than California's wet and dry political situation.

Up to 1918 the State was historically and devotedly wet. One accepts this as natural in the one American commonwealth in which grapes and wine represented a huge property investment and a munificent annual income. The founders of the State—Spaniards, Frenchmen, Portuguese, American frontiersmen, Russians, New Englanders, Italians, pre-1860 Southerners, Swiss, Germans, and men of British strain—all laid out vineyards and casked their wine.

Some of these grape-growing pioneers, like William Wolfskill, in 1831; Colonel Agoston Haraszthy of Hungary, in 1851; Salvador Vallejo, Charles Krug, Charles LaFranc, the Berringer brothers, and Secondo Guasti, became noted. In 1860 the State was already celebrated for the variety and excellence of its vintages.

In 1880 the State had 70,000 acres in vineyards. In 1890 there were 155,000 acres, representing an estimated land value of $78,000,000.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CALIFORNIA WET AND DRY
Continued from Page Forty-three]

In 1904, when the first mutterings of dry sentiment began to draw scornful heed, the State had 220,000 acres in grapes, and the crop was worth $12,000,000 annually. Most of this sum was the value of the grapes in terms of wine.

THE TURNING OF CALIFORNIA'S POLITICAL TIDE

THE map at the left shows the vote by counties in the 1918 wine and beer referendum, with the wet counties in black. The center map shows how most of the grape counties joined the white dry group when California adopted her own prohibition law in 1922, and the third map shows the line-up in 1926 when the State voted against repealing the dry act. Generally, the heaviest grape-growing counties are the dryest.

In 1913 prohibition agitation mustered for its first test of strength. In that year, according to the annual report of the State Board of Viticultural Commissioners (made public March 15, 1914), there were 75,000 persons — "15,000 being heads of families, owners, lessees, and renters" —directly engaged in grape culture in California.

The State's vineyards covered more than 300,000 acres, there were 500 wineries in operation, the income from wine and grapes exceeded $29,000,000, and the land and wineries represented an estimated investment of $125,000,000.

In 1914 State prohibition had its first popular vote. After that year, every biennial election, except one, until the last one—November 2, 1925 —was marked by a renewed submission of the State-wide dry question. The State voted wet each time until 1922. The wettest of the wet counties, naturally, were the grape counties.

But since 1922 the State has voted dry on every test. And leading the dry parade at the polls have been the grape counties.

That year and that change from wet to dry are significant.

The lineal descendants of America's most rugged pioneer vets—the men who know the pedigree of a grapevine as the men of Kentucky know the pedigree of a horse—"converted" the rest of the State. And the rest of the State took the process with reservations.

It was politically sufficient that after the ballots of November 7, 1922, had been tallied, the votes of the twenty-three wealthy and well peopled grape counties, switching from the wet column to the dry column, had wrapped the State in the Wright Act, one of the most stringent of State enforcement measures.

What took place was this:

Grape-growing California had learned the business advantages of prohibition. The essence of the political change, boiled down from numerous conversations with grape and wine men about the State, comes to this:

"Under prohibition we grow more grapes; we own more land; our land is worth more; our kids go to college; we buy better autos.

"Before prohibition we got from twelve to fifteen dollars a ton for grapes. Now we get from fifty-five to eighty dollars. We ship sixty thousand cars loaded with grapes to the East every year. We used to ship fifteen thousand.

"Sure, they make wine out of our grapes in New York, Massachusetts, Chicago, and Baltimore. What of it? They aren't depriving us. We can have our own wine right here by pressing some of our own grapes. The kitchens of California brew from two million to four million gallons each year for home consumption, by Internal Revenue district figures. And still we make a lot more money than we ever did before.

"Sure, we vote for prohibition. The banks in the grape region are for it. The builders are for it. It is building us a swell new high school and a public library.

"The tax collectors are for prohibition. The Sunday-school teachers are for it. The department stores are for it. The grocery and milk men are for it. The factories are for it. The newspapers are for it. The Mayor and Governor are for it.

"Even many of the old winery men who first rebelled are for it, because they ship their yearly output of juice grapes now, and collect more than they ever made out of their wine.

"The missus and I always vote for it, because she's wearing silk teddies for the first time in her life, and I am

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

Here is a comparison of pre- and post-prohibition conditions in California:

Before Prohibition	In 1926
45 of 58 counties went wet in 1918 election	24 of 58 counties went wet in November
350,000 acres in grapes in 1918	680,795 acres in grapes
$46,220,000 income from grapes, raisins, and wine in 1918	$75,000,000 to $80,000,000 yearly income from grapes and raisins
29,168,000 gallons of wine and brandy produced in 1918	3,500,000 gallons new wine estimated put under bond in 1926
Grape land valued at $190,000,000 (estimate)	Grape land valued at $350,000,000 (estimate)
18,189 carloads of grapes shipped eastward in 1918	64,100 carloads of grapes shipped eastward
Average price of grapes, $8 to $20 a ton before 1918 war prohibition conditions, $22.50 to $50 in 1918 after prohibition imminence	Average price of grapes brought producer from $40 to $75 a ton (bottom minimum being $25 and high $120)

A LIVELIER SIX AT A LOWER PRICE

Lowest priced Six with 4-wheel Brakes

THE liveliest Six in its price class and the lowest priced Six with 4-wheel brakes. As active as a polo player—as vigorous as a Channel swimmer—as up-to-date as the class of '28. Nimble in traffic . . . swift in the open . . . powerful on steep grades.

In the Whippet Six Landau we've created a world of difference in style. Fleet lines, gleaming colors and exquisite appointments stamp this a distinctive and advanced motor car. Note these features:

Four-wheel brakes. Modern traffic makes this safety feature a vital necessity.

Low gravity center. Pioneered in the Whippet. Now universally approved.

Acceleration. 10% to 23% faster from 5 to 25 miles per hour than its nearest competitors.

Exceptional power in proportion to weight. Wide range of flexibility. Try this car on hills.

Economy. Carries you farther on gas and oil.

Full pressure lubrication. As on the costlier cars.

Easy steering. Roller pivot bearings help make the Whippet Six remarkably easy to handle.

Snubbers. On front springs, reduce road shocks.

Oversize tires. The final factor in smooth travel.

Narrow front body posts. For full vision. They eliminate the "blind spot" hazard.

Adjustable steering wheel. Regardless of your size or stature, the Whippet Six fits you.

COACH $795

Touring $765; Roadster $825; Coupe $795; Sedan $875; Landau (as illustrated) $925. 4-cylinder Whippet: Touring $625; Coupe $625; Coach $625; Collegiate Roadster $695; Sedan $725; Landau $755.

Whippet Six

All prices f. o. b. factory and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

The favori

WE SERVE
Borden's
THE IMPROVED
MALTED MILK
All flavors Delicious

Borden's MA

te of the whole boardwalk

YOU CAN ALWAYS SPOT HER by the admiring crowd that gathers round when she appears.

A wonderful sport. As sparkling as the waves she plays in. With the same buoyancy and unflagging energy, too.

Such energy doesn't just happen. There's no monopoly on it, either. You can have it as well as anyone.

This very minute, right around the corner from you, is a source of quick wholesome energy — the very kind the younger generation enjoys.

Follow their example. Drop in at the nearest Diamond Sign soda fountain and order yourself a long tall glass of Borden's Malted Milk—icy cold.

Invigorating, refreshing — as a summer breeze. Yet really sustaining. Every delicious drop rich in nourishment.

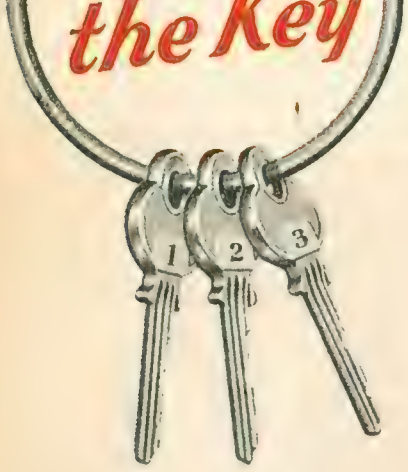
Renew your energy this way every day.

OOK FOR
HIS SIGN

Equally good at home as at the fountain. Sold in convenient glass packages, 7 and 15 oz. sizes.

LTED MILK

$30,000 in Cash Prizes!



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

PURE AS SUNLIGHT

The proof of its *purity* is in the testing. Twenty-two scientific tests for *purity*, covering every step in its preparation, safeguard this drink of natural flavors.

See the column on the opposite page for details about this $30,000 contest

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]
learning to play golf when I'm not working.

"The only ones that aren't for it seem to be up in San Francisco and Oakland, where they do most of the drinking; in the city of Los Angeles—although Los Angeles County always votes dry by a one-hundred-thousand plurality; and in Sacramento, where the legislative fellows are still trying to swallow it down that they ratified the Eighteenth Amendment in January, 1919, after they were elected in a wet State election on November 5, 1918. That election, which voted them into office, voted down even a light wines and beer law, and kept the State popularly wet by 341,897 to 256,778."

WHERE grapes are grown in California. The heaviest producing counties are shown in black, with lighter producing counties shaded in proportion.

Growing wine-juice grapes on the reclaimed Cucamonga Desert in San Bernardino County.

CALIFORNIA was the twenty-fourth State to ratify the national prohibition amendment when the State Senate voted to ratify, twenty-five to fourteen, on January 10, 1919, and the State Assembly followed suit, forty-eight to twenty-eight, three days later, during the national stampede on the dry question.

It is interesting to note that the twenty-three counties that grow sixteen-seventeenths of California's grapes also supply the bulk of California's population, although San Francisco, with its population of 575,000, is not included in these twenty-three counties. Eighteen of these twenty-three counties voted wet on the wines and beer test of 1918.

By the time the proposition had come up twice more—in 1920 and 1922—with the price of grapes shooting from $12 and $20, prepro-hibition average, to $60, $80, $120, $150, and even $200 in 1922—the sentiment had veered, and thirteen of the twenty-three grape counties voted dry in 1922.

In 1920 twelve of the twenty-three grape counties had lined up dry. The switch from wet votes to dry votes in the big grape counties was from a 53,102 wet plurality on the wines and beer test of 1918, to a 107,134 plurality on retaining the bone-dry, confiscatory Wright Act in 1926.

The twenty-three grape counties whose change of front so swayed California's stand on the historic proposition of prohibition are: Northern California: Mendocino, Sonoma, Napa, Yolo, Sacramento, Placer, Sutter, Contra Costa, Alameda. Central California: Santa Clara, Stanislaus, San Joaquin, Merced, Madera, Fresno, Kings, Tulare. Southern California: Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Riverside, Kern, San Diego, Imperial.

The transition from the old days is given in the following record of California's successive votes on State prohibition:

Preprohibition Era

November 3, 1914: State-wide initiative measure forbidding manufacture, sale, and transportation of liquor. Defeated: Wet, 524,781; dry, 355,536.

November 7, 1916: Two State-wide prohibition measures. First, designed to write State-wide prohibition into the constitution, to take effect January 1, 1920. Defeated: Wet, 538,200; dry, 436,639. Second, known as light wines and beer measure, which would restrict sale and regulation of traffic in alcoholics to pharmacies and premises where manufactured. Defeated: Wet, 505,783; dry, 461,639.

The Trend to Prohibition

November 5, 1918: Two measures up at State-wide election. First, light wines and beer measure, to take effect July 1, 1919. Defeated: Wet (no), 341,897; dry (yes), 256,778. (Of the twenty-three grape-growing counties, nineteen voted wet and four voted dry. Of the fifty-eight counties of the State, forty-five voted wet and thirteen dry.)

Second, a bone-dry measure specifying jail sentences for infractions, to take effect December 31, 1918. It was not such a campaign issue as the proposition next above. Also defeated: Wet, 306,488; dry, 275,643. (Of the twenty-three grape counties, eleven voted wet and twelve dry. Of the fifty-eight counties in the State, thirty-three voted wet and twenty-five dry.)

November 2, 1920: Referendum on State enforcement act similar to the present Wright Act. Defeated: Wet, 465,537; dry, 400,475. (Of the twenty-three grape counties, eleven voted wet and twelve dry.)

The Prohibition Era

November 7, 1922: Wright Act, California's present enforcement act, put on the statute books. Carried: Dry, 445,076; wet, 411,133. (Of the twenty-three grape counties, ten voted wet and thirteen voted dry. Of the fifty-eight counties in the State, twenty-eight voted wet and thirty voted dry.)

The Wright Act declares unlawful all acts and omissions prohibited by the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution and by the Volstead Act, and adopts the penalties which the Volstead Act prescribes. It imposes upon prosecuting officers,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$30,000 in Cash Prizes

Find Six Keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

Through a national survey the public has given us six outstanding reasons why everybody likes Coca-Cola. They are being illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising between the first week in May and the middle of August—in many newspapers and in each of the following weeklies (one "key" to each advertisement): The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Liberty, Collier's Weekly, and Life—in posters and outdoor signs throughout the country, and in the show window displays and the soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

Two of the "keys" have already appeared, but you can still enter the contest by checking back and finding them. You'll find the third "key" on the opposite page. All will be easy to find—if you keep your eyes open to Coca-Cola advertising.

Just three things to do:

1. *Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.**
2. *Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.*
3. *Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question:*

Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the two questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize	**$10,000**
2nd prize	**5,000**
3rd prize	**2,500**
4th prize	**1,000**
5th prize	**500**
10 sixth prizes (each)	**100**
20 seventh prizes (each)	**50**
200 eighth prizes (each)	**25**
400 ninth prizes (each)	**10**
A total of 635 prizes	**$30,000**

RULES

* Do not mail any entry before the first week in August. You must see all "six keys" before you can write correct answers, and the final "key" will not appear until then. Contest closes August 25, 1927. All entries must be mailed by midnight of August 25, 1927. The contest is open to everybody except those connected with The Coca-Cola Company, a Coca-Cola bottling company, or their families. Write on only one side of paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plainly. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit, including the correctness, neatness and clearness of your answers.

All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

Address all answers to

CONTEST JUDGES
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final.

Boncilla for Fagged Faces

Treat Your Face to a Joy Ride

The McAlpin

Back to Early Morning "Pep" and Youthful Looks

Hotel Barber Shop where they give 300 Boncilla Facials every week.

IF your hair falls out, you can re-sod the old terrace with a snappy looking toupee, but the best friend your FACE will ever have is a GOOD BARBER and a Boncilla Facial.

Man, oh, Man! but it's a WONDERFUL FEELING to just lay back in a barber's chair and let a Boncilla Facial PUT BACK into your face what work, worry and weariness has taken out of it.

For Boncilla works fast and deep. It ENERGIZES the facial nerves and muscles and makes you FEEL brand new. It tones up the tired tissues, smooths out the lines, CLEARS YOUR HEAD so that you snap into the high gear of early morning and LIKE IT.

If you wish a pleasant surprise and very definite PROOF of the refreshing INSTANT "pick up" of a Boncilla Facial, just step into any good barber shop TODAY and take one. In 30 MINUTES you will walk out LOOKING and FEELING so DIFFERENT, so much better that you'll—well, you sure will wish you had discovered Boncilla sooner.

Then, while you are still thinking, "Gee! my face feels GREAT," get a tube of Boncilla Beautifier to take to HER. Tell her, too, that she can get Boncilla Facials at her favorite beauty shop.

For women need Boncilla even more than men do. The ceaseless round of social activities, late hours given to happy, joyous living, exacts a heavy toll of woman's beauty.

This supreme tissue builder will RESTORE the youthful freshness, the animated loveliness which is so largely a part of her individuality, personality and CHARM.

Anyone, Man or Woman, LOOKS better and FEELS better after a Boncilla Facial.

—and you can prove this at home— in 30 minutes. Send the Coupon!

BONCILLA LABORATORIES, INC.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Enclosed find 10 cents (coin or stamps). Send me Trial Tube of Boncilla Beautifier.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Lib. 6-25-27

If you live in Canada, send coupon to Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd., 77 Peter Street, Toronto, Canada.

Now Used in World Famed Beauty Salons Such as Harrod's of Buenos Aires

[CALIFORNIA WET AND DRY
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

grand juries, magistrates, and peace officers the duty to enforce said laws; permits local enforcement of ordinances prohibiting the manufacture, sale, transportation, or possession of intoxicating liquors; and stipulates "this act to conform automatically to changes in said Federal laws."

When the Wright Act passed, it

Raisins drying in the Fresno County vineyards.

was the seventh State prohibition proposal to come up in eight years.

For the first time in ten years, prohibition stayed off the State ballot in 1924, but it was back again in November, 1926, with this difference from former years: that the wets scrambled for votes and the drys enjoyed the political advantage.

The 1926 vote was as follows:

November 2, 1926: Referendum on repeal of the Wright State enforcement law. Defeated: Dry, 565,875; wet, 502,258. (Of the twenty-three grape counties, six voted wet and seventeen voted dry. Of the fifty-eight counties in the State, twenty-four voted wet and thirty-four voted dry.)

The wet campaign never went over better than it did in 1926 in the big cities—San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Oakland; but it never succeeded more poorly in the grape counties where the political landmarks of the first 100 years of California's grape-growing history have been wiped away in the tidal wave of "Vote dry; it pays."

ONLY San Francisco County (the same as San Francisco city), which grows no grapes at all, has an increasing wet sentiment and a decreasing total of dry votes. In 1918 San Francisco voted wet by 53,988 to 39,313. In 1922 San Francisco voted against adoption of the Wright Act, 90,783 to 31,584. In 1926 it voted to repeal the Wright Act, 84,840 to 29,618.

When the election of 1918 made the first big test on the wet and dry question, the great grape counties that voted wet included Los Angeles, which, with the aid of the Los Angeles *Times*, returned a wet vote of 86,897 to 56,522 on the wines and beer proposition; Fresno County, which raises more grapes than any other similar area in the world; San Bernardino County, in which the Guasti plant, still casking wine at Cucamonga, is reputed to be the largest winery in the world; Santa Clara, Imperial, San Diego, Tulare, Kings, Merced, Madera, and Stanislaus.

By 1922 these characteristic

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hydraulics now within reach of every motorist

It is now possible for you to ride on cushions of oil—at low cost! The hydraulic principle of checking spring rebound is developed to its highest efficiency in the

Monroe Hydraulic Shock Eliminator

and the price is within reach of all. This is good news for motorists who have long desired greater comfort and longer wear and service from their cars.

Send today for your free copy of our booklet "Ride on Cushions of Oil."

Distributors and Dealers— Write for details and discounts.

$35 to $45

Prices slightly higher west of Mississippi. Installation extra.

MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT MFG. CO., Monroe, Mich.

There's no stopping a man with newspaper training

Do you know that 725 former newspaper men are occupying key positions in the motion picture industry?

—that a huge percentage of our most successful authors, dramatists, and scenarists got their basic training by writing for newspapers?

—and that a New York newspaper training can now be secured by any ambitious man or woman?

The Newspaper Institute of America offers you the chance to gain actual newspaper experience and individual instruction in writing right in your own home.

When you join the Institute you receive actual assignments each week. You cover these assignments—just as if you were a member of a newspaper staff—and send them in to the Institute Copy Desk. There they are read, constructively criticized and edited—and returned to you. You receive the advice and cooperation of a group of men with a total of 182 years of newspaper experience.

Let us help you decide. Our Writing Aptitude Test will "give us a line" on you—on your powers of imagination and observation. No obligation. Coupon for convenience.

Newspaper Institute of America
25 West 45th Street, New York
James McAlpin Pyle, Pres.

Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on Writing for Profit

Mr. }
Mrs. } .....
Miss }

Address.....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 8F157

Keep Unguentine ready wherever you go

Kill-joy sunburn
conquered
INSTANTLY
with the surgeon's dressing

SUMMER calls, "Come out in the sun!" Swimming, romping, or basking lazily on the sand —there is no joy like summer under cloudless skies . . ..

But what a price so many pay! Nights, as on a bed of needles, skin that flames and stings . . . Sunburn!

There is no need to suffer from sunburn today. Simply spread on the famous surgical dressing hospitals use for *all* burns—at the first sign of redness, Unguentine, quick!

Unguentine stops the pain of the most severe sunburn *immediately*—the tender skin heals; infection, all too common, is prevented. You tan normally.

Save whole days outdoors!
Spread Unguentine on thick. You are protected at once. This dressing halts the formation of the sickening poisons that are created in any burned tissue. Better still, ward off sunburn; rub Unguentine on *before* exposure. At your druggist's—50 cents. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

grape counties had become the bed rock of prohibition sentiment. Every one of these counties went dry when the Wright Act passed in 1922, and every one was drier still when the proposition to repeal the Wright Act fell flat in 1926. The higher the selling price of grapes became, the drier became the counties that grow the grapes.

From preprohibition averages of $8, $10, $12, and $15, grapes leaped to unheard-of returns of $200 in 1920 and 1921. Millions of American citizens who talked recipes involving "drop a raisin in it," furnished the best advertising ever given to one crop.

Those were years of joy for the survivors of the vineyard men who had stared at bankruptcy in 1918 and 1919. In those two years many vineyard men had sold their acreage for a song, believing that national prohibition foretold their ruin.

ANYTHING in the grape line sufficed in the sudden and magnificent grape markets of 1919, 1920, and 1921. The prices on grapes—whether dried, fresh, or even half spoiled—doubled, trebled, and quadrupled. Everybody who owned an acre of sandy soil set out grapevines.

Land went up. Wages went up. Jobs multiplied. Fifty thousand railroad refrigerator fruit cars had to be built to transport the grapes. Prosperity passed around.

The raisin market in 1919, 1920, and 1921 was the backbone of the grape industry. This was when the home-brew rage made "drop in a raisin" a national slogan.

The wine-grape men, not yet sure of their position, and still voting wet in the election of 1920, saw the San Joaquin Valley raisin men's prices skyrocket from the $60 a ton of preprohibition to $117

California's oldest grapevine, planted in 1771 and still flourishing.

in 1918, $210 in 1919, and $235 in 1920. The wine-grape men eased into the new big money by drying their wine grapes and shipping them for raisins.

One result: inferior raisins. That hurt the raisin market.

About this time word sped from Washington that Federal authorities had decided that every householder had the right to make himself 200 gallons of fruit juice for family use every year. Fermentation of this was not of itself a violation of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Wine grapes replaced the raisin

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NEW!

—and already winning Nation-wide Popularity

Indian
SCOUT
45

—the police special and sport solo

VETERANS praise it. New riders welcome it. Already a coast-to-coast motorcycle sensation. That's the startling story of the new Indian Scout 45 —a mount winning thousands to the biggest thrills of motorcycling.

For real, rugged outdoor sport, hop on the Scout 45. It's the steadiest, sturdiest, snappiest mount you ever rode!

The Scout 45 has a super-powerful motor, almost instant acceleration, large oversize brake, classy sport handle bars. Holds boundless power for the veteran rider, easy handling features for the novice. Guides you quickly through traffic—out to the open — anywhere, any time — safely! Ride the 45 a mile—and find the full meaning of its amazing country-wide popularity.

RIDE THE 45 A MILE

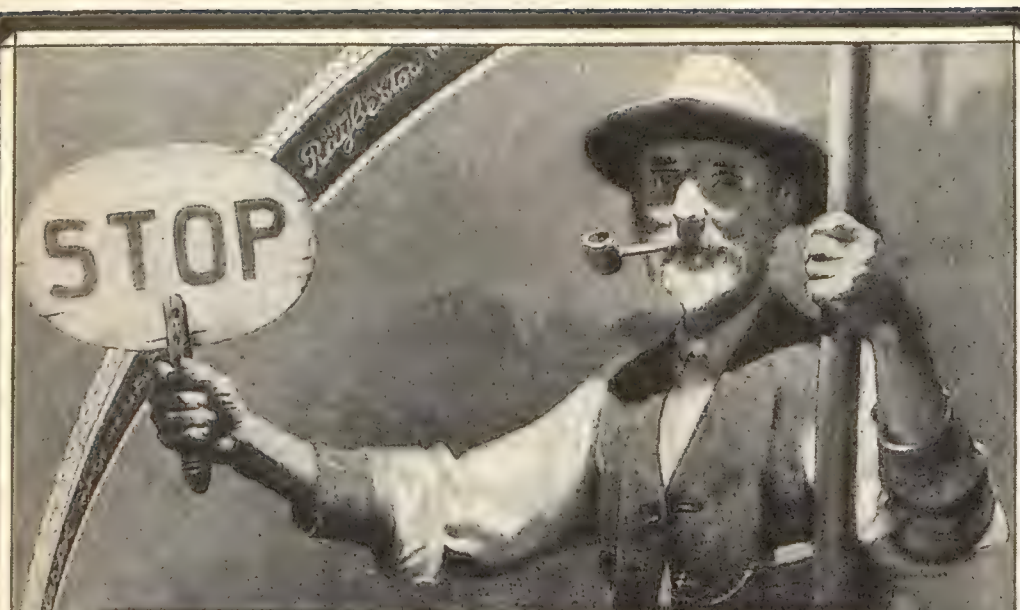
Easy to Own

Call on your nearest Indian dealer and find how easily you can own a Scout 45 under our generous pay-as-you-ride plan. Or mail coupon below for the complete interesting story of this popular model.

Indian Motocycle Co.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEALERS!
A few good territories open. Our proposition is a winner for ambitious men. Write now!

Indian Motocycle Co.,
Dept. U-6, Springfield, Mass.
Send me FREE descriptive circular on the new Indian Scout 45. This places me under no obligation.
Name
Address
City State



The Careful Driver Takes No Chances With Brake Lining

Upon your brakes rests safety.

Speed in itself may not be dangerous, but inability to *stop*, when emergencies arise, is the cause of most accidents.

Silver Edge Raybestos is the original asbestos lining, built by brake experts with vast experience, resources and facilities. It possesses a reputation that extends back to the earliest days of the automobile and never has the quality been challenged. Four great factories are engaged in producing enough Raybestos to meet the demand.

Silver Edge Raybestos

Raybestos wears like the rock from which it is made. It is *solidly* woven with fine wire to give great tensile strength. It contains *more* asbestos and is subjected to enormous pressure which gives remarkable solidity. Treated with a special saturant so that wet weather does not affect it. Raybestos is *particularly efficient* on 4-wheel brakes.

Will you have quality lining, safe lining, good lining on *your* brakes, or a "cheap" imitation of Raybestos? Do you prefer to safeguard yourself and others with Raybestos, or will you take a chance with lining that may fail when needed most?

Be sure. Be certain. Be careful. Insist upon Raybestos. Drive with safety and confidence in your brakes. Look for the Silver Edge and name "Raybestos" stamped on each foot of lining.

Send Coupon for Nearest Raybestos Brake Service Man

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

RAYBESTOS-BELACO., Ltd.
London, England

THE CANADIAN RAYBESTOS CO., Ltd.
Peterborough, Ont.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY 6-25-27
Bridgeport, Conn.
Gentlemen: Please send me the name and address of the nearest garage or Raybestos Brake Service Station in my vicinity.
My Name.....
Address.....

MADE IN U.S.A.
Raybestos

[CALIFORNIA WET AND DRY]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

as the currency of speculation. Buyers from the East bid in whole unharvested crops of grapes on "run of the vineyard" contracts. The wine-grape price shot from $20 and $25 a ton to $80 and $120. As wine-grape prices boomed, the raisin rage subsided.

An overproduction of 100,000 hastily planted acres broke the raisin market. Vineyard lands were foreclosed. The raisin-growers' huge co-operative society went into receivership. The prices of raisin-grape land, which had leaped from $200 and $400 to $1,200 and $1,800 an acre, went crashing. The San Joaquin Valley was practically bankrupt.

Growers of white raisin grapes grafted black wine-grape cuttings on to their white-grape vines.

The wine-grape market has dominated since the raisin crash in 1922, and the wine-grape shippers are convinced that the continuance of prohibition is necessary.

BEFORE prohibition California's wealth in grapes was fifteenth or sixteenth in the list of the State's crops. Grapes now rate second in crop value, according to the last California Crop Reporting Service's official report, issued in July, 1925. Hay is first, $100,000,000 a year. Before prohibition there were eighteen California counties that produced practically no grapes. Now there are only ten.

R. L. Nougaret, for many years head of the Viticulture Service of the California Department of Agriculture, summarized grape-growing conditions before prohibition:

"The prohibition law merely transferred the place where California grapes are made into wine, out of the wineries into the kitchens. It is a fact that more California grapes have gone into wine in the years since prohibition than before. Prior to the enforcement of prohibition, wine grapes testing twenty-two per cent sugar sold to wineries at fourteen to eighteen dollars delivered. Twenty dollars was an exceptional figure.

"Wine made by growers sold to the wineries at one cent a gallon, corresponding to one dollar a ton for grapes. In other words, if the price of grapes was eighteen dollars a ton, the wine sold to the trade at eighteen cents a gallon. One dollar a ton was deducted for each degree of sugar below twenty-two per cent, and when grapes contained eighteen per cent sugar or less, they brought as low as five or seven dollars a ton for distilling purposes.

"Table grapes of first-class quality sold, at points of destination east, at around two dollars to two-fifty a crate. The acreage of these grapes was about half, or less than half, what it is today.

"Wine grapes in the Fresno district, prior to prohibition, sold as low as ten dollars a ton delivered to the wineries."

These facts, contrasted with postprohibition conditions, give the most conclusive answer to the question of California's wet and dry politics for the future.

THE END

AN APPEAL TO REASON

COMMON sense tells you that the safety razor with the best blade is the one for you to use. It's the blade — nothing else — that takes the beard off your face.

Durham-Duplex Blades are made of the finest razor steel imported from Sweden. They are the longest—that saves time, one stroke does the work of two. They are thick and strong—you get the heart of the steel only for an edge—we grind away the rest. They are hollow ground—that gives you the keenest and most lasting edge.

Each and every blade is hair tested before being packed.

The Durham-Duplex Razor gives you the sliding diagonal stroke—*cutting* your beard instead of scraping it off.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N.J.
Factories: Jersey City; Sheffield, Eng.; Paris, France; Toronto, Can. *Sales Representatives in All Countries.*

Special Offer 25c

Take this coupon to your dealer or send to us and get a genuine Durham-Duplex Razor with only one blade for 25c.

Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J.
(Address for Canada: 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.) I enclose 25c for razor and blade. Check type preferred. Lib 6
Name.....
Address.....
Town or City and State.....
I prefer Long-handled Type....Safety Type....

The Missing STROKE

THE big stolid stroke oar broke into hysterical sobbing. "But it wasn't I who did it," he wailed desolately.

Pictures by FRANK SPRADLING

A Short Story of the Great Boat Races at Poughkeepsie

By JAMES HOPPER

FOR a while after they had landed in Poughkeepsie, those eight boys—the newspapers called them the Catamounts, but they were really only boys—felt themselves enmeshed in feelings strange and new.

They had come clear across the country from the shores of the Western ocean, where their home was, on an errand of conquest; but now the surging and joyous truculence for which they were famed had deserted them. They felt lonely—a bit scared. As they strolled the streets of the old town that had witnessed so many contests loud in their youthful minds as a roll call of great battles, they unconsciously huddled close, their voices guarded and low.

For one thing, their shell—the long, slender, lustrous, beloved thing—was not yet here. Delayed somewhere along the transcontinental way, it had not yet arrived, and they were idle. There was nothing to do but stroll thus, a bit lonely, a bit scared. The picture of great cities passed on the train oppressed them. They sensed the closely packed populations of the East. They, eight boys, had come to attack compact millions.

Down on the river—ever their strolling would take them down to the river—this feeling, this anxiety, would increase. They trooped through the empty boathouse, out to the half-sunken, abandoned float. The river, stretching up current and down between its blue cliffs, impressed them. On these waters gigantic struggles had taken place of which they had heard from afar, in a haze of legend. Themselves in a few weeks would be straining in such combat. Their presumption in having come at all seemed now immense.

But someone would raise a shout—usually Don Hale, their captain and their stroke. He raised a shout, pointing across the waters. Over there, from under the high bridge, a great eight-oared crew was debouching at express-train speed, the eight beautifully muscled torsos gleaming in rhythm. "Cornell!" their

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Resinol Soap—the choice of the younger set.

Its soothing Resinol properties protect the softness and youth of the skin

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[THE MISSING STROKE Continued from Page Fifty-three]

coach, Barney, would say authoritatively. "Cornell!" the boys thought—Cornell, the traditional, the magnificent! What superb rowing—that catch, that recovery, the long smooth run between!

Four loud reports vibrated

How beautiful! How strong!

But now, another shout, and, appearing around the river's curve as if shot out of a big gun, another crew; with orange-flashing sweeps, that one! Syracuse! And, coming the other way, bucking the current powerfully, Pennsylvania!

Cornell, Syracuse, Pennsylvania—great names, which, since they were babes, had come to them across the continent, haloed with distance, loud with the echoes of glorious triumphings.

The Western boys, lone on their float nearly awash, tied to that tumble-down and empty boathouse, felt their hearts shrink.

But their shell finally came and on the same afternoon was set down upon the water. Easing themselves to their sliding benches, they took the oars into their hands and went paddling off. The day was coldish. For a while dispirit hung to them. But the blood was warming in their veins; within their chests the powerful, well trained pumps beat healthfully and strong. And now came a cry from down there at the foot of the boat, from Don Hale, their captain and stroke oar. "Come on, boys, a little spirit! At 'em! Let's give them forty!"

His voice was like a wine, a golden wine; it drenched their beings with strength. The stroke was going up; the power within each stroke was going up, and the vibrant, clear voice of their captain, traveling along with the boat up there somewhere above, was beating out this hastening rhythm: "Come on, oh, you fellows! Hep—hep—hep—hep!"

THE old, familiar voice that so often had caught them by the hair and raised them to victory. It caught them by the hair, it caught at their spines; it started ringing wildly some secret little tuning-fork within their hearts. They bent to the oars in joy, gayly cracked their muscle and sinew, raised a fountain ahead, while the river sang along the shell's polished flanks. "Hep—hep—hep—come on, oh, you Catamounts. Give 'em ten more; twenty! Give 'em twenty! Hep—hep—hep—hep—hep—"

They gave the extra twenty strokes at an exasperated rhythm. The shell seemed to be traveling through the air. They were sliding downhill; surely the earth had been given a tilt, and they were sliding downhill! But at a sign of the coach, perched on the deck

of his following launch, the little coxswain, Dick, now took command. "Ea-easy. Let her run."

They let her run for a moment, then started again at a steady paddling. But now it was all gone—the slight depression, the doubt, the homesickness.

the crisis came, while redoubling his effort, send back with his voice, along the benches to his sobbing fellows, the exultation of his supreme, his ecstatic will to conquer.

He could not be beaten, that boy; he could not admit defeat. He could not admit it for himself

would do some laughing during the coming three weeks. He'd laugh last, though; he'd laugh last! His eyes were on Don Hale lovingly. That boy, he couldn't be beaten, that's all. He couldn't and he wouldn't let his comrades be.

Ah, people would see something

in their ears. "Miller, we're going to spurt now."

They looked over at tight little Poughkeepsie, and let it stand for the world they had come to vanquish—the East and its packed millions, its wealth, its pride and tradition. "Bring on your best!" they shouted with their souls. "Bring 'em all—Cornell, Syracuse, Columbia, and Penn. Bring 'em all! We've got a singing captain; he sings as he strokes, and we can't be beat when he sings. Bring 'em all! We've got a singing captain!"

And Barney, their coach, from his launch eyed them tenderly, even though he said to himself: "I'm going to be laughed at some on this river—I and my crew. A stroke oar that shouts as he rows—there's going to be some laughing at me on this river."

When he had taken hold of the Catamounts—rough and unshorn and irresistibly cocky—his first thought had been to suppress this singular habit of the stroke oar. In a little time he had changed his mind.

That boy: that slender boy of steel. It *was* true that he could pull mile after mile and still, when

and still less for his fellows. That huge capacity for utter devotion which was the rock bottom of that gentle-looking, frailish lad, he could force, through the miracle of his voice, into the veins of the most inert of his mates.

"They're still rough," Barney said to himself, watching from the high roof of the launch cabin. This had come back to him with a shock upon seeing Cornell. Those boys of his had been wild as bronchos when first he had taken hold of them, and all his efforts had not yet tamed them to the velvet of his dream.

HIS mind trailed back to a picture of the first race in which he had entered these boys, the mustang wool still thick upon them, and that incredible spurt with which they had won—oars going all seven ways, boat rocking, water splashing, but Don's voice, above them like a stormy petrel, forcing out of them a last fabulous burst which had hurled the mishandled and tortured craft ahead by a nose.

Yes, they were still a bit rough; yes, the wise ones of the river

strange on the river three weeks hence! They'd see what? The triumph of spirit over matter? *Something* like that. A sudden exultation seized the coach.

JUST seven days later, however, Barney sat in a little gray parlor, all exultation gone, devoured with anxiety, awaiting a verdict. The little gray room was the waiting-room of a hospital, and Don Hale was tossing on a white bed upstairs, hot, half delirious.

The parlor door opened, and Barney went to his feet to meet the physician and the verdict. "It's bad news, old man," said the young doctor. "The boy has typhoid."

"Typhoid!" cried Barney, feeling his world crash about his ears. "Don't tell me that, doctor!"

But the young professional man was going on evenly:

"It will be a fight, but he has everything in his favor—he's young and strong, and he'll make a fight; he has grit."

"Grit!" Barney growled. "Say, Hargrave, if you only knew! And if you only knew what this does to my crew!"

When Barney had left the hospital, he paced the garden for a while before he went down to the river. With Hale gone it would have to be Miller: Miller, the strong, the regular—the uninspired. Miller of the oxlike strength and infinite patience and infinite endurance. Miller, the efficient, the humble—faithful, touching Miller. Yes, it would have to be Miller—oh, Lord! Something far inside Barney groaned.

DOWN at the boathouse the crew, waiting, sat dispiritedly about. "How is Don?" several asked together as Barney came in.

He told them, and they stared at him in stupor, and there was a long silence. He broke it suddenly and shatteringly. "Miller!" he cried.

The substitute paled under his tan and came to his feet.

"Miller," Barney said, a little solemnly, "you are now the stroke oar of this crew. The stroke oar, Miller, is the leader of the crew; nearly everything depends on him. You are to take Don's place, Miller—it's a pretty big place to fill." His voice rose sharply. "Are you going to fill that place, Miller?"

"I'll do my best, Barney," said the boy, his cheeks flushed, his eyes wide.

"Well!" said Barney. "Now, go out and take a little walk down the bank, and think about it. Think how you are going to fill Don's place."

When Miller, a little hesitatingly, had gone, Barney addressed the others. "I want you to stick by Miller," he said; "I want you to stand by him. I want you to make him feel every minute of the time that you are right behind him, that your confidence is in him."

He addressed himself to Dick Blair, the little coxswain. "Dick," he said, "with Hale out of it, you know where that puts you, don't you? You regain prerogatives which properly belong to the coxswain, and with them their heavy responsibilities. You've got to take command; infuse spirit. You've got to do the shouting. You can do it, Dick; you've *got* to do it!"

Miller had returned. "Out we go," said Barney.

But now, as day crept after day, and he watched his crew at its work, Barney's heart would remain sunk. It was not the same crew. The boys worked hard—taking more conscious pains, if anything, than before. The small red-headed cox agitated himself like a monkey on his bench. Miller—no one had ever toiled more faithfully, more seriously than Miller. But it was not the same crew.

The stroke Miller sent back to his fellows was a just stroke, and nothing more. And Miller and Dick together made not one Don Hale. The gritty little cox's exhortations lacked the lifting quality, the piercing quality, of Don's battle cries. It was not the same crew, that's all. Something had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE MISSING STROKE
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

gone out of it. The boys at the sweeps sensed this. A subtle drag had attached itself to the bottom of their shining shell. It pulled heavy, the shell, and a little lead also was in their hearts. Barney worried.

His plans for the race had been based upon the character of his crew. The crew's soul was changed. Should he change the plan? He pondered and pondered, but even now the old plan seemed the only possible plan.

Perhaps on the big day, at the crisis, he would see them rise once more to the turbulent, unconquerable truculence which had once been theirs. Miller might be transformed; Dick might rise to new heights. The race would have to be rowed according to the old plan; there was no other way.

"Dick"—he held the little coxswain at his side a good deal these days—"you know how we're going to win that race, don't you? With a spurt, Dick. With the longest, most desperate spurt ever seen on this river. We're going to spurt from the bridge. We'll be behind at the bridge—"

"Behind at the bridge?"

"Yes, old man, we'll be behind. We're not smooth, Dick; we're a young crew. Others are smoother than we are. But we've got something they haven't got, Dick. Right at the bridge we'll start our spurt, and we'll spurt all the way in. It's unthinkable, Dick; it has never been done. They won't believe their eyes. They won't think we can mean it. They won't answer our spurt at first—and we'll keep it up and up and up, clear to the finish!"

"Yes, sir," Dick would say, all aflame; and then Barney would suddenly know that he had not been talking to Dick at all; that he had not been thinking of the crew as it now was: that he had been talking to Don Hale, and planning for the crew that had been.

EVERY day he called at the hospital for news of Don, mostly out of a natural feeling, but also out of some absurd hope which would not down. Maybe something had happened. Maybe the doctors had found they were wrong. But he was not allowed to see Don. The boy was a very sick boy; his hours passed in delirium.

Hargrave, the young physician, was out of humor. "I wish your cursed race was over," he would say. "It's that which is eating up that boy. Everything is in his favor; there are no complications—but your idiotic race—"

And one day when the physician was too busy, it was Don's nurse Barney saw for a flitting moment in the halls. "When does that race take place? When?" she asked anxiously. "That boy simply raves and raves about the race."

"Saturday," Barney told her.

"I wish it were over," she sighed. She had violet eyes and soft smoke-black hair. She was a very nice nurse to have, Barney thought. "Listen," she said, "does a race make much noise?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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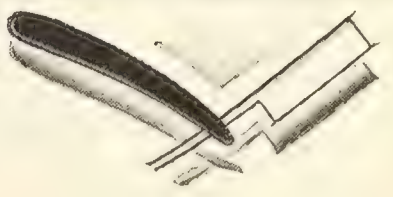

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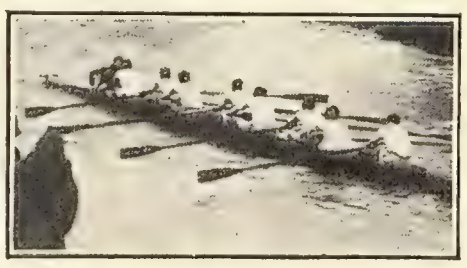
PINAUD'S LILAC

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

Barney looked at her, tenderly amused. "Well, not so much as a battle with big guns. Or a boiler factory. No, child, racing on the water doesn't make much noise."

"Then, perhaps, on the day, we can keep him from knowing it is going on?" she asked hopefully.

"I don't know about that," answered Barney, beginning to understand. "There will be the excursion steamers' bellowing and the launches' screeching. And then, the bombs."



"The bombs? What bombs?"

"From the bridge. They set off bombs from the bridge as each crew passes. One for Cornell, two for Penn, and so on. So people may know in what order the crews are passing the bridge. We get four bombs."

"Does he know that?"

"Of course!"

"I wish he didn't," she said. "I wish he didn't. I am going to have him moved to a room at the rear of the building the day of the race. I'm going to keep his windows closed. I'm afraid of the excitement for him, really afraid. You can't imagine how that sick boy's heart is set on that race. Who is Miller?"

"Miller? His substitute, the man who is rowing in his place."

"Well, he's talking to him all the time: whispering to him, counseling him, and sometimes urging him on with great shouts. I wish it were all over. He won't begin to get well till it is over, I tell you."

Out on the river the crew was working doggedly, and, observing them, Barney sometimes despaired or was taken by some foolish wild hope. But the days were going fast. He began to taper them off; there was a day's full rest—and then they awoke to the morning of their great and grueling test.

IN the morning Barney called at the hospital. He found Miss Daniels worried. "Those excursion boats! Those trains!" she exclaimed. "They've been whistling all morning. We've tried to keep the thing from him, but I think he knows. I am sure he knows. You might think he was calm, but he isn't. He has ceased to mutter and rave. You would think he was better—but I feel it is otherwise. He is lying there in a strange state; as if he were *waiting*. As if calling himself together for *something*—I don't know what. I do wish it were over. You'll let us know immediately how you've come out, won't you? Immediately?"

And as Barney, having given this assurance, was turning away, for a moment she let her concern lift from her charge into sympathy for the troubled coach. "And here's to success!" she whispered down the hall.

The morning hours dragged interminably. In the afternoon, water conditions caused a wait. It was late in the afternoon before Barney, calling his devoted little band about him in the boathouse, gave them his final talk.

A little earlier he had given the coxswain his final instructions:

"Hold them as steady as possible to the bridge, Dick. You may be falling back, but keep them steady. Concentrate on keeping them steady, with a long run between beats. Then, at the bridge, spurt.

"Start it like a bolt from the sky, like a clap of thunder. A tremendous spurt right away, Dick. And never let up till we're across the line.

"You'll have to stir Miller up to it, Dick. That boy can row a hundred miles at regular pace, but he is hard to rouse. You've got to rouse him, Dick!

"That is the way we were going to row the race with Don, Dick. Now we're going to row it that way without him. And it all depends on you, Dick. On whether you can work Miller up to some sort of madness—it's nearly *all* up to you, Dick!"

Well, that was all he could do. With a last look about him at the desolate and emptied boathouse, he stepped into his launch.

DOWN at the starting line the Catamounts, pawing and clawing, twice broke away to false starts and had to be called back. When, at the third trial, the crews were all off in fair start, the Catamounts, in a nervous burst which their little coxswain in vain tried to hold down, sprang into the lead.

For a while the Catamounts were in the lead. Happily they swung up there in the lead, hep, hep, hep, the river singing along their flanks, their shell light, light, light, all the other boats behind. For a few minutes they held, each man of them, a dream of easy, brilliant conquest.

Then Cornell moved up to them and their sparkling exultation changed to a sober realization of the hard, hard task before them. Something unpleasant was taking place. They tugged, tugged, tugged—and it was as if they had been tied to a post. For speed is relative, and the measure of their speed was the Cornell boat alongside, and the Cornell boat was going as fast as they. Watching the Cornell boat out of the corner of their eyes, the Catamounts strained and strained and strained, and did not seem to be going at all.

But something still more unpleasant began to happen: now they seemed to be sucked backward. Some sort of subtle malignant current, seizing the bottom of their shell, was sucking them backward, slowly, very slowly, inch by inch, but with maddening certainty.

Dick, at the ropes, was shouting and shouting at them. Number One—Number Three—Number Six—he was shouting at them in turn. They knew that in their anxiety they were rowing unevenly; counter movements, though ever so slight, were affecting the run between strokes. The boat seemed heavy; now and then one man re-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE MISSING STROKE
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

ceived full to himself the whole weight of the catch. Tugging desperately, slowly they were sliding backward.

Then suddenly the Cornell boat seemed to give a light leap and was gone. It was invisible to them now, as they strained with eyes before them. It was ahead there somewhere behind their backs. In their imagination it was flying far, far ahead.

But another boat had come up alongside to port, its orange-hued oars flashing. Side by side they and the orange boat seesawed, seesawed, and seesawed. Then once more the Catamounts felt themselves sliding backward—slowly, slowly, tugging desperately, inexorably backward. Of a sudden the orange-oared boat seemed to spread wings; smoothly it vanished ahead, out of sight of the Catamounts, tied to their oars.

But the red and blue also was coming up. This time it took longer. For a time that seemed to be a century the struggling boats seemed locked one to the other by an iron bar under the water. Then they charged into rough waters; the Catamount boat yawed a bit, splashed a bit—and Penn also had vanished ahead.

The Catamounts were now rowing in the purring, singing wake of all those others. Chained to their toil, eyes before them, they could not see those boats. They imagined them flying along easily, lightly, without effort, far, far ahead, while they, monstrously toiling, could not make their boat go.

They suffered, but in their hearts was no dismay. They had had bad moments like that before, the Catamounts! *They* knew. With gritted teeth they settled themselves to a patient enduring, while now and then a vague immense regret touched them, a memory of the days when, as they rowed thus, along with them, above them, like a winged Victory, the voice of Don Hale went too, dipping down now and then to touch one heart, to touch another.

To Dick, the coxswain, seated facing the course, the situation was clear and without mystery; constantly he scanned it and weighed it. Ahead, over there, Syracuse and Cornell were fighting for the lead. A length behind them was Penn. And at least two lengths be-

hind Penn his own boat trailed. He threw a look behind. The blue and white was there, laboring.

"Pretty nearly the whole river to beat," he thought, with a sort of unreasonable exultation. "Nearly the whole river to beat!"

His own boat was now going well. The Catamounts had settled down to unity; the stroke was even; the run between strokes long and smooth.

They were no longer losing; if anything, creeping up in fractions of an inch.

DICK scanned the faces of all his men carefully; they were all of rock. Ah, anything could be asked of those boys! He could see that they were all comparatively fresh; that they all held within themselves a great spring still coiled. Ah, they had not yet had their say, the Catamounts! Ah, if Don were only there, at Number Eight!

The little coxswain brushed the stinging regret from him swiftly. No "ifs"; the matter at hand. Miller was rowing beautifully: with power, with extraordinary regularity. "Oh, you Miller!" He threw at the big stroke oar a silent toast.

He addressed himself more closely to the job at hand. He watched his men narrowly. His voice now and then went out over the boat in little spurts of correction and advice. He was keeping them smooth, smooth, smooth. It seemed to him they were creeping up a bit on the boats ahead.

And now, as the large loom of the bridge ahead rose and approached, he prepared his soul for the crisis swiftly nearing.

"We're going to spurt soon now, Miller," he murmured to the stroke, and began to suffer in proxy at the thought of the torture of toil that in a moment he must exact.

A loud detonation from the bridge. Cornell was passing. Immediately, three more heavy reports—Syracuse! A moment later, two heavy shots—for Penn.

The Catamount shell was swiftly sliding toward the bridge. A sudden shadow, a coolness, fell upon their bare shoulders; four loud reports vibrated in their ears; then bright light again. "Miller, we're going to spurt now!"

Miller raised the stroke a beat and settled there. "Not enough," warned Dick. "Raise it; raise it! Up we go!"

Miller mechanically went up another notch and once more settled there.

"Miller!" Dick shrieked. "Hit it up, up, up! Come on—for God's sake, hit it up!"

The stroke quickened the slightest bit, but that was all. And Dick now saw that Miller could not do it—could not rise to the madness and the rage and the exaltation demanded by the moment. The stroke had been quickened: the shell was racing fast, fast, fast; but this was not at all the almost terrible hysteria of effort needed. And Miller could not do it, that was

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all. He could row a hundred miles, could Miller, and he could raise to an ordinary spurt such as now sent the boat hissing through the wakes of those ahead. But beyond that, into the heights of the impossible, Don Hale's realm, he could not lift. "Miller!" Dick implored.

But a new fear now came to him. Something was the matter with the big stroke oar; something was the matter with him! Was he going to collapse? His eyes were glazed; he did not seem to see; he did not seem to hear; he was as if in a trance. "Miller! Miller!" Dick called sharply, as one arouses a sleeper.

But the big stroke continued as if in a trance—stiff, his eyes glazed, his ears sealed. "Miller! Wake up!"

The coxswain stooped for a palmful of water, and dashed it toward the stroke oar's face. It seemed to hit wood, not flesh.

BUT now, though the man's eyes remained glazed, though still he seemed unseeing and dumb, suddenly the stroke began to go up in beat. Up, up, and up, tremendously, in power and in beat. The boat trembled; the boat was surging ahead in great leaps. "Oh, you Miller, that's the way!" cried Dick, almost weeping with relief. "Oh, you Miller, that's the way! Hit it up, hit it up!"

He straightened the small megaphone strapped to his mouth to send a shout out to the eight. But a second wonder now piled up on the first. Miller began to shout as he stroked. Miller, the stolid, the silent, was shouting like Don as terrifically he stroked. Shout upon shout he was throwing back over his shoulders to the mates straining behind him: "Come on, boys—*after* them—*after* them—hep—hep—" The little coxswain watched, amazed.

They were overhauling Penn now, and overhauling the two leaders, as they fought over there ahead of Penn. The cadence was an insane one, simply an insane one, and still Miller was increasing the power within it, while still he shouted like Don Hale, electrifying his mates—lifting them to their work. His voice, like a storm bird, moved restlessly from bench to bench; dipped now and then to one or the other boy's heart, lifted each to the task, vibrant, imperious; poured into each an ecstasy of will and courage.

They were overhauling Penn in giant leaps. They were at Penn's side. For a moment the two boats seemed tied. Then Miller's voice rose, more shrill: "Come on, boys—after the *others*—*up*, up we go—up we go again—hep—hep—hep!"

They sprang away from the red and blue; they were now flying after Syracuse and Cornell.

Never had Dick dreamed he would see such rowing. The cords stood out as if of stone on Miller's neck, his eyes were almost shut, his oar bent at each stroke, the water cracked at each catch; and yet, out of some vast reservoir within him, he managed still to hurl forth his voice—how much it was like Don's!—back over to his comrades, to travel along above them and with them, searching their hearts, calling on them monstrously yet gayly, exacting but joyous; clear, high, and ringing like the clarion's piercing call.

The boat was traveling through the others' waves now, through a thickening creamy froth, leaping through it like a flying-fish. And then the Catamounts had caught Syracuse and Cornell; the three boats were seesawing on one line.

But those two leaders, now

"I grappled with him just in time. I screamed, and people came rushing in."

caught, those old veterans of the river, had no intention of yielding way to the wild Western intruder. They also were at the top of their finishing spurt. For what seemed to be a century the boats remained even, none able to shake the others. Then, very slowly, almost imperceptibly, the orange-oared boat began to slide back. "One gone!" Miller sang. "Now for the other, fellows!"

THE stroke rose once more in power, incredibly, and under the stroke oar's avid cries, the boat seemed to be leaving the water, seemed to be taking to the air. But Cornell, old Cornell, so many times the master of the river, was also giving its all. The two boats, slides rushing, tholes clanking, men straining, were going along side by side, as if caught in the folds of one invisible net.

"The finish!" Dick whispered hoarsely.

He had meant to shout the words to Miller, to shout them to the crew, but his mouth was dry and his throat was tight. But immediately he saw that Miller needed no prompting; that Miller knew through some prescience of his own. The stroke oar, who for a few seconds had been silent, now sent out a last great cry:

"*Now*, boys! *Now!*"

It seemed to Dick as if a cannon ball had hit the shell from behind. The shell reared, extravagantly reared, and with a jump like a thrasher whale's was over the line. Gathering what was left of his wits to measure carefully as they passed, Dick saw that they had won by nearly a quarter of a length.

WHEN Barney reached the boathouse, to congratulate his crew, he found a singular situation there. They were all about Miller, twitting him, a little puzzled, but amused. The stroke oar was in a daze. He had forgotten the combination of his locker; he did not seem to know exactly where he was, and the others were amused.

"What college do you go to?" they asked jestingly, testing his slowly returning memory. "What is your frat? Did you row today or play handball?" They had seen football men come off the field in that condition and were not overconcerned.

Barney went up to him. "You rowed a wonderful race, Miller; simply a marvelous race!"

The general amusement then became for the moment a stupor. For at these words the big stolid stroke oar bent over on his bench and broke into hysterical sobbing. "But it wasn't I who did it," he wailed desolately. "It wasn't I who did it, Barney!"

And at the hospital, to which, mindful of his promise, he hastened next, Barney fell into another scene. Don Hale's room seemed to be full of people—doctors, internes, nurses, and orderlies—apparently still the prey of a recent excitement.

Hargrave intercepted the coach at the door and drew him out into the hall.

The young physician wiped his brow.

"Well, he's all right now," he said, looking at Barney very fixedly.

"Who? What?" said Barney. "Do you mean Don? *Wasn't* he all right? Did something happen?"

The physician was still looking at him very fixedly. "That boy," he said, almost solemnly, "played us a mean trick, Barney, a mean trick. He went out on us awhile ago—passed out cold. My Lord, but he gave us a scare! Nothing seemed to have any effect on him; nothing worked on him. Then all those whistles blew at the finish—and he came out of it all by himself, neat as you please. He's all right now. He's not only all right, he's better—God knows why. He's going to get well now. How did you come out in the race?"

"Won!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE MISSING STROKE Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

"Go tell him. Go on; go and tell him!"

Barney went into the room, which by that time had been emptied of its invasion, and which, cool and white and in order, was once more the realm of Miss Daniels' gracious vigilance.

"Don, Don!" he called out in a whisper. "Don, oh, Don! We won!"

The boy, lying on his back, smiled wanly up at the ceiling. "*I* know," he whispered back. "Clawed them out of it at the finish!"

"How did he know?" Barney asked a moment later out in the hall. "How did he know? Did *you* know? Did any of you know?"

"I didn't know," said the young physician; "nobody knew. He's made a good guess, that's all!"

BUT the next day, still unsatisfied, still tormented, Barney went seeking Miss Daniels for more details of what had happened—and got from her the hint to an explanation which he, a male, of course could not accept.

"It was this way, Mr. Seagle," said the pretty and gracious nurse: "I was alone with him when the race began. I think I told you how he was that day—how he seemed *waiting?* Well, after the noise of the steamers and the trains told the race had begun, this feeling in me—that he was waiting—increased.

"He was lying there, very quiet, in bed, but it felt exactly as if he had been crouching. Something in him was *crouching;* waiting, all crouched there. Then came the bombs from the bridge, and with the first report he rises before I can stop him, and stalks for the window as if he meant to walk right through it. I grappled with him just in time. I could not have held him, of course, but I screamed, and people came rushing in. We forced him back into bed, and then it was he passed out—"

"What do you mean by 'passed out'?" Barney growled.

She was silent a long moment, her violet eyes steady against his. "I'll tell you, Mr. Seagle. I'll *tell* you what I mean.

"He was not there at all; not at all. His body was there, on the bed; the doctors were working on him. But *I* knew he was not there at all. He was out there on the river, Mr. Seagle; he was out there with his crew.

"His body was here on the bed, but he was out there, I tell you, with his mates. He was out there in that race so important to his dear boyish heart. That is why, as we heard the sirens sounding the end of the race, we saw his body begin to flutter once more, his heart to beat. He had returned from out there, Mr. Seagle, where he had been with his young and brave and dear comrades!"

And Barney, full of wonder, but resisting the suggestion, kept hearing in his ears Miller's hysterical cry: "But it wasn't I who did it! It wasn't I who did it, Barney!"

THE END

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Good SPORTS— Good WIVES

A Famous Girl Champion Upholds the Charm of Women Athletes

An Article by

GLENNA COLLETT

Underwood & Underwood photo

Glenna Collett, America's greatest woman golfer and the author of this article.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Glenna Collett of Providence, Rhode Island, is America's, and perhaps the world's, greatest woman golfer. She has twice won the National Women's Amateur championship, twice the Eastern Women's, and twice the North and South Women's championships, and holds a score of other trophies. She has played golf since she was twelve years old. Her first appearance in an important tourney was at Apawamis in 1919.]

THE athletic woman makes an excellent wife. Why shouldn't she?

Most of the women who have achieved fame in sports and have arrived at marriageable age have husbands — enthusiastic ones — and children. And the great majority of those who are under that desirable age find it no trouble whatever to attract and hold men in satisfactory numbers.

We who have won some renown at swimming, golf, tennis, or whatever sport we cherish most are not doomed to spinsterhood because we swim, play golf, play tennis, or ride horses. Since marriage began, girls have been deserted at the altar, but I find no record of such a tragedy where the reason was that she played tennis well or badly, or that she was inclined to wrap a club around the nearest tree after topping a drive at golf.

When women first began to take up sports, there was some concern, because medical authorities feared that the muscular development acquired thereby would prevent them from having children. Of course, some of our grandmothers were pioneers and did physical work, and some of our ancestors came from Europe, where women worked in the fields beside the men without shocking anyone or drawing admonitions from physicians.

This argument was abandoned only when facts made it ridiculous. Mrs. George W. Wightman won nineteen National tennis titles in seventeen years and during the same period had four children, all healthy and intelligent.

P. & A. photo

The two-time National Amateur champion studies her approach.

May Sutton Bundy, who was a tennis champion at seventeen, in 1904, is over forty, the mother of four children, and still active enough to be ranked No. 8 in the National tennis list for 1925.

The situation has been almost accepted; but not quite.

There are still a few who view the sportswoman with alarm. We are "hard and brown," for example. Now, of course, it is impossible to deny that one who is much in the sun becomes tanned; but I know thousands of girls who acquire coats of tan by no greater exertion than lolling on a beach and rolling over occasionally so that they will brown evenly. It is not the brown of the sportswoman; neither is it a hue that will send men running away in horror. If it were, you may be sure the girls would not be exposing themselves to the sun.

Women today are feeling very up and doing. They are full of plans, ambitions, and a competitive spirit that on many sides threatens to invade man's domain. In no place is this truer than in the realm of sport.

MEN may laugh, men may worry, men may struggle, and we find satisfaction in it; but when we find ourselves nonchalantly dismissed as "hard and brown," it is time to do something.

Picture, then, the chagrin of thousands of young sportswomen the country over when relegated to eternal spinsterhood by one of our well known authors. In an amiable and imag-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[GOOD SPORTS! GOOD WIVES! Continued from Page Sixty-one]

inative treatise on the ideal wife, he disposed of us neatly in one fell swoop.

"Not the hard, brown face of sport," he says in a most final and disconcerting manner; leaving us a rather pathetic group of ungainly and muscular young Amazons with hard, brown faces, squinting enviously while our more fortunate sisters, with their richer endowment of complexion, feminism, and grace, carry off the matrimonial honors.

Happily, this depressing picture is not borne out by any considerable amount of experience among us. Every one of us, at least in her own opinion, is a shining exception to this unflattering classification.

The man of today is chiefly responsible for the appearance of the modern athletic girl. Nowadays, if a girl wants to find her husband, present or prospective, she had best look upon the golf links—and there she must make a good showing as well as a good appearance, or be classed as a namby-pamby.

POSSIBLY to gentlemen of sedentary tastes our charming sisters who do nothing but sit around in tea gowns and evening dresses have a slight advantage in appearance over girls who have played hard all day. But I really think most girls look quite attractive in light golf or tennis costumes, or in the soft silk sports dresses that are so popular with all classes for everyday wear. And the field of competitors in the national golf and tennis tournaments for women draws no moans of disapproval from the spectators.

So in the controversy, if such it may be called, I muster my courage and toss my sports hat into the ring. Fondness for and aptitude in sports cannot possibly have a disastrous effect upon a girl's chances of marrying. Sportswomen make excellent wives. In some instances it even may be true that participation in outdoor games perceptibly "hardens" them.

I know a woman golfer who squints at you from somewhat seamy features, all because she insists on playing in the sun without a hat. She says "damn" and sometimes more virile words when she has a mishap—even as you and I.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Mrs. George W. Wightman found marriage no impediment to championships. She is shown here with three of her children.

Then I have an acquaintance, a housewife, who has no interest in sports, who will swear fluently over burned toast. As is well known, a piece of burned toast is in no way so important as a topped drive. You can scrape the toast or make another piece, but a topped drive is a stroke gone forever.

I have never known a sportswoman who was hard because of her participation in games. I am not asserting that sports are an antidote for coarseness or lack of breeding. Yet anyone who believes that sports have any but a healthful, helpful influence has not had an opportunity to meet many sportswomen.

GOLF, for instance, has not destroyed Bobby Jones' character or popularity. He was always a gentleman on the course, even when as a young boy entering his first tournament he would sometimes toss his club into the rough. Golf permits of such displays of temperament as well as grand opera.

When the National Open championship was being played at the Scioto Country Club in Columbus last summer, Bobby was a few strokes behind the leader. His ball was nicely on the fifteenth green in two, giving him a chance to pick up a stroke if he holed. As he addressed the ball the wind moved it a fraction of an inch. He told the referee to mark a stroke penalty on his card.

"But I didn't see it move, Mr. Jones," said the referee.

Bobby, however, insisted upon penalizing himself a stroke. Later, when his friends tried to compliment him on his sportsmanship, he was embarrassed. All he would say was: "There's only one way to play the game."

Sports directly perform no miracles on character, but men and women who indulge in them learn there is only one way to play the game—honestly and according to the rules.

But I have heard of one golf miracle. An opera singer fulfilled the common belief as to temperament. She was moody and given to rages. Her poor husband sought relief in golf. The main trouble with this woman was frustration. She was, in her own opinion, the superior of any of the great coloraturas; but she had not achieved celebrity.

One day she went to the links with her husband and, after watching him play a few holes, became curious. She asked to be allowed to "try it once." With the curious luck of the beginner, she achieved a respectable drive, and finished the hole in twelve strokes.

That was the beginning of the process known as "taking up golf." A few months later she was playing regularly and had forgotten her thwarted operatic career. Today she is a changed woman, no longer bitter at life and a

scourge to her husband. Golf made her forget her troubles and kept her out of doors, which was good for her nerves.

Much domestic friction is due to bad temper and lack of sportsmanship in the home. Bad temper is very largely a question of health; sportsmanship is a matter of experience. For this reason a sportswoman has a tremendous advantage over the wife whose recreations are bridge, teas, and club life.

The people we enjoy most are the ones with whom we have common interests. Some wives and husbands love to hunt antiques; others enjoy motor-camping trips; still others delight to spend their spare time fooling around a garden.

THERE is a common misconception that husbands are irritated by wives who rival them in business—or sports. It is not the ability of the wife that irritates a husband, but the painful insistence of an inadept mate who tries to do the things he does with the commendable intention of being a "real companion and pal."

Such a misguided woman succeeds only in making herself a frightful nuisance. The harassed husband stands helplessly by while the little woman takes any number of wild swings at a mortally wounded golf ball, all the time exclaiming that she is sure John is sorry he brought her and never will again.

On the tennis court the man who wants a real workout must miserably tap "dewdrops" over the net to his partner in life who just loves to play with him. Could these unfortunate men find in their wives opponents who could push them hard to win (but generous and tactful enough to do no more than that), they would count them jewels.

After all, is it not a matter of being all things, and the more the merrier? No longer do wives linger timidly in the background, anxiously watching the moods of the male for guidance. Today the game is much more interesting to us.

If you happen to interest us we will guarantee to interest you—and let you choose your own weapons. And when it comes to this, the girl with a bagful of shots, a fast serve, and a crawl stroke has a somewhat broader scope in which to operate than the young lady whose deadly work is confined to moonlight, chiffon, and culture. Nine times out of ten the sportswoman will hold her own in a strictly feminine sphere.

For example, there is Mrs. Wightman. Her husband, George W. Wightman, is a yachtsman and an official of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, and Mrs. Wightman is the donor of the Wightman Cup, which the American women's tennis team won back from England last year.

In 1909, 1910, and 1911, when she was Hazel Hotchkiss, Mrs. Wightman won the National tennis titles in the singles, doubles, and mixed doubles. The following year she was married and for several years did not play much tennis. In 1919, her family well founded, she began to play again.

"Here," she said to her husband, handing him the youngest child, "you hold the baby while I win that title once more."

"You haven't had enough practice. You can't expect to go far without training," Mr. Wightman protested.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Godfree, a successful team in matrimony and tennis. The latter was Miss Kathleen McKane.

"I have trained well," Mrs. Wightman assured her husband. "I have been taking care of three children, and I assure you I have had all the exercise I needed."

AND, sure enough, she had. While Mr. Wightman held the baby on his knee, flanked by the other Wightman children, all of them cheering mamma, she regained the National title. In all, Mrs. Wightman has won ten National titles since her marriage. Many will not understand how she did it and raised a family.

"My children and home come first; tennis afterward," she explains. "I do most of my training in my home. The children see to that. I believe a woman should keep up her interests in sports after she has married and had children.

"It has never been an effort for me to keep up my interest in tennis. I love the game. I have found many of my best friends through the tennis court."

It was on the tennis court that Mrs. Wightman met her husband.

This brings me to another observation, which may be presumptuous in one so inexperienced in the matter. But generalizing by unmarried persons of all ages on marriage and the ideal mate has long been a fascinating occupation. Ideal mates are seldom found, if they exist. Therefore, when anyone discusses the "ideal," it should be with the friendly understanding that he is talking through his hat.

In most cases we would flee at the approach of the ideal wife or husband, or, if we did not, be disillusioned later. Love and marriage are not a matter of casting up faults and virtues. Marriage results from loneliness, boredom, convenience, companionship, love, and proximity, and the last is about as powerful a factor as any of the others.

Mrs. Wightman, Mrs. Bundy, Mrs. Godfree, Mrs. Charles Aeschlimann (the former Leslie Bancroft), and Mrs. A. H. Chapin (Charlotte Hosmer) met their husbands on fields of sport.

These few examples should reassure the girls who like outdoor games but may be afraid to play them because of the fear that they will be called hard or masculine. Men don't know what they want. I have their own word for it.

SEVERAL of them recently confessed in a magazine what they liked best in their wives. The iceman thought his wife was great because she never asked him to do chores around the house on Sunday, when he was reading the paper or fiddling with the radio. The grocer's clerk appreciated his wife's good management in living within their income. The doctor admired his wife because she kept healthy. The advertising man liked his wife's temper.

Nothing in those demands disqualifies a sportswoman. She wouldn't need to ask the iceman to do chores. Capable, deft with her hands, accustomed to little emergencies like stymies, she can drive a nail or fit a screen as well as any husband. Nor is there any reason she couldn't live within the grocery clerk's income. There are free links, courts, and bathing beaches. And wouldn't the doctor enjoy her splendid health! As for the advertising man, if he wants temper, I suppose that situation could be met, too.

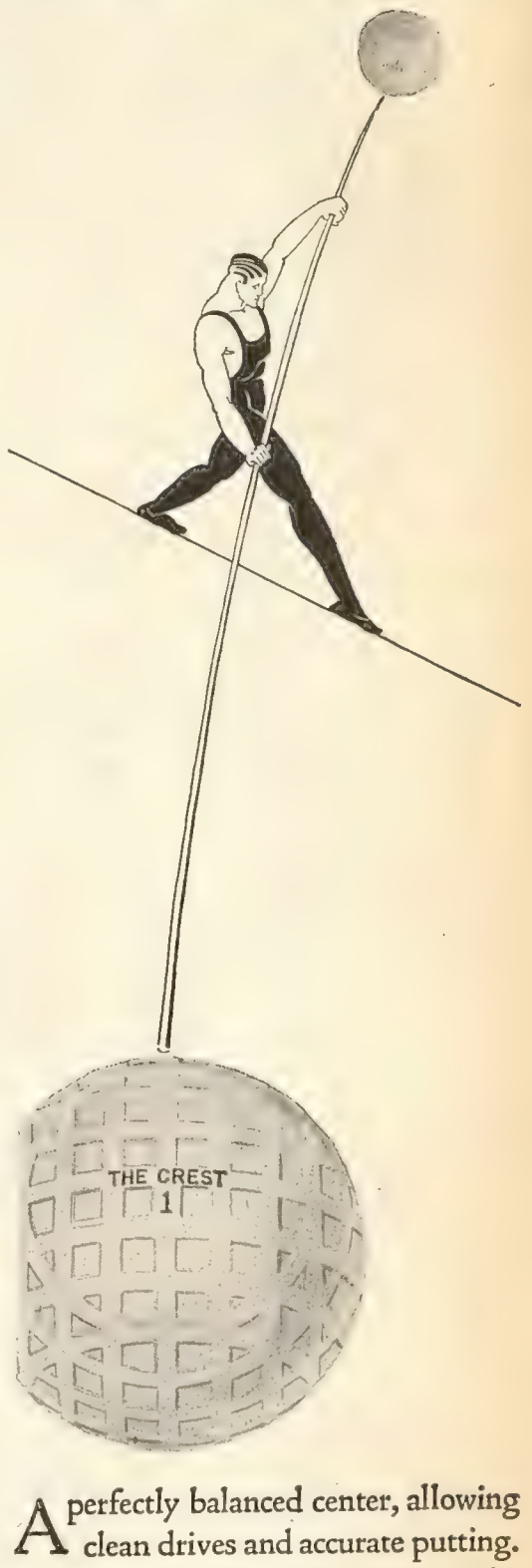
The last thing the sports girl should worry about is the danger of being defeminized. Feminine is whatever women are, not what men think they ought to be. At the moment, women are going in for sports, bobbed hair, the Charleston, and are getting brown and perhaps a little bit "hard," if you insist.

Of course, a girl doing these things fifty years ago would have scandalized the neighborhood. Not so long ago women weren't allowed to be educated. Then they had to fight for entrance into the world of art and business. There was another struggle to join in sports that had always been the province of men.

Life has changed much in twenty years. Housework is easier.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How the CREST brings BALANCE to your game



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[GOOD SPORTS! GOOD WIVES!]
Continued from Page Sixty-three

Women have more leisure and the automobile is ready to take them into the open air.

This is the day of the rosy-cheeked girl with sparkling eyes and a good appetite. Of course, I have no personal recollections of fifty years ago, but I gather from the novels of the period that its women were pale, fragile, and demure. They fainted on the least provocation, and their participation in athletics was limited to thrilled "ohs" when their menfolk ran foot races or wrestled on the lawn.

It was only about twenty years ago that schools generally began to provide sports for girls. But when swimming, rowing, tennis, hockey, basketball, and golf became feminine as well as masculine, girls rushed joyously into them.

SOME, of course, have overdone matters. Obviously one who has time for nothing but golf or tennis will not make a good wife. How much time to devote to sports is a question to be decided by the individual. The examples of Mrs. Wightman and Mrs. Bundy seem to show that considerable strenuous exercise is not necessarily harmful. But Mrs. Wightman and Mrs. Bundy have physiques above the average. Many men could not equal their exertions with safety.

Other considerations must be weighed. I, for instance, am free to play golf a great deal. Some might not have the leisure I have. When I was golfing in England two summers ago I became friendly with a young English girl who had championship aspirations.

"But father has put his foot down," she said sorrowfully. "He says I can play in but two tournaments a year—and you can't get far in two tournaments!"

I asked why her father objected.

"He says I take it too seriously. That it makes me nervous and careless of my personal appearance. Mother says I get coarse and ruin my complexion after a few weeks of steady playing."

I have often thought about that girl, because she represents a problem. Some do take sports too seriously—or their fathers, mothers, or husbands may think they do. This girl undoubtedly was too earnest about her golf, and perhaps her parents were too extreme in their restrictions. But in life, as in golf, you must play the ball from its lie or take a penalty.

Many husbands would not want their wives to barnstorm about the country playing tournament after tournament of golf or tennis. Some husbands do it, of course, but the case is different. As a rule, they are professional golfers whose living is dependent upon keeping their names in the papers and their shelves filled with championship cups.

Sports are not the most important thing in life. They should be a diversion, and it is foolish to let a recreation become the sole aim of life. Games should be played when other more important duties have been performed.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Swift Sure Simple EVEREDY

A Corking Good Capper with the Never Stretch Post

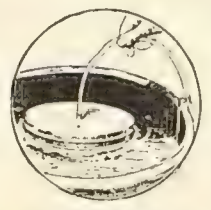
One pull of handle and a bottle is capped—another pull and another's done. In five minutes dozens of bottles of Rootbeer and Ginger Ale made from Hires Household Extracts, Grape Juice, etc., are sealed permanently with Crown Caps—air tight—fully protected against spoilage of every kind.

A child can do it effectively. Price, $1.50.

EVEREDY Syphon Filter

At last, a syphon that filters too. Everedy does both at same time and as easily as syphoning alone. Complete without hose, $1.00.

You'll find the EVEREDY Strainer Set a great help when putting up fruit juices and jellies. Price, $1.25.



Write for free copy of "100 Time Tested Recipes for Jellies and Beverages, L-625."

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Ten Dollars a Day
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Part time representatives can easily increase their income $30.00 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn from

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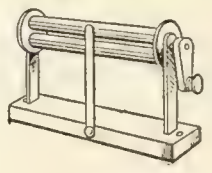
Selling nationally known line of "Made-to-Order" Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards individually monogrammed and signed, that are in universal demand among Banks, Business, Professional and Society People. For full details and exclusive territory. Address at Once Dept. H

The Process Engraving Co., Inc.
Troy at 21st St., Chicago

Why Wear a Wrinkled Necktie?



Slip your tie into a WOLFF TIE-PRESS at night—in the morning the wrinkles are gone and your tie is like new. No water or electricity.

Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00
PRINT your name and address

Wolff Specialty Co., P. O. Box 1082, Atlantic City, N. J.

Mosquito Bites

Antiseptic ZEMO Liquid removes the sting and inflammation of bites of mosquitoes and gnats. Good for rashes, hives, poison ivy. All druggists—60c and $1.00.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Bobbed Hair affords NO Concealment!

The hair's worst faults are revealed, but, happily, so are its best features. It is so easy to brighten a well worn suit with a vivid hat, a clever scarf, or a string of colorful beads.

And if it was well cut in the beginning, it still has a charm of distinction which a newer suit of cheaper cut might never hold.

But hair — that's quite another problem, in these days of sleek heads, unadorned. One must leave nothing undone to keep one's hair alive and shining, for in the pitiless light of day or under the evening lights, its condition is glaringly revealed.

After a Golden Glint shampoo, there will be just a gleam of bronze on the smooth surface, just a hint o' gold as the light plays upon it.

And you won't be disappointed at the result. 25¢ a package at drug or toilet goods counters, or direct. *** J. W. Kobi Co., 634E Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO
—that magic luster for every shade of hair

HAVE PRETTY ROUND FACE AND NECK
Instead of unsightly hollows

Don't let sunken cheeks, hollow temples or a drawn, skinny neck keep you looking thin, peaked, old, worn out. Science offers you a sure, delightful way to put on flesh where you need it. No dieting or tiresome exercise. Simply apply Tiffany Tissue Builder. It is a secret compound of amazing tissue building oils. It has brought new attractive beauty to thousands. Hollow cheeks and temples, scrawny necks and under-developed busts round out almost at once—firm—dainty—beautiful. Crow's feet and wrinkles disappear as tho by magic. The soothing tissue building oils will not irritate the most tender skin. Neither will it grow hair.

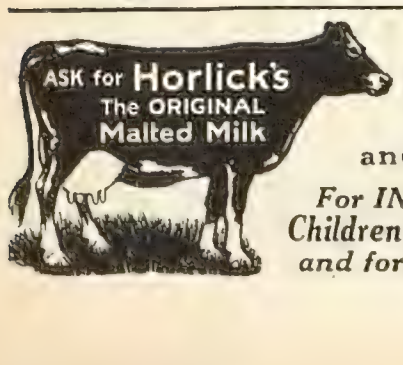
Results guaranteed and your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks' use according to directions. Price $3.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer send no money but deposit $3.00 plus few cents postage with the postman when he delivers it.

The TIFFANY LABORATORIES, Inc.
1133 Hanna Building, Cleveland, O.

HaveYouUsed?
"The silver polish of 101 uses"

Leaves a brilliant lasting lustre on silver, bath fixtures, mirrors, windows, etc. Wonderful on nickel and glass of auto. No muss. Ask Dept., Drug, Hardware, Auto Accessory Stores or send 25c for trial tin.

Metalglas Mfg. Co., Box KT, Marengo, Ill.



Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and for All Ages

[CON'T FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

Alexa Stirling of Atlanta was one of this country's greatest golfers. For several years no one played in more tournaments here and abroad. Yet, when she was married to Dr. Frazier of Ottawa, she cut golf to a minimum.

On the other hand, many women do not find it necessary to retire from active competition after marriage. Mrs. Clemington Corson is continuing the long-distance swimming feats she began as Mlle. Gade. Her husband is a swimming instructor. Mrs. L. A. Godfree is playing as much tennis as ever, and she and her husband form one of the world's finest mixed-doubles teams.

I have purposely mentioned well known competitive players to show that if those who devote a lot of time to athletics can carry on their domestic tasks so satisfactorily, those who play only moderately should have no problems at all.

In such cases sports form a basis of companionship. Too many husbands and wives have no substantial meeting ground; but the Bundys, the Wightmans, the Chapins, the Godfrees, the Corsons, and the Thomas Hitchcocks (the last named being polo players) have common interests that keep them closer together.

THE first thing the woman in sports must do is to keep physically fit and mentally alert. Dowdiness, slovenliness, or even carelessness in her appearance is as unnecessary as it is bad form. Sports clothes make smartness easy, for they are the most becoming a woman can wear.

Lenglen would not dream of wearing the same sweater and bandeau in successive matches, any more than she would have bandeau and sweater that did not harmonize in color. Her tennis costume is as fashionable and striking as her evening gown. Sports clothes must be designed for free movement, to be sure, but they need not be dowdy or plain or severe.

Exercise and perspiration are first aids to beauty. But intelligent care of the complexion must supplement the exercise. Cold cream, hot water, and an occasional massage will preserve the good effects of the exercise and perspiration. But if one quits the game overheated and does not take care of the skin, the open pores will fill with dust and the result is a mottled, muddy complexion.

A hat, cap, or even an eyeshade such as Helen Wills wears, will protect the eyes from the sun and guard against squinting and wrinkles. Then, if you do not overdo things, you have all the benefits and no ill effects from sports.

As for vague charges of "hard" faces—no intelligent woman should care about the opinion of men who want their womenfolks to look like ineffectual dolls. That day went out with the hoop skirt and pantalets.

Gone is the girl without strength enough to dig a respectable divot. Thank the Lord, there are only a few of the fluffy, helpless type left.

THE END

If you would look as chic on the beach as on the boulevard there is only one swimming suit that will suit you—the Wil Wite. A garment to glorify your graceful lines! It's design observes the sternest limitations of good taste yet charmingly reveals the lovely contours of the body. Swimmers find such satisfaction in it that the better shops clear across the country feature it—their finest swimming suit! Style folder, "The Sealskin of Swimming Apparel," free on request. Olympia Knitting Mills, Inc., Olympia, ("End of the Old Oregon Trail") Wash.

Wil Wite
The Sealskin of Swimming Apparel

CARRYOLA MASTER

For that little ol' shack in the Woods!

Be it known that there are, roughly, but two kinds of shacks in the woods. One tucked away, remote and unsuspected, alone but not lonesome, beloved by those who like to live.

The second dwells companionably with other shacks. (Some call them cottages.) The wilds are all around but every cabin glows with human cheer.

No matter which you prefer, a Carryola Master will add agreeably to the life within. When it's dark, when the cold rain drives, when the outside's bad and the fire seems good, start up the Carryola.

How the Glooms disappear and the Joys trot out! For the Carryola is no second-rate minstrel just strumming along. It has *music* to offer, *real music*. With all the tone and volume of the new, larger, and more expensive instruments.

You can dance to the Carryola Master for it sounds clear above the noise of shuffling feet. Or you can enjoy quieter music, the opera, the classics, the modern songs. The Carryola Master plays all records, all sizes, and will hold 15 full-sized ones in its case. It is light, compact, and sturdy. It'll pack. There's a choice of five attractive colors or black—all in Genuine Du Pont Fabrikoid with embossed art cover and record album.

CARRYOLA COMPANY *of* AMERICA
641 Clinton Street Milwaukee, Wis.
Just ask your music dealer for a Free Demonstration. Or write us for Free, Illustrated Folder.

Go to your Rexall Drug Store for the finest sodas in town. You'll relish Liggett's natural fresh fruit syrups and heavy rich chocolate. Served only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your*

Rexall

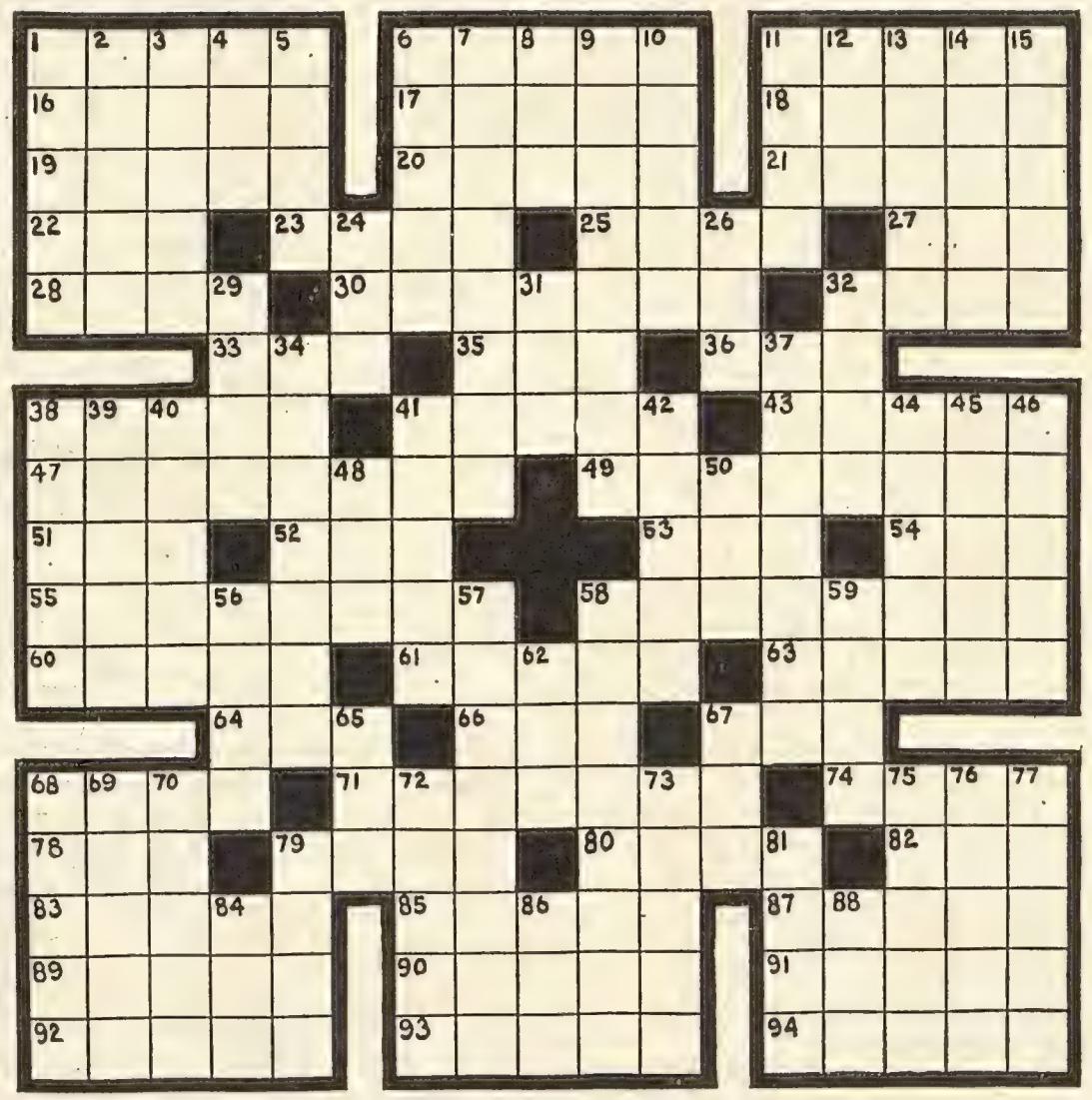
Drug Store

You will recognize it by this sign

Liggett's are also Rexall stores

$25 Puzzle Must Interlock All Over

IF you are going after that $25 for the best original cross-word puzzle, remember that a rigid requirement in puzzle-making is that the design must interlock all over, which means that no part of it may be *completely* separated from any other part by black squares; some letter in every word must contribute to the forming of an adjoining word. The Cross-Word Editor will be glad to answer any questions if they are accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. He will also return all puzzles that have a stamped, addressed envelope inclosed. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 42

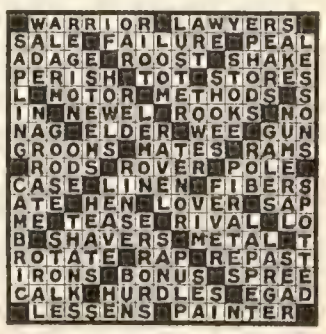
By J. L. S., San Quentin, California

HORIZONTAL

1 Spasmodic muscle contraction
6 Food for grazing animals
11 A metal alloy
16 Royal
17 Pardon
18 A clerical linen collar
19 Egg-shaped
20 Winged
21 A likeness
22 A divinity in Egyptian mythology
23 Ford
25 Definite extent of time
27 Jurisdiction of a bishop
28 Wheelless vehicle
30 Among the Mormons, a non-Mormon
32 Abbreviation of respective
33 Native metal
35 A measure of weight
36 Also
38 Part of an amphitheater
41 A shelf
43 To cook by dry heat
47 Mentally deranged
49 To sit astride
51 A pronoun
52 A mountain pass
53 An insect's egg
54 A son of Jacob
55 Jested
58 Rooting from the stem
60 A berry-bearing shrub
61 Ceremonies
63 Hop kilns
64 A viper
66 A descendant
67 Protective secretion of a cuttlefish
68 A blemish
71 To tyrannize over
74 Dash
78 The second son of Noah
79 Female equine animal
80 Narrow ornamental fabric
82 Collection of facts
83 Old-womanish
85 Pertaining to an ancient Mexican race
87 Change
89 A rajah's wife
90 Off the main track or way
91 A net
92 A fold of cloth
93 Ancient Persians
94 Colors

VERTICAL

1 Peevish
2 Riotous festivity
3 A size of type
4 Floor-covering
5 A beaver skin
6 To arrange in degrees or classes
7 Became less harsh
8 Wine vessel of early Christian church
9 Sessions, as of a court
10 A metal
11 Rim
12 A sheep
13 Degrade
14 Men of wisdom
15 To immerse
24 Era
26 To steep
29 Concluded
31 A fox
32 Forty square rods
34 Forest supervisors
37 Elaborate discourse
38 Unburnt brick
39 Pertaining to the kidneys
40 To make corrections
41 An outcast
42 Ovens
44 Egyptian lizards
45 Incline
46 Shelters
48 Pitch
50 To free from
56 Rend
57 Distribute
58 Traitor
59 Coagulate
62 Rocky pinnacle
65 A genus of grasses
67 Theory
68 Of keen perception
69 A waterway
70 Ammonia compound
72 The last King of Troy
73 Ratios of length in mathematics
75 An ancient language
76 Concerning
77 Nostrils
79 Encounter
81 Gone by
84 Meadow
86 A Spanish hero
88 A Hawaiian wreath



Answer to Puzzle No. 41

Corns

Lift Off–No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

ASTHMA

Standard Remedy

For 58 years **Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthma Compound** has **successfully and quickly relieved** the distressing paroxysms of Asthma. Two sizes, $1 and 25c., also cigarettes (box of 24, 50c) at your druggist's or sent direct post paid for cash. **FREE TRIAL** box of 6 cigarettes with treatise on causes and treatment of Asthma, etc. sent on request.

J. H. GUILD CO., Dept. 4, Rupert, Vt.

Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Pills (a Diuretic Stimulant for the Kidneys) 60c. for package of 72 pills.

Money for Everyone!

Mr. H. J. Knopke made a test of securing orders for our product and made **$62** in 1 hour.

Stenographer Earned $1000

IN LUNCH HOURS. Esther McCall, Ark., earned $50 her first day; Mary Kline, Pa., $164 in four days; W. C. Allen, $1000 in spare time.

Housewife Makes $800 in Spare Time

These are only a few of hundreds of similar cases of large profits made by persons using all or only spare time in securing orders for our

PERSONAL GREETING CARDS

Our line is the most complete, fascinating, order getting one you ever saw. We furnish everything needed to help you get orders. Write today for particulars.

($10 OUTFIT FREE) THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO.

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FOOT TROUBLE NO MORE

Burning, aching, tender, swollen, puffed, calloused, torturing feet no longer necessary. Cal-o-cide has mastered foot trouble. Don't be a cripple. One application of Cal-o-cide and you are a new person, corns and callouses gone like magic. At druggists or send 35c. for full size package, and booklet on foot trouble.

MEDCO CO., Dept.-J, Dayton, Ohio

Cal-o-cide FOOT REMEDY

HIS BACHELOR SUPPER

Lil and Sandy's Joy Ride the Evening Before Their Wedding

A Romantic Chapter in LIBERTY'S Cover Serial

For the Love o' Lil

By Leslie Thrasher

THE church rehearsal the night before Lil and Sandy's wedding! Mrs. Morse called out directions from a front-row pew:

"Slow-er, slow-er! Don't walk so fast!" And for the third time the bridal party retreated, to parade up the aisle.

"Again?" Pop groaned, his toe joints aching in new shoes.

"Yes, Pop dear," Lil sighed, wondering if Sandy's "I do" would come in at the proper place this time.

The best man produced the imaginary wedding ring, and Lil and Sandy walked down the aisle.

"Got your coat?" Sandy asked in the darkened vestibule.

"Yes!" Lil whispered.

"We'll take a drive. Here, you'd better put this on—I might lose it." And he handed Lil her wedding ring.

"Oh!" she said. "People will think we're married!"

Sandy bundled her into a little red roadster—a car he hired by the day as often as he could afford it—and they drove away.

Stars—the moon—wedding dreams!

They drove home via Edgeton, stopping to refresh the roadster with gas and themselves with sodas.

It was Sandy's Bachelor Supper! Two nights before he had treated his best man and ushers to a supper at Seery's Hotel (two dollars a plate, plus tip), planning to spend the evening before his wedding alone with Lil.

"Let's talk about the honeymoon," he suggested in the drug store, drawing out a travel folder called The Honeymoon Trail.

"Oh, Sandy!" Lil squealed. "Are we going to Niagara Falls?"

Sandy decided to take a tuna-fish sandwich with coffee instead of a soda, and Lil chose doughnuts and a chocolate malted milk.

"Yes," he said. "We're taking a scenic tour."

Then, when he saw her glancing at his pencil figuring on the booklet, "Look!" And he showed her a leather folder of travelers' checks.

"Oh!" she gasped in thrilled excitement, mistaking each $10 check for $100. "We'll have to stay away months to spend that!"

The druggist was enjoying this romantic dialogue. "They'll never feel so rich again," he thought. And he went on slapping a generous layer of tuna fish on to Sandy's sandwich.

(*To be continued next week*)

What's Wrong with the Picture?

The artist's imagination ran away with his brush on LIBERTY'S cover this week! He has made a slight error which we feel Lil and Sandy's friends will soon discover.

Do you see what it is?

Don't write in to tell us—we'll tell *you* next week!—THE EDITOR.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Perhaps He'd Washed It

Little Pewee walked into a coal company office one morning, and was asked by a bookkeeper: "Who's this?"

To which he replied: "I'm Pewee."

Again the bookkeeper questioned: "How do I know you're Pewee?"

To which Pewee responded: "I reckon I got my own face on, ain't I?"—Esther M. Jarrell, Van, W. Va.

* * *

Suffering Bringeth Understanding

Small Joan was enjoying her first big family dinner. A doting grandmother on one side and an adoring aunt on the other, vied with each other in seeing that the small one missed none of the good things on the table, and Joan did ample justice to the service. Marooned in the flood of conversation that flowed around the big table, Joan maintained a busy silence, but when, toward the end of the meal, a lull came, she pushed back her plate, and, carefully adjusting her small body to a more comfortable posture, said: "I'll never blow up another rubber balloon; I know just how it feels!"—M. T., Jacksonville, Ill.

* * *

Better Gray than Bald

A neighbor asked my little son the color of his two-day-old cousin's hair. He replied, "Gray."

Later I asked him his reason for giving such an answer, and he whispered in my ear:

"Mother, I was ashamed to say she hadn't any."—Mrs. E. M. Wiley, Denver, Colo.

STRAIGHT *to the Thirsty Spot!*

WHEN TEMPERATURE CLIMBS like a steeple-jack, that's the time for a refreshing drink of a *bottled* carbonated beverage. These delectable drinks have a happy way of going straight to that thirsty-spot. Their tingling tang brings *instant* invigoration, and lifts ebbing spirits on sultry summer days. You can get carbonated beverages by the case at your store—the convenient way to buy.

SEND 10c (coin or stamps) for "*Recipes for Housewife and Hostess*." Frozen desserts, delicious punches, dainty salads. A. B. C. B., 848 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

There's a BOTTLER *in your town*

SPONSORED BY

AMERICAN BOTTLERS OF CARBONATED BEVERAGES — QUALITY PURITY SERVICE

Bottled Carbonated Beverages

These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names . . . *tonics* in New England . . . *soda water* in Dixie . . . *soda pop* in the Mid West . . . *soft drinks* in the Far West . . . and we all know the *ginger ales*. Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they're good and good for you!

Take Out Your Summer Beauty Insurance Now

By EILEEN BOURNE

YOU can't begin saving when you're bankrupt. It's only worth while when you have some assets. That's the reason women should take up a protective beauty policy early in the summer. For if they don't they're likely to lose their entire endowment.

Many a woman arrives in October at the door of the beauty specialist and wails, "Look at me! I'm hideous! Make me lovely again!"

Instead of a soft and lustrous skin, she looks like a speckled trout or a lobster blackened in the picnic fire; and the hair that looked so glossy is a faded and coarsened mass. No wonder the beauty specialist is aghast.

"But, madam, this is no magician's haunt. It will take months to restore to you your lost treasure," he says.

Often the damage is so great that only the growth of new skin and a new crop of hair will make this gypsy look like a fine lady again. Sometimes the change is permanent. For remember that the pigmentation which determines your coloring works in its own mysterious ways, and if it is once subjected to profound interference, it is not likely to be restored. Strong, direct sunlight continuously pouring down upon face, arms, and hair is usually very detrimental to tissue. The result of that too ardent Sol kiss is a fade-out.

Protective measures need not be very troublesome and involve only a little foresight, a few regular maneuvers, and certain preparations. Let's take the matter of saving your skin.

It passes from a winter condition of raw winds, soot, and steam heat to a summer state involving hot winds, dust, and pitiless light. It has, however, one aid in warm weather: perspiration helps to keep the pores clean. Nevertheless, this natural drainage should be assisted by careful cleansing with cold cream after every long exposure to sun, air, and dust. Always use this before applying hot water and follow the latter by cold sprays, ice, and an astringent tonic.

Be sure to wrap the ice in gauze or tissue in order not to shock the sensitive nerves of the skin. Moreover, you should always include the arms, neck, and hands in the same treatment, unless they have been completely covered.

Now, as to prevention, two measures are necessary. First, every part of the skin that is free to air and light should be treated with a thin film of cream. If vanishing cream is too drying for your skin, use a good modern product that contains a tiny bit of pure vegetable oil. This type of cream clings to the skin and the powder clings to it.

If you've never used powder before, use it this summer; a medicated or antiseptic variety if you scorn a scented one. Powder dusted on over that film of cream is the very best preventive of sunburn and freckles. You can put it on so cleverly that it doesn't show. And you needn't be afraid of its clogging the pores.

If you have neglected this precaution or permitted the sun to penetrate your defenses, don't despair. There are several lotions excellent for sunburn and mildly bleaching creams ready for a case of tan or freckles. You can make your own by mixing equal parts of glycerin, witch-hazel, and peroxide, and allowing the application to remain on your face or arms all night.

But don't neglect this condition. A very deep tan coarsens the skin and a severe sunburn may not only be followed by blistering and permanent freckles, but by an infection that may be troublesome to cure.

Indeed, only those in our very youngest set dare acquire one of those black tans, for only in early youth is the skin resilient enough to offset evil results. Freckled hands are not beautiful, either; so try to wear gloves when you're gardening, motoring, or riding horseback. Don't sit in full sunlight without shading your face and neck, and save short-sleeved frocks for those hours when the sun is low or gone to bed.

A HAT with a brim is really a necessary protection on sunny days. It protects both the face and hair. Prolonged exposure to direct sunlight is ruinous to the soft quality and natural tint of your locks.

A certain amount of sun, when it isn't too hot, is undoubtedly good for the hair, but be discreet. Moreover, protect your hair when swimming in salt water. Not only does its action coarsen the hair, but it actually makes it come out. It's better to shampoo it every day than to let salt water remain in it.

Nowadays there is little enough excuse for neglecting this precaution, for our hair is short and our acquired waves may be permanent. Sufficiently protected and frequently brushed, your hair ought to benefit from a season when it escapes steam heat and soot. If so much wetting seems to make it dry, apply a tonic and take an occasional warm olive-oil shampoo.

Another important bit of summer precaution is to choose the right shoes. Many a woman has brought on serious difficulties by changing suddenly from high heels of town wear to moccasins or tennis shoes. These are quite all right for turf, sand, or soft dirt, but to wear them on pavements and hard floors forces the foot to supply the spring lacking in these treadways. The strain is often too great for the delicately constructed arch and it tends to break down.

Keep tennis shoes for the court. Select a thick-soled shoe with low heel and fitted arch for walking and golf; and for other occasions a model equally comfortable, but very light. Remember that the effect of heat and exercise is to expand the foot. Be sure to allow room for this when you have your summer shoes fitted. And rejoice when your lot casts you in a spot that permits bathing in bare feet. Cold water, especially salt water, strengthens and heals those faithful servants. When they get too warm, bathe them in tepid water and use boracic-acid powder.

You see, protection doesn't mean that your vacation style is going to be cramped. Beauty is based primarily on health, and the healthful open-air life of summer ought, with the practice of just a little discretion, to increase your stock of it. Hard exercise improves the circulation and therefore the complexion. It also improves your figure.

So pack up the old kit bag with a free mind. You can do anything you like, provided you do it with good sense. Put in that bag, aside from a brimmed hat and the right shoes, these few preparations: cleansing cream, a powder base, powder, lotions for sunburn, an astringent, a hair tonic, and boracic-acid powder. Then use them as directed.

Probably you'd better take two final measures to insure a perfect summer. Remove the hairs on your legs by shaving or by soaking them and scrubbing with pumice stone. Remove them from your arms by having them treated occasionally by one of those excellent paraffin or wax applications which the best beauty specialists are prepared to give. Then be careful about the odor of perspiration. If you have no favorite remedy, try combining one ounce of boracic acid with two ounces of precipitated chalk and seven ounces of powdered talcum. Use whenever you bathe.

It isn't a costly beauty insurance, ladies! But what an investment! Your reward will come when you hear said of you, "She's gone in for every kind of outdoor sport this summer, and yet—look at her! Fresh as a rose!"

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY's Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue,
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ETHYL GASOLINE has opened a new era in automobile performance.

IT HAS banished that "knock" which has troubled automobile owners and engineers since the days of the first "horseless carriage."

IT IS without the one basic fault inherent in ordinary commercial gasoline: the tendency to explode too quickly ("knock") as temperature and compression are raised.

"KNOCKING" means loss of power and a sluggish motor; increased vibration and wear and tear. Ethyl Gasoline knocks out that "knock" *and more:*

WITH ETHYL GASOLINE, higher compression means more power, greater flexibility, quicker pick-up, reduced gear shifting.

AND AS carbon increases the compression of your motor, the deposits which heretofore have meant loss of power now mean *extra* power with Ethyl Gasoline.

ETHYL GASOLINE is motor gasoline containing Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound, which was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories. It is sold throughout the United States and Canada by leading oil companies at pumps which display the "ETHYL" trademark.

TRY THIS SUPER-FUEL TODAY

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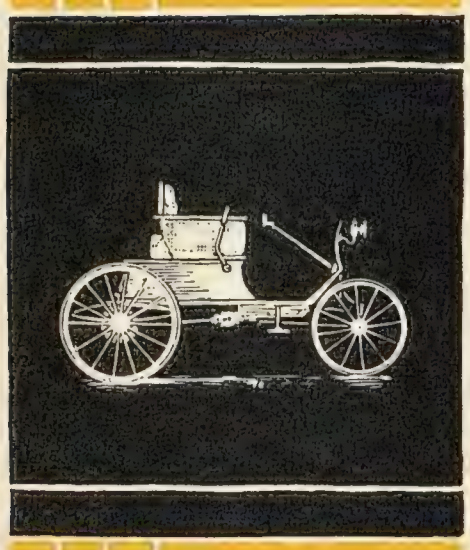
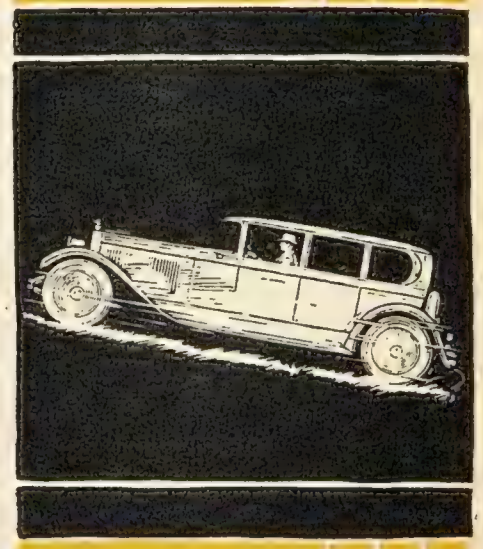




Knocks out that "knock"

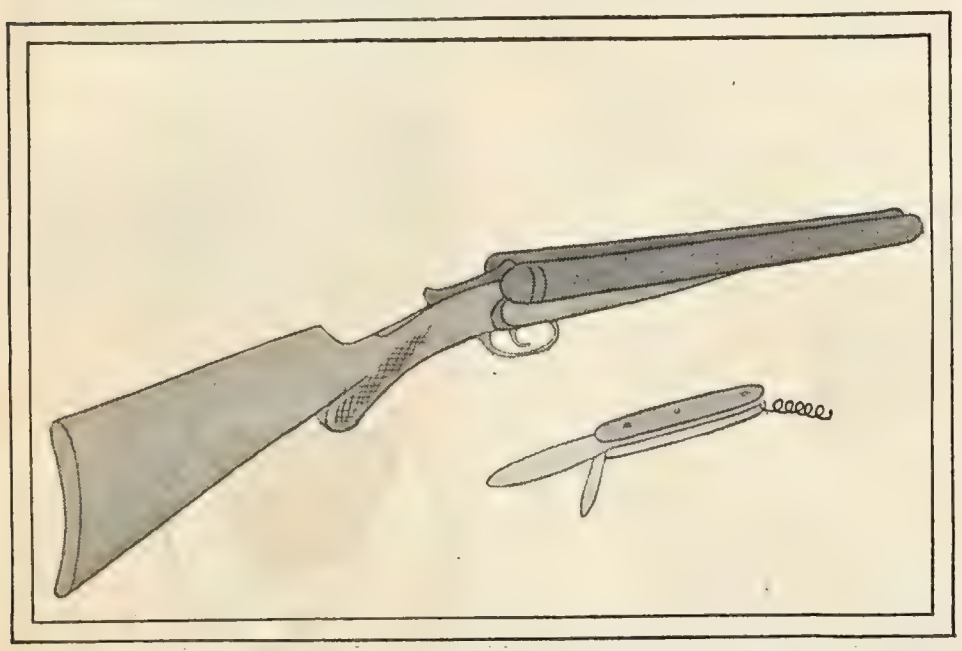
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

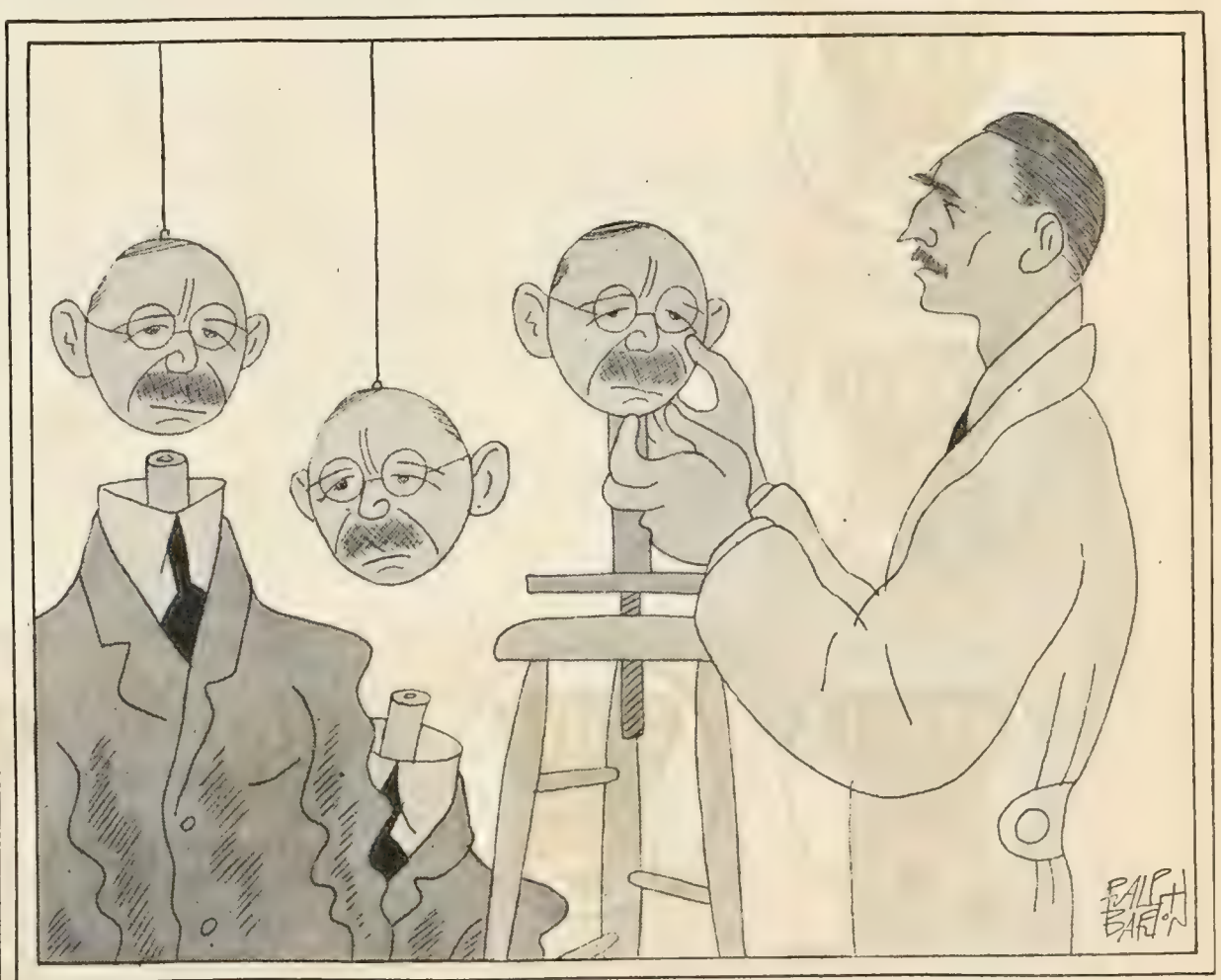
By RALPH BARTON

ALBERT EINSTEIN, the great discoverer of relativity, who, concedes Arnold Bennett, has the most prodigious intellect in history. [NOTE: *The Knights and Ladies of the Right have censored the professor's ever-present pipe, lest the youth of America get the idea that the Vile Weed does not deaden the mind.*]

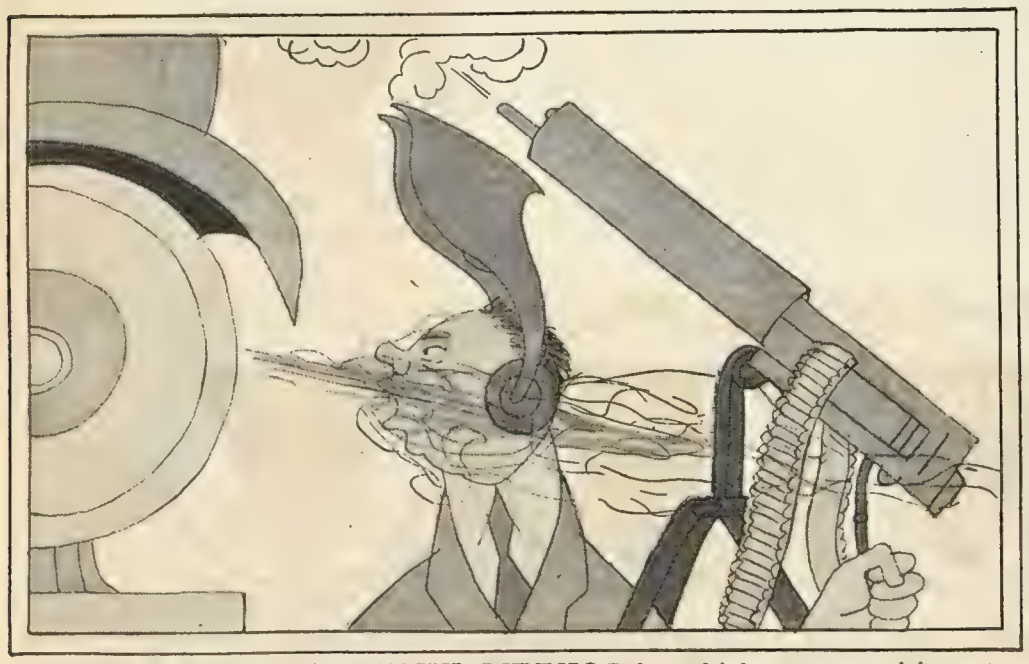
A FOREIGN MINISTER OF THE FUTURE reflecting a moment before signing an ultimatum addressed to a rival power. ("The next war," says an authority, "will not be fought by soldiers in trenches, but in the air; and no civilian will be safe from death by fire and gas.")



SUPPLY AND DEMAND IN THE ARMS INDUSTRY. The great Chicago market causes a slump in revolvers and specialization in sawed-off shotguns, with knives for cutting notches in stocks.



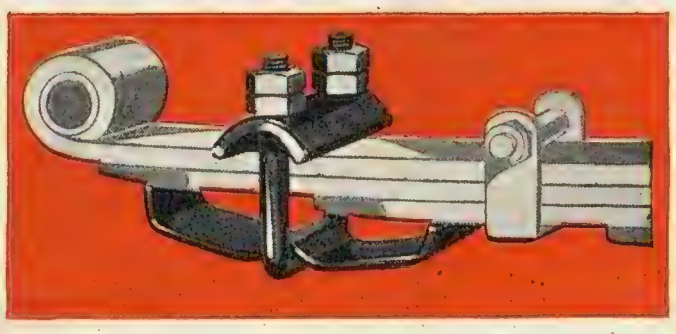
NOTED MASK-MAKER, W. T. Benda, completing 200 dummies of Wayne B. Wheeler, to save the Anti-Saloon League superintendent some of the enormous labor of making personal calls at Washington government offices to keep officials in line.



SIMPLE AND DELIGHTFUL METHOD by which summer visitors to New York may prepare in advance to endure the many and varied noises and odors of the great metropolis.

You've said "GOODBYE" to the jolts and jars of rough-road driving when you treat your car to a set of

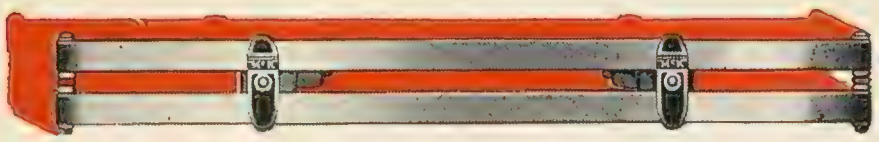
McKAY *SPRING CONTROLLERS*



You'll be surprised to know how little these NEW Spring Controllers cost—and how much solid comfort they provide. McKays put easy riding into the springs of any car. By keeping each spring under two-way tension *all the time,* they provide full control through every second of bound and rebound motion. . . . . It's no trick at all to put on a set of McKay Spring Controllers. The controller slips over the spring and a few turns with a wrench give the tension. No further adjustment—no lubrication needed. And you can depend on McKay Spring Controllers to last the *life of the car.* Ask your dealer to show you this NEW McKay product — or if he hasn't McKays, write us direct. For Fords, $5.00. For other cars, $6.50 and $8.00.

McK

McKAY RED BEAD BUMPERS



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Good looks are one thing,
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McKays give both.
Insist on McKay Bumpers.

Play safe when you drive.
Carry chains—ALWAYS.
Ask for McKays.
Your dealer has them.

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Manufacturers of industrial and commercial chains for every purpose.

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How To Be Properly Fitted

Famous-fitting "B.V.D." Union Suits, with their exclusive construction at shoulder, waistband and crotch, are made in over sixty sizes to fit men of widely varying builds.

Be sure to take advantage of this unequalled size range by being correctly measured. Three simple encircling measurements—chest, waist and trunk—can always determine your proper size.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining your proper size, send your three measurements to the B. V. D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, New York, who will be glad to advise you.

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Union Suit
Men's $1.50
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Shirts and Drawers
85c the garment

Extra large sizes obtainable at an additional charge

Good Fit and Good Feeling!

"B.V.D." feels so good because it fits so well.

And the good feeling that millions hold *toward* "B.V.D."—the good feeling behind years of world-leading popularity—shows how men value better fit, cooler comfort and longer wear.

The patented features of "B.V.D." Union Suits—the scientific design, correct drape, and finished tailoring of all "B.V.D." garments—assure a satisfaction obtainable in no other underwear.

GET THE UNDERWEAR YOU ASK FOR!

INSIST UPON THIS RED WOVEN LABEL

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

The B.V.D. Company, Inc. New York

Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear

DRAGONS *in the* Buttercups

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story for Children

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

WHEN we started for home, Dodo carried a box of strawberries for Carlotta and Tony had a long, wriggly, striped ribbon snake!

FOR the few days that he lasted Dimity was the delight of Emmy's heart. Perhaps she loved him so much because he was lame. Or perhaps the pigeon liked to be petted.

In two days Dimity had learned to eat his meals sitting on Emmy's shoulder, picking his food daintily from between her lips. And how Emmy did love this! She would spend twice as long over Dimity's meals as over her own.

Between his meals Dimity passed the time hopping about among the rabbits and scratching up seeds and gravel from the grass. The rabbits seemed to regard him as one of themselves.

But he was too perfect a pet to last! In spite of all our care, something got him. Emmy never failed to put him in his cage after supper, but the openings between the wires must have been too wide.

One sad morning Emmy started out to feed Dimity. In a few minutes we heard her coming back, crying. She threw herself into my arms, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Dimity! Dimity!" she cried between her sobs. "Something has eaten my Dimity!"

And, sure enough, when we ran out to the cage, there remained only a few gray feathers scattered about. A mink or a weasel from the woods had come and devoured our poor pigeon.

Emmy and Nicky and Greg sat down on the grass around the empty cage and cried and cried. Something had to be done, and done quickly, to make them forget their sorrow.

"Buttercups are ripe!" cried Tony. "Let's take our breakfasts down to the cricket field and have a picnic. We've never had a breakfast picnic."

"Oh, picnut! A picnut!" shouted Nicky and Greg, on their feet at once. Even Emmy stopped her tears and decided there might be something left in the world for her, after all.

So Dodo and Carlotta packed our breakfasts into a couple of baskets and we started off. Dodo went with us, of course.

We called it the cricket field, not because we played cricket or any other game there, but because it was simply full, bubbling over, with baby grasshoppers. A big field it was. One side of it, where the grasshoppers didn't come, was a mass of golden buttercups. Grasshoppers seem to prefer plain grass.

Before we had settled down to eat breakfast, Emmy's grief was forgotten. She squealed with delight.

She was the first to see it! There, on the roadside, outside the fence, was a big patch of wild strawberries! What an addition to any breakfast! We picked and picked. And Emmy ate every one she picked and quite forgot to save any to eat with her cereal, so Tony and I had to share ours with her.

After breakfast we lay among the buttercups and were dragons. Being a mother dragon is very easy. All you do is to lie in the warm sun and allow the young dragons to supply you with dragon food—mostly buttercups, daisies, and wild clover. The young dragons scatter the food over the mother dragon.

But being a child dragon was pretty hard work. At least, Emmy found it so. She threw herself down beside me.

"I GUESS," she said, brushing the yellow hair from her warm, damp forehead—"I guess little-girl dragons don't do any work, either. They just stay with their mothers and are fed."

So Emmy just lay and talked. And she told me an interesting thing. You see, Emmy seldom asks questions. She just makes up her own mind about the things she sees.

"Beautiful ladies," said Emmy, lying on her back with one strawberry-stained knee in her hand—"beautiful ladies, when they die, are not allowed to be buried. They cut them in two in the middle an' use them for corsets and hats. I've seen 'em in windows."

But before she could tell me any more about this, a fresh load of dragon food was brought up and spilled right into Emmy's face. Sputtering and laughing, she scrambled to her feet. She and the little-boy dragons had a fine fight, clawing and spitting flames, until Dodo put a stop to it by ordering us all home.

When we started for home we counted our spoils. It was found that the mother dragon had saved from her food and hidden enough buttercups to keep the house bright for a week.

Dodo had picked a saucerful of strawberries to take home to Carlotta. "Dey'll help cheer her up," Dodo said. Carlotta is always gloomy when we've been away from home.

But the things we had were nothing when we saw what Tony had. Tony had a long, wriggly, striped ribbon snake!

"Where will you put that thing?" I asked, shuddering. I don't like snakes.

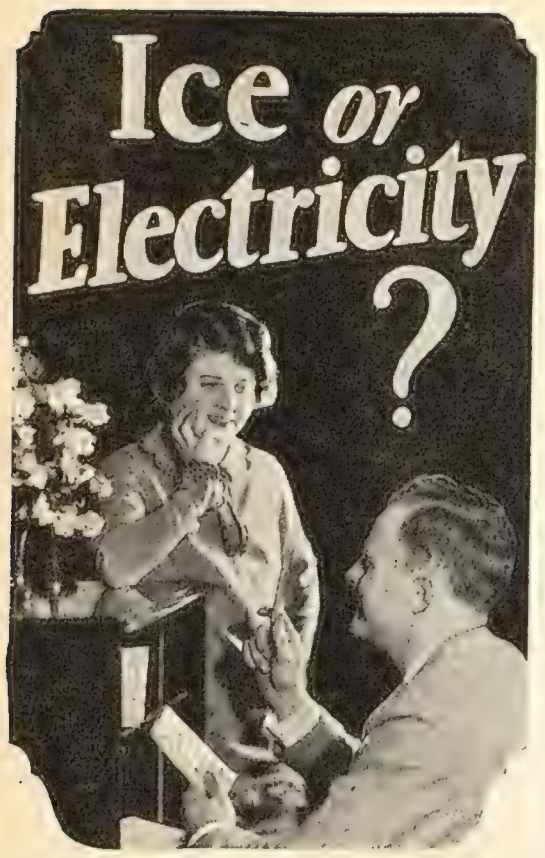
And Tony, I am sorry to tell you, said:

"In the bread box, of course."

HAVE you sent in your names for Flopsy's five little rabbits yet? If you haven't helped to name these little fuzzy-tails, sit down right now and write us, because Emmy, Nicky, and Greg are waiting. Send your letters to Editor Children's Page, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York.

In next week's LIBERTY we'll tell you all about the picnic with Greg's fairy godmother and what Greg found. You would never guess!

"OH, Dimity!" Emily cried. "Something has eaten my Dimity!"



Are you undecided?

STOP wondering about the *method of cooling!* Call your next family conference to decide on the *cabinet*. Either ice or electricity will work better with the right cabinet. The HERRICK, usable with any electric unit as readily as with ice, has no superior as a refrigerator. Install a HERRICK now, add an electric unit any time,—and always have absolute food protection.

A Triplex Non-Conductor Outside—Inside—in Between

The HERRICK cabinet is solid oak. Its double thick insulation is the best non-conductor of heat used. Its linings are all non-metal. This triple resistance to heat outside and guard of cold inside means lower ice bills or lower electric bills. Keeps the most perishable foods appetizing and dainty. All linings rust-resisting, easily cleaned. Parts removable. Behind every HERRICK is a third of a century of refrigerator building experience.

Free Booklet. Tells how to get most out of ice or electric current. Tells how best to arrange foods in a refrigerator, how to judge a refrigerator. Use coupon below.

DEALERS: If you haven't any HERRICKS on your floor you are losing out on what dealers say is "the easiest selling line in America." Many have sold HERRICKS for a quarter century with never a "comeback." Your territory may be open. Check coupon below and mail.

HERRICK

THE ARISTOCRAT OF REFRIGERATORS

HERRICK REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
1306 River Street, Waterloo, Iowa.

Please send me free your booklet, "Refrigerator Economy."

Name.....

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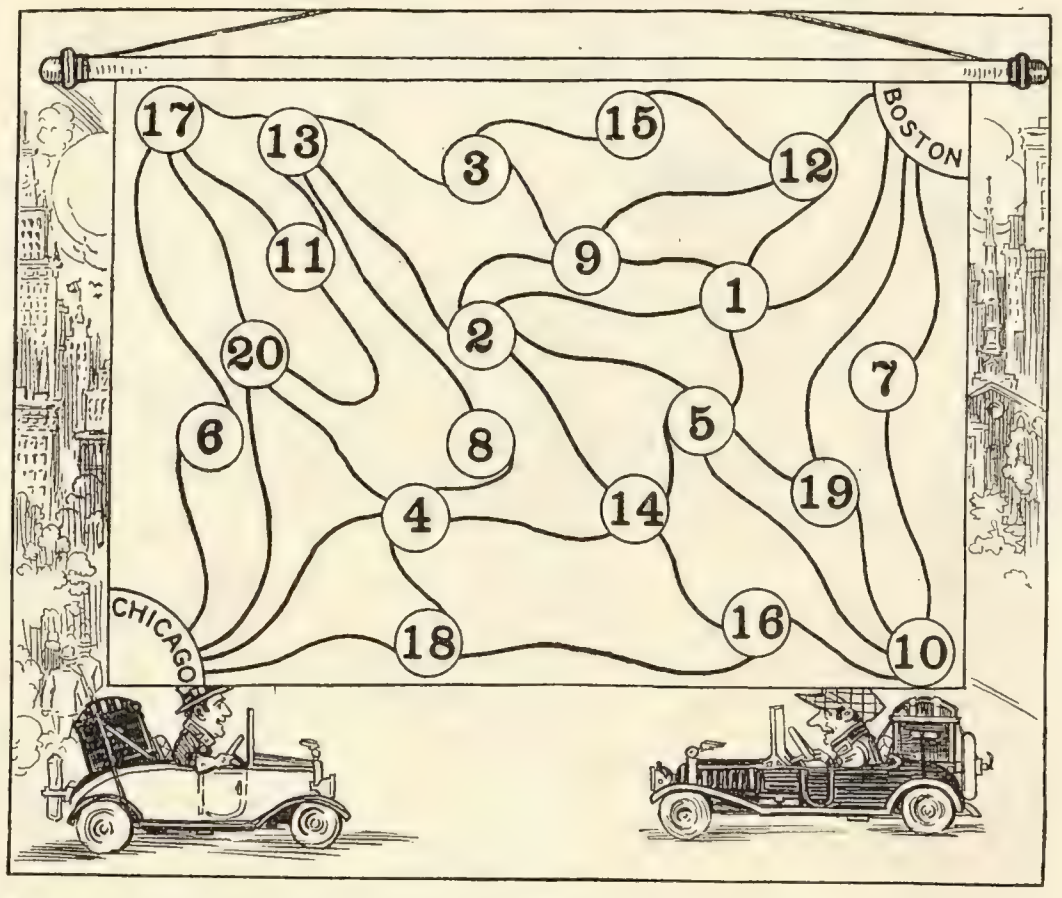
( ) Check here if you are a dealer.

This One Will Make You STEP ON THE GAS

A Sam Loyd Puzzle



THE Sales Manager was excited. "Take this night letter!" he shot at his secretary: "Tom Brown in Boston and Jack Smith in Chicago:

"Leave at once. Brown to Chicago. Smith to Boston. Cover master route of twenty towns on map I gave you. Hit every town. Wire me for instructions when you meet. Now hump.
[Signed] CRAIG."

The two star salesmen humped. Within an hour each was aboard his auto and whizzing toward his rival.

Each was a hustler and wanted to meet the other as far along as possible.

Both were clever enough to realize that their route must be laid through all the twenty towns so that they would be sure to meet.

But poor Smith was jinxed. He had four blowouts, one broken axle, two cracked springs, and a lot of other tough luck. So when he finally met Brown in one of the numbered cities, Brown had visited twice as many towns as he had.

However, by this time all twenty towns, with the exception of the one in which they met, had been passed through by one or the other of the men; and no town was revisited by either.

The master route the Sales Manager wired about is shown above. After you have charted on it a route from Boston to Chicago, or vice versa, which takes in all twenty places and none more than once, then you should be able to figure out from which one the two salesmen sent their wire:

Sales Manager Craig: Met here. What orders?
[Signed] SMITH-BROWN.

If you are unable to figure out their meeting place, watch next week's LIBERTY for the correct solution.

Sam Loyd

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

The problem: There were five horses in the race—Salvator, Longstreet, Sysonby, Colin, and Man o' War; and the odds offered were: Salvator, 3 to 1; Longstreet, 4 to 1; Sysonby, 9 to 1; and Colin, 17 to 3. Man o' War's odds were not given.

Now, what should Man o' War's odds be to enable you to bet $100 on all five horses and break even, regardless of which horse won?

The answer: Salvator's odds of 3 to 1 mean that it was considered he had one chance out of four, or a 25 per cent interest in the race; Longstreet's odds of 4 to 1 allot him a 20 per cent standing; Sysonby's 9 to 1 odds give him a 10 per cent position; Colin's 17 to 3 assume that he is entitled to a 15 per cent rating. Thus the odds of the four horses count for 70 per cent of the 100 per cent that must be distributed among the contestants. That would leave a 30 per cent interest for the great champion, Man o' War. The 30 per cent interest indicates that the odds against him should be 7 to 3.

Now, to prove the correctness of our bookmaking, let us assume that a bettor places $25 on Salvator at the odds quoted, meaning that the bookie ventures $75 against his $25; on Longstreet the bettor invests $20; on Sysonby he bets $10; on Colin he ventures $15; and on Man o' War, the favorite, he plays $30, at the odds of 7 to 3.

Irrespective of the result of the race, the bettor will receive back exactly $100, which is the total of his outlay, proving that the book is exactly 100 per cent correct, and that the odds of 7 to 3 on Man o' War are correct under the terms of the problem. S. L.

Intriguing Beauty

TAN AND WINDBURN are disfiguring—discomforting; but even more so are blackheads, muddiness and roughness. They destroy beauty, and with it, rob one of that captivating serenity—that essential poise and quiet charm. The regular use of El Estado Lemon Cleansing Creme will clear up—eradicate those blemishes and imperfections which so hideously mar the skin. Simply pat it into the skin thoroughly, using the tips of the fingers, then remove with a soft cloth. For facial imperfections and blemishes of long standing, for deep tan and freckles, for lines of worry and fatigue, pat the creme into your face at night, and leave on until morning. After only one such treatment, you will begin to see again that enchanting lovely pallor—see that you too may be the proud possessor of that youthful freshness which every woman today must display. The delicious fragrance of this remarkable creme comes from the pure Lemon Oil, hand-pressed from the ripe fruit—the delightfully invigorating, mildly bleaching ingredient. Never a drop of those synthetic "quick bleach" acid concoctions that peel and blotch the skin, goes into this creme.

FREE!—*Send for sample*

Nearly all toilet counters feature this amazing Creme, but should you wish to try it before you buy it, mail coupon for free sample.

EL ESTADO PRODUCTS CO.,
Dept. 240D, Seattle, Washington.
Please send me a free sample of El Estado Lemon Creme.

Name.....

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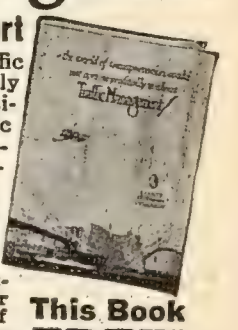
A famous Spanish formula

OPPORTUNITIES IN
Traffic Management

Become a Traffic Expert

The opportunities in traffic management are limited only by the boundaries of the business world. The trained traffic man is in demand by transportation systems and by industrial organizations.



Three Detroit Firms Pay Their Traffic Managers Over $20,000 a Year

Prepare for this growing, profitable profession at home in your spare time under supervision of traffic experts. Low cost; easy terms. Thru the LaSalle Problem Method you learn by doing. Valuable 64-page booklet free. Send for it NOW.

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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

? ? ?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—When and by whom was the first protest against slavery made in the United States?

2—Why should potatoes be stored in dark places?

3—How did men's knickerbockers get the name of "plus fours"?

4—How many daily newspapers are published in New York City?

5—What are the extreme temperatures usually fatal to humans?

6—What animal has the longest life span?

7—Which is the highest capital city in the world?

8—What republic is populated entirely by men?

9—What State has the greatest railway mileage?

10—What famous Jew was buried in a Christian church?

11—Where and when was the last battle of the Civil War fought?

12—Who conceived the idea of using cotton fiber for thread?

13—How many miles of water front has New York City?

14—What is a maverick?

15—Which is the largest of the Central American republics?

16—What common insect inevitably dies of starvation because at maturity it has no physical apparatus for eating?

17—What fabric is often more than half tin, especially in its cheaper qualities?

18—What are the chances for drawing thirteen cards of the same suit in one bridge hand?

19—What metal, now more valuable than gold, was once gilded and sold in gold bricks by swindlers?

20—What animals are immune to the effects of poison ivy?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—Was the Volstead Act made a law by the President's signature?
A.—No; it was passed over President Wilson's veto.

2—Who designed the present White House?
A.—James Hoban, a Dublin architect.

3—What is the oldest university in the world?
A.—Pavia, in Italy, founded in 825 A. D. by Lothair, grandson of Charlemagne.

4—What region of the United States was once an independent nation?
A.—Texas. It won its independence from Mexico in 1836, and joined the Union in 1845.

5—What State has produced the greatest number of Presidents of the United States?
A.—Ohio. Virginia is sometimes termed "The Mother of Presidents," but Ohio has contributed six and Virginia five.

6—Do male or female babies predominate among children born throughout the world?
A.—There are from twenty to sixty more males in every 1,000 babies, but more male babies die in infancy, and men are more liable to death by accident. This accounts for the predominance of women in civilized countries.

7—Which is farther north, Rome or New York?
A.—Rome.

8—What flower has the greatest commercial value?
A.—The rose. Besides its high horticultural value, it produces attar of roses, an expensive perfume. Forty thousand flowers are required to produce one ounce.

9—To what race do the greatest number of people belong?
A.—The white or Caucasian race embraces 550,000,000 people, or about one-third of the world's inhabitants. The yellow race has about 500,000,000.

10—How did the word "silk" originate?
A—It is probably an amplification of *si*, the Chinese word for the fabric. It refers to Empress Si-Ling-Shi, who first cultivated silkworms, 4,500 years ago.

11—What is the average length of life of a goldfish?
A.—With suitable food, a goldfish will live from fifteen to twenty years.

12—Are the North Pole and the Magnetic Pole the same?
A.—No. The Magnetic Pole is situated in northern Canada.

13—What was the first State admitted to the Union after the original thirteen colonies?
A.—Vermont. It was admitted as a State in 1791. Kentucky followed a year later.

14—What animal spends a large part of its existence in an upside-down position?
A.—The sloth of Central and South America. It is rarely seen in an upright posture, and lives and sleeps by hanging by its toes from trees.

15—Is Chicago, the Windy City, actually and meteorologically the windiest of America's great cities?
A—No. New York's average wind velocity, seventeen miles an hour, exceeds Chicago's fifteen miles an hour, and New York's highest wind velocity, ninety-six miles an hour, also exceeds Chicago's eighty-four miles an hour.

16—Which State of the United States has the fewest millionaires?
A.—Income-tax returns for 1924 show that North Dakota had no millionaires. Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, and South Dakota had only one each.

17—Which lies farther east, Valparaiso, on the west coast of South America, or New York, on the east coast of North America?
A.—Valparaiso.

18—How fast can the speediest bacteria travel?
A.—About four inches in fifteen minutes.

19—Who built the earliest successful American automobile propelled by gasoline?
A.—Elwood Haynes of Kokomo, Indiana. He built it in 1893-4.

20—During which years of marriage is a divorce most likely?
A.—Court records show that 9.3 per cent of all divorces in the United States occur after four years of marriage; 9.2 per cent occur after three years. These are the most hazardous years.

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FOR over fifty years, "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians as a harmless antacid, laxative, and corrective in conditions attended with acidity of the stomach and intestines, with *heartburn, sour eructations, sick headache and flatulence;* and in other complaints attended with *sour stomach, biliousness and constipation.*

Millions have found it ideal, because it is harmless, almost tasteless, mild in operation and never causes nausea, griping or the slightest inconvenience.

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

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Can Be Quickly Reduced

—without drugs, diets or exercises

INSTEAD of wasting your time—instead of risking your health by weakening diets, exhausting exercises and pill-taking, in an effort to get rid of bulging waistline fat—try the popular Weil Reducing Belt for 10 days—at our expense.

Made of scientifically treated rubber, it causes a gentle, unnoticed massage action as it comes in contact with flabby flesh. So that with every move you make unwanted fat is being moulded away—*and kept away for good*—and at a fraction of the price charged by expert masseurs.

Look Thinner Instantly

Take your waist measurement before and after this Free 10-Day Trial. Note the difference in inches. Feel the improvement in your general condition. According to the terms of our absolute guarantee, you must be thoroughly satisfied with the result secured—or you pay nothing.

Coupon Brings Free Details

Write us at once and you will receive our Special 10-Day Trial Offer—a detailed description of this most successful reducing method the principles of which are highly endorsed by leading physicians and professional athletes everywhere. For the sake of your health and appearance, take advantage of this offer at once. Send no money. Write now. The Weil Company, 886 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

The Weil Company,
886 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt, and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Here's a hot one for baseball fans—

THE GROWL OF THE WOLVES

by Billy Evans, veteran American League umpire—in

NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

VOX POP

Was He Confessing?

MARIANNA, FLA.—I have been opposing the attacks of the Anti-Alive Sisters against the Springs stories with passive resistance up to the appearance of one of your recent issues—and Sweet William.

Sweet William (*née* Leonard) done went and got alarmed, he gurgles, at the trend toward such stories as those by our friend Springs. They're beastly licentiousness run plumb rampant, opines Bill, he's that alarmed.

Now, William, you just hush up. These stories ain't gonna start you to runnin' round at night, and if they did, you could be quiet about it, couldn't you?—*Owen Draper.*

Now It's Mack's Turn Again

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I wish to congratulate you upon the article by Mack Sennett, entitled The Ferocious Jungles of the Seas. I can readily

substantiate his statements, as I too have fished in the waters he mentions.

I notice with regret, however, that, while naming most of the creatures that infest this part of the southern California coast, Mr. Sennett has neglected to mention the most unusual type—the hokum fish, which, during Presidential elections, have been known to play baseball on the mud flats at low tide.

Then, the tale of the killer whale's swallowing a 300-pound seal at one gulp contains a slight element of exaggeration. Invariably, in my experience, I have found it necessary for the whale to take two, or possibly one and one-half, gulps to accomplish this small feat. Yours for bigger and better fish stories.—*Tom Teevan.*

Insists on the Truth

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Why let Rupert Hughes, in his story, The Big Boob, picture the bully, *Big Dillard,* as being thick-headed and absolutely brainless? Mr. Hughes, in this story, makes him the star of American football—the equal of Red Grange. And—according to the story—football calls for no brains whatsoever.

One who knows football.—Alfred McIntyre.

The Boob Goes Big; Then—

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—I liked the story by Rupert Hughes, The Big Boob. *We want more of his stuff.—M. Miller.*

—Flops

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Apropos of The Big Boob, might I suggest that a potboiler by any other name is a potboiler still? Yours for fewer and fewer Big Boobs.—*Tuston Fenn.*

Tsetse versus Sex

GREENSBORO, N. C.—I think that your article, Tsetse: The Death Fly of Africa, by Wynant Davis Hubbard, is the most intelligent thing that you have published in some time. Why not give us more like it instead of so much sexy, wishy-washy stuff?—*Nelson P. Dow.*

The Makings of a Fight

WASCO, ILL.—Permit me to apologize to the Northern readers of your magazine for the statements made by that unspeakable cad who signed himself William Zink and who stated in Vox Pop that Abraham Lincoln was a prevaricating, bloodthirsty, deceitful reprobate.

He gives his address as Virginia, but let me say that a Southerner and a gentleman would never be guilty of making such an ignorant ass of himself. Most of us of the South honor Mr. Lincoln as an honorable, kindly gentleman who believed he was right and stuck to his convictions.—*A Southerner of the A. E. F.*

The Thoughtful Reader

WILMINGTON, DEL.—I hasten to take pen in hand—before I get so lazy that I'll write it with pencil on a postcard—to let you know, in answer to your inquiry, that one reader would like to see *more* editorials of the kind you have been giving—say, a whole page full.—*Ben Ortman.*

Whistling "Trub" Back

DALLAS, TEX.—I cannot help but write you and thank you that *Trub* is back. I'm not a nut about dog stories, but I do like *Trub.—One of LIBERTY'S Friends.*

Thrills for Sub-Debs

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The letter headed, Expert Testimony from a Sub-Deb, did not seem to me to be so very "experty," after all. You will remember that she wrote to Vox Pop—apropos of your articles on College Morals—stating that today's collegians are moralless and brainless. She ended by saying life was such a bore that she was planning suicide. She, like all the other college students, seems to forget the two most important "thrills" of life.

First, and by far the greatest: honest fatherhood and motherhood. Only those who have gone through this can explain the satisfaction and lasting thrill of a tiny one. Yet the younger generation as a whole squirms and passes off the conversation with a wave of the hand when anything like that is even mentioned.

Second: poverty — poverty that can't be squelched by a call on dad. A poverty that calls for work every day in the year, and a real happiness when the work is done for the day—where a man must be a man in order to survive.

I have those two thrills now, that continue to thrill me, and my advice to the adventure-seekers is to try them out first.—*Spencer A. Lloyd.*

His Weekly Weakness

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—The Twenty Questions are the most interesting portion of your publication to me. I am fairly well educated and have read a lot, but I don't make 60 per cent. They are "stiff" enough and cover a wide range. Your fiction I don't care for—too *erotic* for my taste. One good story per issue is all I've ever found and not always that. Tie a can to Kummer and Roche—the print paper wasted on them better be left in the tree.

Sandy and *Lil* are very silly and pointless also. Yet I buy. That's the main thing to the publisher.—*F. S. Kersey.*

Why, Warren!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I humbly suggest, as a motto to head your Vox Pop column and further stimulate the stinging comments of your busy bees, the following Chinese proverb:

"An insect flies but a few paces, but can travel for miles in the tail of a noble steed."—*Warren Heath.*

Bing 'em, Bingham!

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—I noted with interest your editorial, The Inspired Make-Up Man and Senator Bingham. It is indeed very gratifying to see LIBERTY extend such recognition to one of our outstanding men in the Senate: a real thinker.

Here is another instance wherein an ex-service man is serving his country in peace time as loyally as he did in time of war.

Bingham is one of the most sincere men in public life today. Watch him! He has a big future.—*E. J. Storm.*

For Parents Only

GREENSBORO, N. C.—For heaven's sake, please cut out those silly Bright Sayings of Children. We hear enough about them without reading your magazine.—*Reola.*

The Rejuvenating Influence of LIBERTY

BALTIMORE, MD.—Can you give us any legitimate reason why *Emmy, Nicky,* and *Greg,* starting as good-looking, charmingly dressed children, aged about six, eight, and ten years, should suddenly become hideous little ragamuffins, years younger than when the story opened?

Nicky—a studious little bespectacled chap, fully ten years of age—now appears in rompers. *Emmy* and *Greg,* if their years grow less in the same proportion, will soon be in their nurse's arms.—*E. L. Holcombe.*

Sweet Music

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The account of Five Red Days in the Argonne, by Norman S. Hall and Sigrid Schultz, is the best account of any of the American battles I have ever read.—*E. M. Burnett.*

Read It Aloud

NEW YORK, N. Y.—My sweetie caught me reading Vox Pop, so she

said I had to decide between Vox Pop and her, as I was imbibing my crabby ideas from Vox Pop. What would you advise? — *Heartbroken Sheik.*

Says Durant Was Innocent

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In a recent issue there appeared an article by George S. Dougherty, entitled Boob Criminals, which told how criminals get caught through some blunder on their part.

It stated that Durant killed two girls in a church tower here in San Francisco, and how, through mistakes on his part and through the clever work of a detective, he was captured and executed.

In justice to this boy, permit me to inform you that Durant did *not* kill these two girls. The minister of the church in question, upon his deathbed, confessed to having killed both girls. One was to become a mother and she had confided in her friend. The preacher knew this and killed both.

Durant protested his innocence until the rope choked out his life, and shortly thereafter his mother died of a broken heart.—*Lover of Fair Play.*

They'll Have to Make More Nickels

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Do you have an asbestos-lined wastebasket for the fiery Vox Pop stuff that's too hot for publication? You'll need one if ever I open up on some of the imbecilic writers and critics that try to voice what should and what should not be good for your magazine.

Print the stuff that brings in the nickels and give them another page of Vox Pop, and you'll own the U. S. mint next year.—*A. B. Beldin.*

Hygienic Freedom

Such As Women Never Knew Before

Peace-of-Mind . . . Comfort . . . Immaculacy

This New Way is Changing the Hygienic Habits of Millions by Banishing the Hazards of Old Ways —Positive Protection, Plus an End Forever to the Problem of Disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

YOU wear gayest, sheerest gowns without fear; you meet every social and business exactment in peace-of-mind and comfort, this *new* way.

It supplants the hazards and uncertainties of the old-time "sanitary pad" with protection that is absolute. Millions of women are flocking to its use.

The name is Kotex. Doctors urge it. Nurses employ it. Women find in it the scientific solution of their oldest hygienic problem. Its use will make a great difference in your life.

What Kotex is

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by
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Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

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Sets Ten World Records by Traveling 5000 Miles in Less Than 5000 Minutes!

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Think of the miles and miles of thrilling, trouble-free transportation such a car holds for you. In 81 hours and 49 minutes The Commander covered the distance you may travel in a year—at a speed you may seldom ask of your car. What a story of dependability, stamina and low upkeep cost this remarkable record tells you!

Think of owning a car which survived such a brutal test, with mechanical repairs limited to three grease cups (damaged by hasty greasing) and one spark plug. Is it any wonder that the Studebaker Big Six today outsells the *combined totals* of all other cars in the world of equal or greater rated power? See The Commander today—drive it yourself—know what it means to command a champion of champions.

Equipment Nickel-plated bumpers, front and rear; snubbers; no-draft ventilating windshield (exclusively Studebaker); full-size balloon tires; disc wheels and positive acting four-wheel mechanical brakes; engine thermometer and hydrostatic gasoline gauge on dash; two-beam acorn headlights, controlled from steering wheel; cowl lights and interior dome light; rear traffic signal light; automatic windshield cleaner and rear-vision mirror; oil filter; Alemite chassis lubrication; silken curtains; Butler finish hardware.

COMMANDER VICTORIA $1575
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Other Commander Models: Commander Sedan, $1585; Commander Coupe, $1545; (with rumble seat, $1645). Prices f. o. b. factory, including front and rear bumpers, 4-wheel brakes, and $100 worth of extra equipment. Other Studebaker models, $1165 to $2495; Erskine Six models, $945 and $995.

S T U D E B A K E R

Come to My HOUSE

The Story of One Mad Hour and a Girl's True Love

A Serial by

Arthur Somers Roche

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"JOHNNY" CENTURY found her name in headlines above a newspaper column of scandal. And, incredibly, the printed story was true. A man she had never seen lay dead—and she was responsible!

The seed of the tragedy had been sown at a Long Island week-end party, at the home of Renée and Jimmy Parsons, some time before. Murtaugh Pell proposed to Johnny there, and she accepted him. With his words of love but a few hours old she was scorched by an inexplicable flame of passion for Floyd Bennings, whom she barely knew. So, in the still night, she went to Bennings' house on the hilltop for one blind, ecstatic hour.

The awakening had all the elements of a nightmare. She realized that it was not Bennings but Pell she really loved. Then she discovered that the rendezvous on the hill had been spied upon by Fraylor, a blackmailer. Fraylor went to Bennings' office—and there an accidental pistol shot ended his life. It had come to death itself!

Bennings was acquitted. Johnny, who had refused to marry him, refused to marry Pell also, because she was a social outcast. Her mother having left for Europe, the girl, disconsolate, went to visit her friends, the Parsonses. Driving alone in her roadster, Bennings' house drew her. Pell found her in her car, halted before it. Though adoring him, she still refused to marry him, but managed to convey to him that he could possess her—without marriage.

PART TEN (CONCLUSION)

SLOWLY the implication of her silent answers took on form, became clothed with the horrid substance of definite meaning. Even in that dim light she could see the angry embarrassment of his face. The tense grip of his fingers on her shoulders relaxed.

"I'd better take you home," he said.

He stepped around her and threw open the door of her car.

"Don't you think we might as well thrash the matter out now?" she asked.

"It's one o'clock at night; you're all unstrung; in no condition to discuss anything," he told her.

"Not even our marriage?" she retorted.

He swung around and his hands clutched at her again. But she evaded him.

"I TELEPHONED Murt, and when he came he discovered that your car was missing. Nothing would do but to go out looking for you."

"I'm competent to discuss the most important thing in the world, eh?" Her voice held gentle mockery. "But other matters are too much for me now, in my present overwrought state? No, Murt, it isn't I who am unable to discuss the situation—it's you who are afraid."

"If to love a girl so much that certain things are unthinkable is to be afraid—" he began.

"Why are they unthinkable?" she interrupted.

"Because you're *you*," he answered.

Her head turned until she was looking at the little white house across the road. He understood her instantly.

"Johnny, you're doing your best to hurt me, but you can't do it."

"No?"

"Because I won't let you; because I know that it isn't the real you that wants to hurt me."

"Because I don't want to hurt you; because I want to save you from hurt—"

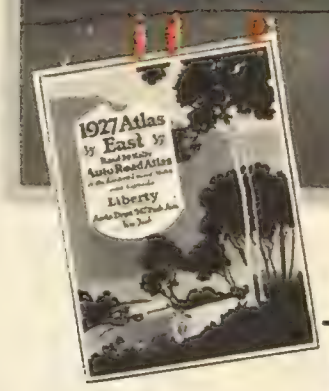
[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTY-ONE]

Sarah Johnson and Mary Jordan are planning their Over-the-Fourth, *Great Lakes trip—Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, and Detroit. They will have no trouble finding their way—they have* LIBERTY *Road Maps.*

Many people who live in Minnesota will take this North Shore drive and spend the Fourth in some one of the picturesque resorts or quaint fishing villages along the way. A LIBERTY *Road Map will guide them.*

Emery Worden is planning to go from Chicago to the resorts in Michigan, Over-the-Fourth. *He has* LIBERTY *Road Maps to direct him.*

A typical Fourth-of-July spectacle at a far western lake. Travelling through magnificent scenery, the autos come from miles around.



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-NINE]

"I tell you we won't talk any more tonight," he declared.

"And I tell you," she countered, "that if we don't talk tonight we never will."

He wavered, took a step toward his own car, then weakened.

"Well, what do you want to tell me?" he asked.

"That I love you more than anything in the world," she said. "And that I won't marry you."

"Which seems to settle the matter, doesn't it?"

"But you love me," she said.

"I thought you said you didn't want to hurt me," he charged. "And yet you tell me that you love me, and remind me—as if I needed reminding—that I love you. If all this doesn't hurt, I'd like to know what you think would hurt me."

"What would hurt you?" Her tone held speculation. "Why, I'll tell you what would hurt you: To walk into a restaurant and hear the buzz of gossip that would arise when people recognized the woman with you; to have old friends deny their homes to you; to feel an outcast. Those are the things that would hurt. Be honest, Murt, and tell me if they would."

"Of course they would," he admitted.

HER voice was triumphant. "Then, don't you see how impossible our marriage is?"

"I've said those things would hurt. But let me tell you of something else so infinitely more painful that those things you mentioned amount to nothing: To ache with every nerve for the one woman; to be obsessed with thoughts of her; to see her image eternally before my face and know that if I reach out to touch her the image will be gone. That's the hurt I can't endure."

"And needn't endure," she told him.

"You think I'd take you that way?" he asked.

"You love me," she said simply.

"I wonder if you understand what love means?" he asked.

"Doesn't the fact that I'm willing to endure shame and humiliation prove that I understand?"

"It proves that you understand what love can give. But doesn't it occur to you that there are things that love can't take?"

"Haven't I refused to take away your friends, your career, your position?" she countered.

"And you expect me to take more than you would accept? Johnny, the very fact that you talk this way proves that this is no time to discuss matters."

"Is any time the right time for a woman to be honest with a man?" she demanded. "Murt, why can't we be honest with each other? Why must an absurd chivalry dominate your attitude?"

"You call it chivalry because I wouldn't take you as my mistress?"

"What else is it?"

"Selfishness," he surprisingly told her. "I want to be happy."

"And wouldn't I make you happy?"

"You wouldn't be happy in such a relationship. Why should you expect me to be? My God, if the body was all of love, do you think I'd stand here arguing against my own desire? You're beautiful, Johnny. Anyone can see that. But wouldn't I, who love you, be unworthy of your love if I saw only what the man who eyes you on the street can see? The essence that is you—that's what I love. Your limbs may be round and your lips sweet, but what have they to do with love?"

"Yet you thought to make me love you by your kisses," she reminded him.

"Not to make you love me, but to make you know. Oh, Johnny, if what you have to give were all, I wouldn't hesitate to take."

"What can there be beyond what I am willing to give?" she asked.

"Can you give the light in your eyes that's there when you don't know anyone is near? The light I have seen so many times? Can you give the gayety that sometimes you don't know you have? The things I love in you are things that I have discovered myself, that you never gave, that you never could give."

MURT stepped back from her. "Don't you see how impossible it is?"

"You want me to make an honest man of you," she gibed.

"That isn't *you* speaking now. That's a reckless Johnny Century, a sad Johnny Century. And do you think I'd add to the recklessness, increase the sadness? In some queer way you seem to think that the place of a wife may be filled by a mistress."

"Sometimes it is," she retorted cynically.

"Then the wife has never really been a wife," he said.

"You think that it isn't possible for a man and a woman to live happily together without marriage?"

"That depends on the man, and on the woman, and on what you consider happiness to be. For you and for me the thing is impossible. You haven't changed because of—" He hesitated.

"Go on, say it," she ordered. "Don't you see, Murt, that you'd always remember Floyd?"

"Well, what of that?"

"You'd hate me."

He smiled tenderly. "You asked me, the other night, if I thought you perfect. You asked me if I'd ever noticed you in your bathing-suit, and reminded me that your knees

MURTAUGH had yielded to the dictates of chivalry, doubtless, and was announcing his refusal to come to her.

weren't perfect. Do you suppose that the thought of your mismated knees—not that I believe you—will always come to cloud my love for you? Johnny, there's a tiny mole below your left ear. Do you suppose that blemish will grow in importance with the passing years? Johnny, I've been through hell. I know that sounds melodramatic, but it's the truth. And I think that fire purifies if it doesn't consume. I'm not like most other men, setting great value on nonessentials. If you love me, why should I go behind that love?"

"Suppose I grant that you wouldn't go behind it? What about your friends? What about those women who broke their engagements to lunch with your sister because I was to be there? Why, Murt, suppose we have children!"

"There's no 'suppose' about it. I want children," he declared. "And could I have them of my mistress?"

She looked at him. Suddenly her voice was weak. "Please—I don't think I can stand any more. Kiss me good-by."

He backed another step away from her and shook his head.

"Why not?" she asked.

"My God, what creatures you women are! Don't you know that if I ever kiss you, I can never say good-by?" There was anger in his voice.

She moved toward him, her hands extended in appeal. And then she was crushed against him and his lips found hers.

"I think," she said at length, "that if anyone should chance to pass and see you kissing me, the shreds of my poor reputation would be more draggled than ever."

"I hate to let you away from me, even for the drive back to the Parsons house," he told her. "But, after this, we never will be separated."

"Never," she assured him.

He helped her into her car. She smiled at the exaggerated gentleness of his aid. Settled behind the wheel, she leaned suddenly toward him and kissed him lightly. Then her foot pressed the starter.

She had driven swiftly earlier this evening, but now she gave the engine every bit of gas it would take. She wished to be safe in her room before he arrived at the house. She wanted to be alone with herself; to have no recollection of further kisses to guide her thoughts.

THE Parsons house was illuminated only in the halls when she entered it. But hardly had she closed her door when Renée entered.

"You frightened us," said Renée. "I telephoned Murt, and when he came he discovered that your car was missing. Nothing would do but to go out looking for you."

She appraised Johnny with matronly shrewdness. "I should say he found you."

Johnny smiled, and Renée threw her arms around her.

"You blessed lamb!" crooned the married woman. "I knew you'd come to your senses. I knew that if he had half an hour with you, all your silly scruples would vanish."

She released Johnny. "When is it to be?" she asked.

Johnny blushed. To do a thing was all very well, but to talk about it was something very different.

"You'll know," she said, with an effort at lightness.

Thank God, the hour was late—so late that even Renée, insatiable for romance though she was, was too sleepy to discuss affairs of the heart now. Another embrace and Renée departed.

Johnny's lips hardened. She was going to shock Renée by her deeds. Why had she hesitated to shock her hostess by an announcement of what her deeds would be?

She wondered, as she took off her clothes, if furtive evasion would become part and parcel of her life, of her very character itself? No, it wouldn't, she assured herself. Not fear of Renée's disapproval had withheld Johnny's speech, but unwillingness to hurt her friend had caused her reticence.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[COME TO MY HOUSE
Continued from Page Eighty-one]

But there was no profit to be gained from thinking of other people now. She had made her decision, and nothing in the world could make her change it.

Comfortably she settled herself in bed. Other people didn't matter, but how about herself? Now that she had come face to face with the great issue, could she be sure of her own attitude?

Passion was worth no sacrifice. Ah, but it was not mere passion that she felt for Murt. It was love, a love that made herself seem nothing. But could one reduce oneself to nothingness? If people lived together, the question of children instantly arose. What right had she to damn them before they were conceived?

She refused to think any more. When one began to consider obligations to the yet unborn, one was departing from the legitimate field of argument to the field of futility.

Deliberately she closed her eyes and as deliberately went to sleep.

SHE awoke to find Renée beside her bed. The blonde little matron had a morning paper in her hand. She indicated a headline to Johnny.

The girl sat up and knuckled drowsy eyes. She didn't bother to read the full account. The headlined facts were enough. Elenor Doyle had married Floyd Bennings late the previous afternoon, in Greenwich. The couple, according to the first paragraph, had sailed at midnight on the Majestic. "Everyone will forget the silly gossip about you now," declared Renée.

Johnny smiled lazily. "I don't care whether they forget it or not. And I confess that I don't follow your argument. The fact that a man marries one woman doesn't prove he had no affair with another, does it?"

"But it makes it so much pleasanter." Renée's inept summing up made Johnny grin.

"I suppose it does," she admitted. She wished to avoid argument. Awakening had brought no change in her resolution. If only Murtaugh had not changed. She felt a sudden sick pang at the mere thought. Good God, to think that she, Johnny Century, the à-la-carte girl who was to choose daintily from the menu of life, had become so obsessed by the personality of one man!

"Breakfast up here?" Renée asked.

"No, I'll breakfast downstairs."

Renée drew back her hand from the bell. "To be with Murtaugh?" she queried archly.

"To be with Murtaugh," Johnny admitted.

Big, cheeks a trifle too shiny from his recent razor, Murtaugh sat at the breakfast table. He could not have heard her entrance, so softly did she approach, but he turned, rose, and swept her into his arms.

"There are crumbs of toast on your chin," she accused.

"Sufficient proof that I need a woman to make me mind my manners," he laughed.

Her eyebrows raised. "Your appetite needs no improvement."

"Happy people are never anæmic," he explained.

He held a chair for her. "How long must I wait before we breakfast together by design and not by happy chance?"

"I'm going in town right after breakfast," she replied. "I shall pack my things. I shall be waiting for you."

His cheeks paled; she felt the blood being drained from her own face. The sweetness of the moment was so exquisite that the entrance of the butler became a shocking banality, as though something grossly material had intruded upon angelic delicacy.

Renée, kindly and amiable though she was, had never been remarkable for tact.

"I know," she bustled into the room, "that you two young things think I ought to have my breakfast in bed, as I usually do, and not disturb you. But I'm so gorgeously happy because you two darlings are happy, that I just have to come down and join you. Jimmy has just been telling me that if you hurry your architect, you can have your foundations in before frost comes. You are going to take a piece of our ground and build, aren't you?"

"Don't talk building and settling down to us this morning," said Pell.

"Well, you have to think of those things," said Renée.

But though speech of the intimate sort was denied them, the language of glances was permitted. Johnny had never been so happy in her life.

She was planning to toss overboard all the conventions, and was convinced she'd never hear them splash.

II

HER bags were packed. Her maid had been dismissed. Johnny smiled cynically as she thought of the maid's grief at parting. In the not-distant future the maid would speak with horror of her former mistress. Well, if one bothered about the opinions of servants—

She had driven to town alone. Murtaugh had said nothing about his leaving the Parsons house. But she knew that he must have left there shortly after she did. She glanced at her watch. It was 1 o'clock. He should arrive at any moment now. Probably they'd lunch at some quiet restaurant, and then start off, doubtless in his car.

The doorbell rang. Though she had been expecting the sound, its clangor assailed more than her ears. It struck at every nerve in her body. Actual physical pains were in her heart.

She buried her face in her arms. She couldn't go to the door and admit him. Oh, what had she been thinking of, to imagine that she could deliberately do what she had planned to do? This was not the mad impulse of a moment, yielded to without premeditation. This was a deliberate step.

Then she lifted her white face from her arms. This had been all thought out before. A decision had been made, and that decision was irrevocable. She walked to the door and opened it.

But it was not Murtaugh. Instead, a wizened little man, in the uniform of a telegraph messenger, stood before her. From his cap he took an envelope addressed to her. He thrust book and pencil into her hand and she mechanically signed her name on the line indicated.

That cynical quality, which was a recent addition to her smile, appeared in it now as she slit the envelope. Murtaugh had yielded to the dictates of chivalry, doubtless, and was announcing his refusal to come to her. How topsy-turvy the times were, when women pleaded and men refused.

AND then her face whitened. For the message was not from Murtaugh, but from the purser of the Mauretania. Her mother had been taken violently ill; had been operated on by the ship's surgeon during the night, for appendicitis. Her condition was dangerous, though not hopeless. But she was on a liner with several days more of travel before she could be placed in a hospital at Southampton. If storms arose, how could her mother survive the inevitable motion?

"Your mother cabled me twelve days ago and I caught

the first boat. Johnny, are you going to marry me?"

Forgotten was Murtaugh. This was her own mother who lay suffering in mid-Atlantic. This was her mother who, in Johnny's time of trial, had found no word of censure for her daughter.

And she could do nothing, could only wait here supinely, with brief messages to tell her that her mother still lived. But wait a bit: she could do something. She could join her mother in England; could entertain and pet her in her convalescence, provided—and her heart was leaden—there was any convalescence. But she mustn't think of that; the dread possibility must not be permitted to enter her thoughts.

Then she remembered Murtaugh. Suppose her mother survived the operation? Would she continue to survive if another scandal enmeshed her daughter?

The question answered itself. We weren't free and independent units, and there was no use pretending that we were. Being born did not confer privileges: it created obligations. Strange that these obligations should assume importance because her mother was ill.

But perhaps the obligations gained no dimension by her mother's illness. Possibly that illness simply made Johnny aware of the obligations. Her mother was down. You couldn't hit a person who was down. Perhaps you couldn't hit your mother even if she weren't down; maybe you'd only thought you could do so.

BUT speculation was useless. What might have happened had her mother's voyage been without incident, or had the wireless been delayed, was beside the point.

She knew now that she could never go with Murt.

She telephoned a steamship agency. The Leviathan sailed at three. Her passport was in order. At this season of the year there was no difficulty in securing a cabin. And at a quarter to three the bags that had been destined for the tonneau of Pell's automobile were on the floor of her stateroom.

Well, that was that. She could neither fight her way back to the citadel from which she had been ousted, nor could she step into the shadow of the stronghold to dwell in the half-world. She was beaten. Life itself had beaten her.

She was not a good sailor, and usually remained in her cabin for practically the whole voyage. And she felt less inclination to show herself on this voyage than on any other.

Her worry diminished with each passing day. The Mauretania's purser wirelessed her as to her mother's condition each afternoon, and his reports were uniformly optimistic. She was by her mother's side in the hospital forty-eight hours after Mrs. Century had been taken there.

She thanked God for one thing: England was different from America. Reporters did not board the ship and question her. Had she been a figure in an English scandal, landing at New York, how the newspapers would have hounded her!

Mrs. Century recovered rapidly. In two weeks she was removed from the hospital, and, in a hotel apartment, mother and daughter discussed the future.

Frankly Johnny told her mother of the step she had been about to take when she received the wireless from the Mauretania's purser.

"I suppose I'm very wicked," she finished.

"You didn't go with him," said her mother.

"But wicked intentions—aren't they as bad as wicked deeds?"

"Maybe; in that case hell will be overpopulated," said Mrs. Century. "Each does the thing he's capable of doing. You felt that a duty to me was stronger than another inclination. I am grateful. I don't want my daughter to live in the shadow. Johnny, what do you intend to do?"

Johnny shrugged. "What is there for me to do? I found out in a few hours after you left New York that I'm out of everything."

"But Murtaugh Pell? You've told me that you love him. He loves you and wants to marry you. Have you heard from him?"

"I don't imagine he knows where I am. My name wasn't on the Leviathan passenger list, and I don't think the New York papers mentioned my sailing."

"A cablegram would tell him your address in a couple of hours," suggested her mother.

Johnny shook her head. "I've been all over that with him, and with you, too. I couldn't marry him."

"And you won't change your mind?"

"Nothing could make me," declared Johnny.

"But," argued her mother, "weren't you determined that nothing could prevent you from going away with him? And didn't something make you change your mind?"

"That was different," asserted Johnny.

Her mother did not bring up the subject again. They never had been particularly intimate, but now Mrs. Century discovered a great need for her daughter. Her illness had made her cancel her visit to Scotland, but with renewed health she declared her lack of desire to take up the usual routine.

"You mean," said Johnny, "that you won't desert me. Well, I'm not going to stay with you, to remind all the world that Mrs. Century has a déclassée daughter."

"If you leave me I'll never forgive you," her mother told her. "I'm well, but not well enough to look cheerfully forward to a winter in either London or New York. I want to go to some place where there's sunshine."

"You should be able to secure the right sort of invitation," said Johnny.

"Don't you think that if my daughter could come to me when I was in trouble, I can stay with my daughter when she needs me?"

"How can you be sure I need you?" asked Johnny.

"Let's forget need; let's think of pride. Johnny, I had no right to leave you. I have less right now. Shall I let the world think I'm ashamed of you?"

"What do you care?"

Mrs. Century smiled. "Well, let's drop pride, and think of affection. Johnny, I want you to be with me. Won't you stay?"

A LITTLE villa at Cagnes, about a half-mashie shot from the beach, and not a full drive from the nearest fairway. Here, with an impeccable English butler whose lungs forced him to live in a mild climate, and who therefore cost one-fourth of what he would have cost in New York, with a fat French cook who could do more with mushrooms than anyone in the world, and with her daughter to keep the upstairs tidy, Johnny and her mother settled down.

The blue Mediterranean invited before breakfast. The mornings one spent on the golf course. And although, at first, many of the hotels and shops at Cannes and Nice were closed, enough delightfully quaint places were open to intrigue the mother and daughter.

The Maritime Alps and the villages nestling in crevices in the mountains; the little Citroen car which Johnny drove; the "kitchen" in the Casino at Monte Carlo, where one could wile

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Paris Gives You This Remarkable Beauty Bath Secret

and

IMMEDIATELY *Your* SKIN FEELS LIKE *the* VELUMEN *of an* ORCHID PETAL

Never Before Have You Experienced Such a Fascinating Beauty Bath

HERE at last is a new beauty secret with all the guile and intrigue that only France knows how to impart.

A beauty bath that *immediately* gives the skin a sensation of having bathed in rich cream.

You would never believe that a beauty bath with such a startling result could be so inexpensive. At practically a cent a bath you have a skin rivalling the velumen of an orchid petal.

Immediate Results

By merely taking two or more handfuls of Linit—(the scientific starch discovery sold by all grocers) and swishing into a half tubful of moderately warm water—bathing in the usual way using your favorite soap—stepping out of the tub—drying off—and

Presto!—Feel your skin—in texture it is soft and smooth as the finest satin and in elasticity and suppleness it is perfect.

Powder Unnecessary

After a Linit Bath there is a thin coating of powder left on the skin that is *evenly* spread. This thin porous layer of powder absorbs perspiration, is resistant to irritation and gives the skin a soft, regular "feel."

Linit, when added to the bath produces a creamy feel to the water which makes it less irritating in cases of certain skin diseases.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit—and therein lies the secret of the Linit Bath, for starch from corn, being a vegetable product, is absolutely pure and harmless. Doctors and dermatologists generally recommend starch from corn for the tender skin of new-born babies.

Very Important to Fastidious Women

The fact that **LINIT** is sold by all grocers as a high class laundry starch and is also recommended for use as a remarkable beauty bath, may seem rather far-fetched to some women—however, the statements made above are not mere claims but are backed by leading chemists and dermatologists, and the use of **LINIT** as a beauty bath is a common practice among fashionable women and cinema stars.

Regardless of all this—*you* are the judge of whether a **LINIT** bath will give the results as stated above. **LINIT** is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let the results speak for themselves.

Merely ask your grocer for a package of **LINIT** *and follow the above suggestions*

IMPORTANT: Should you experience any difficulty in procuring LINIT, please write Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. L., 17 Battery Place, New York City. Being a comparatively new product, LINIT is not as yet widely distributed.

[COME TO MY HOUSE Continued from Page Eighty-three]

away the interval between luncheon and tea. And, above all, the soft and balmy air. Johnny hated the days to pass, bringing "the season" and less clement weather.

Oddly, she was not unhappy. Sometimes she thought she was better fitted for this lazy life than for any other. They made no acquaintances. Practically all of the villas were empty, anyway. But she lived outdoors so much that she felt no need for companionship.

But after Christmas the golf course began to be crowded. The Sporting Club opened at Monte Carlo, and Ciro's began to be crowded. It was no longer possible to live in seclusion. On the promenade at Cannes one encountered familiar faces, and one could not forever shun recognition.

And it was cowardly to try to remain hidden. After all, life was not served à la carte. The full meal was placed before one and one accepted all or nothing.

And so one afternoon, in the Sporting Club, she turned away from a roulette table to come face to face with Genevieve Carlton. This was one of the young women who had canceled the luncheon engagement with Agatha Vanderveer at Sherry's one day—was it only last summer? Johnny waited. Mrs. Carlton had administered the cut indirect last summer; Johnny waited now for the cut direct. And then it seemed to her that the room was whirling around. For Genevieve Carlton not merely spoke her name, not merely smiled, but was cordially excited at seeing Johnny.

"SO you've a villa at Cagnes? How perfectly sweet! I wish we were to be here long enough to make a house worth while. And your mother is here, too? How about luncheon tomorrow at the Café de Paris?"

There was little more, but that was enough. Johnny walked straight out of the Sporting Club, climbed into the Citroen, and started home. Along that winding road to Nice she sped, and through the beautiful city, to Cagnes.

She went immediately to her mother's bedroom.

"Met Genevieve Carlton in Monte. She invited us to luncheon tomorrow." She burst into tears.

Her mother touched her cheek. "Did you think that everyone would remember forever? My dear, people have short memories nowadays because there is so much to forget."

The luncheon passed off pleasantly. Mrs. Carlton did not mention that other luncheon at which she had failed to arrive, but she managed to drag into the conversation the names of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bennings, whom she had seen in Paris. That was all, but it was enough to indicate to Johnny that, as far as Mrs. Carlton was concerned, whatever scandalous connection had been rumored about Johnny and Floyd was forever broken now.

"You did the only possible thing," said Mrs. Century that evening. "Fighting scandal only keeps it alive. One's presence reminds folks. But when one quietly disappears—pouf!—it is forgotten. Don't you think it's about time you wrote to Murtaugh?"

Johnny flushed hotly. "He never looked for me. If that's all he cared—"

So Mrs. Century, reading her daughter's hot resentment, sent a cablegram. How was Johnny to know that Mrs. Century had been receiving weekly letters from Pell, to which she had regularly replied, the burden of each note being, "Not yet." But the burden of this cablegram was, "Now."

III

ON the Grande Corniche, 2,000 feet above Monte Carlo, Johnny stopped the Citroen. A thousand feet below, Eze dreamed upon its needle-like height. Yachts—toy-things from here—floated on the water.

"Well," said she, "it's all a bit too coincidental—your dropping in at the Sporting Club, mother's exaggerated surprise—how long have you two been planning this?"

"We've been corresponding for months. Your mother cabled me twelve days ago and I caught the first boat. Johnny, are you going to marry me?"

"Are you sure you want to marry a woman for whom marriage would not have been necessary?" she asked.

"Don't be silly. I'd have made you marry me," he told her.

She looked at him, suspicion in her eyes. "I don't believe you ever came to get me that day I sailed."

"I wouldn't have got you if I had come," he retorted.

"Did you come?" she insisted.

"I'm here," he replied. And she did not press the question.

"We could be married tomorrow," he said.

She nodded assent. What was the use of words?

No, there was nothing to say, nothing to do except creep closer into the strong arms that clasped her. Yes, there was something to be said.

About Floyd. Murt must understand that Floyd, as far as she was concerned, might not only be dead, but might never have lived.

And then she realized that Pell did understand this; that, as far as Pell was concerned, Floyd never had existed. For she realized that Pell loved her even as she loved him, and where two love there can be no third.

THE END

The story just ended has shown one side of life: the high society side. You'll find The Devil's Mantle, by Frank L. Packard—which starts in this issue—a serial equally powerful, in a totally different setting. Begin this romance of love and adventure in the South Seas, on page 7.

PARIS Gives First Aid to FLAPPERS

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, May 29.

CLOTHES are the "eye medicine" of beauty, supplying corrective rose-colored lenses through which women may appear pleasing in spite of the negligence of nature. Paris, the great sartorial oculist, specializing in the production of this kind of eye-ease, has found one particularly potent aid. It can be defined in the one word "youth." Lopping off undesirable years from the appearance is, seemingly, the great central idea of present-day styles. When properly applied, smart clothes make forty look thirty, thirty look twenty, and so on.

That's all fine for the mature woman; but when raw youth, flaming youth, or whatever you want to call it—when the teens and the just-twenties come in for Paris styles, where do they get off? A model designed to make a lady of thirty look like ten years less somehow doesn't do for the girl who is just twenty.

FOR a youthful evening coat Chantal chooses pale green crepe de Chine, with many-colored beads.

AN excellent first aid to the débutante is this Bernard frock of pink chiffon embroidered in pearls.

THE poppy-red lace dance frock is ideal for the young girl.

DRECOLL created the dance frock in the panel above, left.

The flapper needs just as much attention from the dress creators as does her older sister. She needs something for herself, her age, and her boundless vitality, and hand-me-downs designed for the elders won't do. She doesn't look sophisticated in these fashions, but merely inadequate.

Our own flappers, too, require specially designed fashions. What the French *jeune fille* wears won't do. Our girls have a sparkle and an abandon that the very sheltered girl in France doesn't possess, although in innocence the two may be identical.

So Paris is creating styles for the *débutante Américaine* which have become so popular that this first aid for flappers is, alas, often appropriated by older ladies—with disastrous optical results. Particularly, the frocks for dancing that are designed for young girls are extremely successful.

Evening colors, this season, run to the youthfulest pastel shades, pink, blue, and young-leaf green, and to white and a brilliant poppy red. Materials are frail and dainty, like evanescent youth, and the trimmings are sparkling. This is a brief catalog of the three most striking properties of the dance frock for the deb: The cut is always simple, with waistline—the line that first betrays age—clearly defined, hemline brief, and décolletage high enough to be deservedly called modest.

The evening gown for the young girl hasn't even a vestige of sleeve or shoulder cap; for, as Jacques Worth said to me, "It is in the arm just below the shoulder that perfection may be found only in true youth, up to perhaps twenty-five." So Paris sees to it that the young arm is revealed fully at its loveliest point—as is shown in our Bernard dance dress of pale rosebud pink.

In our model from Drecoll, the color is blue, a pale turquoise, with a straight blouse and a plaited skirt, very similar in cut to the sports frock for daytime. The artistry of this frock lies chiefly in the embroidery, the crepe georgette of the waist being hung with small crystal pendants, and the skirt, in sharp contrast, being embroidered in bands of silver and green paillettes. The girdle is a draped affair embroidered solidly in paillettes. The waist and skirt differing, as in this case, form one of the style items of the summer season.

Our large model in the center is of another young evening gown from the clever fingers of Bernard, and this one is a glorious poppy red, the color of flaming youth. The slip of this dress is double, an interior slip of pale pink and an outer one of red chiffon. Both slips are scalloped at the hemline, the inner, pink one being edged with lace and the outer one simply picoted.

Over this slip is placed a lace bodice, open to show the foundation to the waist, and a split lace tunic with a scalloped hemline border. The girdle of red chiffon ties in a big bow at the center front.

OUR evening coat is designed by Chantal for the débutante. In cut, it is inspired by the Russian overcoat, while its material is crepe de Chine, pale green in color, and lined with a darker tone. It is embroidered in an old Russian motif executed with beads of many colors. There is no collar, it being chic at the moment to eliminate this item for summer.

All that the flapper needs is first aid, and it is this that Paris renders, giving just enough and never too much to accent her own natural charm.

New Colors and Lines for Bathing-Suits

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

5771
16
18
20

OF blue crepe de Chine with tucks across the waist and a plaited skirt, this frock is worn with a Deauville scarf.

5768
16
18
20

5769
Coat
Only
34
36
38
40

THIS bathing-suit is in two shades. The belt is shaped like a trousers top.

A BLACK-AND-WHITE woolen bathing-suit, worn with an orange, yellow, and black linen coat.

5770
34
36
38
40

EVENING dress of printed chiffon made with a wide girdle and a long panel on one side. It is in shades of green.

THREE hundred and twenty-five dollars for a bathing-suit is, comparatively speaking, quite a price. Still, that is the retail figure at which a certain suit was quoted along the boulevards of Paris, having been conceived and created there for use at Deauville.

This resort, as you know, is a watering place, the natural waters of which play a very inconspicuous part.

The place in which you and your companions are more likely to assemble is the so-called "gossips' stand," which is nothing more than a lot of tables arranged with chairs round them, outside of a bakery fragrant with hot breads and chocolate. There you go in your $325 bathing-suit (with a coat of almost equal price slung over it, of course) to see what the other folks are wearing.

But the bathing-suit No. 5768 is better suited to our needs here at home. It is of a style carried over from lingerie and known as the envelope. In more colloquial language, it is called also the "step-in," and is held down, or is supposed to be, by a tab between the legs. You put it on and blouse it over the little belt, which is made in the outline of the top of a man's trousers. It is compact, it is secure, it is soft and blousy. Also, one can copy the idea at less expense.

The most important feature is the trunks or shorts, in that they are roomy. Of late years girls have gone so crazy on the subject of absolutely skin-tight bathing-suits that this one contains not a bad idea for them to consider. There are two plaits in front and two on each side, giving a sense of roominess and a new silhouette, which will be welcome, I should say. This is what you might call a tailor-made bathing-suit. It is in two shades of blue.

The black-and-white is a more active bathing-suit, made with a round neck and the straight lines that all of them are now assuming. It does not fit the thighs so terribly tightly as formerly, and it hangs more in the line of a man's shorts.

This suit is of white wool in the sweater, and black in the lower part, with a band of the black along the bottom of the sweater. On this border is a monogram. This bathing-suit is accompanied by an orange linen coat (No. 5769), blocked in black and pale yellow.

BLACK and white are now used widely for actual sports clothes to be worn in country places. Heretofore black has been definitely not accepted in the country, but this year, if you have enough white with your costume, it is the smartest color combination you can wear. The wrap is cut much in the manner of any country coat, with a binding round the neck in yellow.

Every summer printed silks are announced to us as a brand-new conception of the season. They are nothing more than a variation of the old foulard so dear to us. The new feature of this year, I believe, is that more evening dresses are made from them than formerly.

The evening dress (No. 5770) is very lovely, I think, with the wide girdle and the long full panel on one side. The day dress (No. 5771) is one of those tricky creations that looks simple, in a tucked and plaited long silhouette of one color, which is blue, and its Deauville scarf of a deeper shade.

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The EVOLUTION of the SODA Fountain

A Review of America's Most Refreshing Business

An Article by

NORMAN S. HALL

Pictures by T. S. TOUSEY

" That's all you know. Listen, baby! This fountain is as out of date as peg-top pants."

EDDIE, his immaculate dispenser's jacket carefully bulged open above the first button to disclose a three-toned cravat upon a lavender shirt, smiled largely on the very blonde, very pert young miss who climbed languidly to a seat before his counter.

" What'll it be, kid? " he asked.

" A chocolate malted milk," the pert and blonde one replied. Then, with one hand caressing the curled bob: " And that 'kid' stuff don't mean you've got sex appeal."

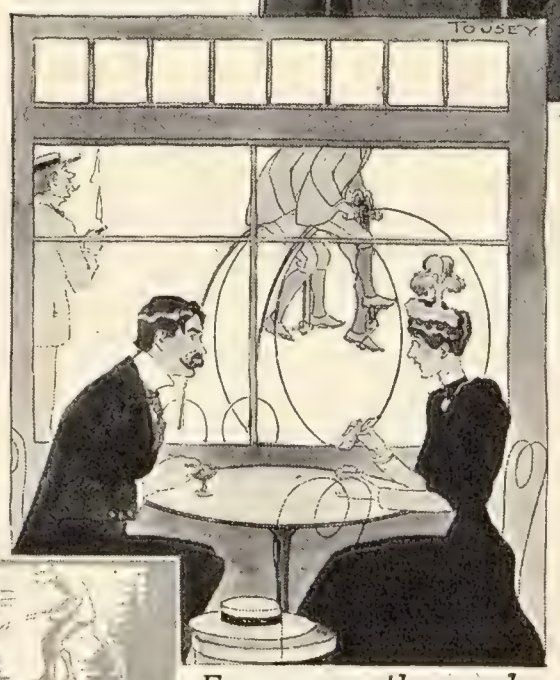
Eddie flipped a glass from one hand to the other, measured with a critical eye the thick, shiny syrup he squirted by means of flat-handed slaps on a nickel plunger, squished out milk with ostentatious pumping of a long handle, tossed two spoonfuls of yellowish-gray powder into the mixture, thrust the glass into a clip, and with a resounding whack that spelled finis brought down a plunger with a tiny motor atop.

As the instrument whirred into life and the brown fluid in the glass swirled and bubbled, Eddie leaned nonchalantly on one elbow and regarded his customer.

The pert and blonde one admired his languid pose and gave it her approval.

" Pretty soft for you, Eddie."

" Yeah? " The lavender shirt swelled with contemptuous indignation. " That's all you know. Listen, baby! This is a job of work for any guy. Why, this "—with a gesture intended to embrace the ornate fountain and its shining accessories—" is as out of date as peg-top pants. Say, they got fountains now that ice themselves—you know, make their own ice with a machine. I've seen 'em and they're the cats. If this dump would get one, this wouldn't be such a bad job."



For years, the week-end special was known as a Sunday.

Had Eddie, who is introduced here as the typical soda dispenser, known of the experiments now being conducted which, if successful, will almost entirely do away with ice at the soda fountain, he might have spoken even more disparagingly of his surroundings. Had he been asked to serve at one of the early fountains, his wail to the blonde one would have been a shrill bleat.

The soda fountain, like derby hats, horn-rimmed glasses, and human beings—excluding, perhaps, Tennesseeans and a few Texans—has experienced evolution, an evolution tinged with adventure and romance: the adventure of discovery and invention, the romance of small, modest plans culminating in world renown and mighty fortunes.

Two years before the Centennial of 1876, according to the *Pharmaceutical Era,* Robert M. Green of Philadelphia discovered ice-cream soda. At that time he was acting as the agent for John Matthews of New York, employer of the first soda dispenser, and had been serving soda water and ice cream, but always separately.

Having obtained a permit to dispense these delicacies at an exposition conducted by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, he looked about for some novelty to attract patrons to his booth.

" Why not," thought he, " mix the ice cream with the charged water and flavoring? "

HE did, and ice-cream soda, the " American national drink," was born. It found immediate favor; and shortly thereafter Fred Saunders of Detroit adopted the practice, advertised it widely, and is credited with having done even more than Mr. Green to establish the new decoction.

The sundae came into being in much the same way. A soda dispenser—there are as many claimants to the distinction of being the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Chew DENTYNE and smile!

THE men who land the big orders are famous for their cheery smiles. There's nothing like a smile to win your way into the hearts of men. Teeth play a big part. They must be clean and pearly white. Dentyne is a delicious gum that makes smiles more attractive. It keeps teeth snowy white.

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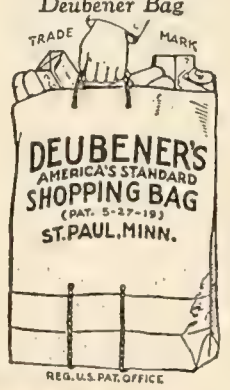

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[THE EVOLUTION OF THE SODA FOUNTAIN
Continued from Page Eighty-seven]

first as there are types of sundaes—thinking to increase his Sabbath business, originated a mixture and advertised it as a "Sunday special." Thereafter people who wanted one would ask for "one of those Sundays."

For years it was known as a Sunday; but, just as a tea shop used to be a tea shop instead of Ye Olde Anciente Teae Shoppe, the special week-end drink came to be known as a sundae.

During this period the fountains improved. They were made larger and more decorative, but, even so, the soda fountain was a crude affair.

Tin and copper were used in the metal parts and but little attention was given to sanitation. As a result, the highly acidic syrups then in use, acting on these metals, produced dangerous poisons. The introduction of aluminum, porcelain, and silver into fountain manufacture soon corrected these evils.

The soda fountain, like the automobile, gathered accessories faster than a bird dog accumulates burrs. Paramount among these was the straw. Its precise origin is not known; but, since it came into being contemporaneously with the mustache cup, it is fair to assume that it was invented by some gentleman with a flourishing crop of face hair.

EVEN in the days when the stalwart American male associated mahogany and brass rather than marble and glass with his liquid refreshments, gentlemen occasionally visited the soda fountain.

Imagine, then, the embarrassment experienced by luxuriantly mustached and bearded gallants who found, after such a visitation, the lingering presence among their front feathers of carbonic froth and sticky syrup! Surely the straw was a boon in those days. Its other virtues made it so popular that it has remained as one of the distinct badges of the soda fountain.

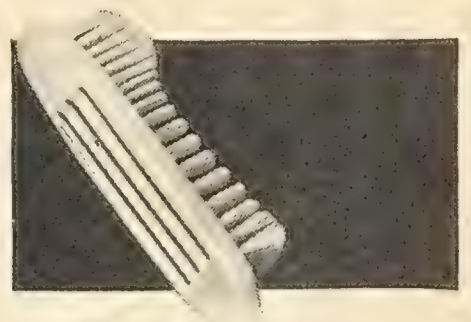
The glass-holder was another aid to comfort. Cold glasses distressed feminine fingers, so metal holders with handles were devised. Later these were altered to hold sanitary paper containers. The ice-cream cone, now as much a part of childhood as measles, appeared. At first a soggy, doughy mess, it was perfected to its present state of crisp daintiness. With improvements in fountain sanitation came wax wrappings for the straws and glass containers for cones.

Milk was added to the soda-fountain menu. Through the medium of hot drinks, dollars continued to drip from fountain spigots during the winter months. Indeed, it was in the hot chocolate of an older day that the idea of the present soda-fountain lunch was born.

Wafers (two of them) were served with each cup of steaming chocolate. Soon some enterprising fountain proprietor added a bowl of lady fingers; and not long thereafter came the sandwich.

You know what it is now: soup,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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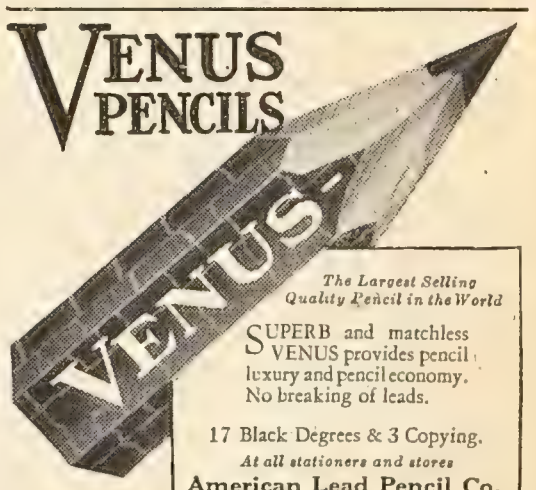

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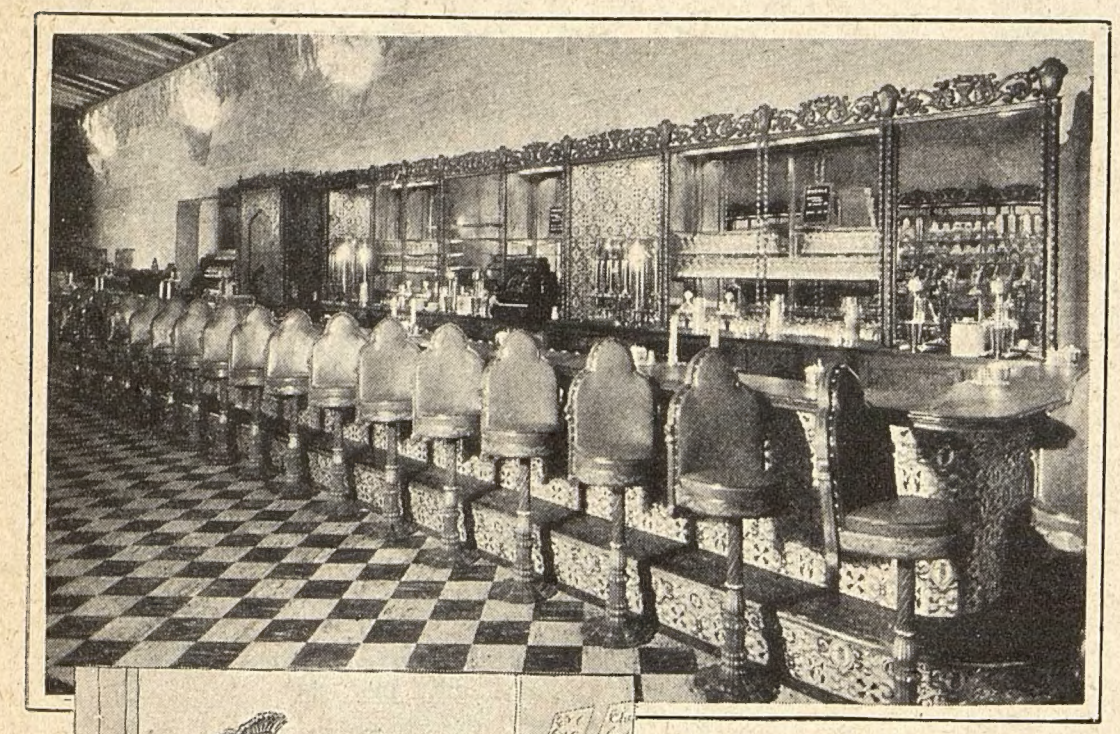
[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-EIGHT]

hot roast beef, steaming fragrant bacon, and more salads than any one man knows by name. They don't serve steaks over the fountain counter— Hold on! I'll amend that to read they do not serve them over any fountains I patronize.

The luncheon business began to boom about twelve years ago.

And how the fountains have changed!

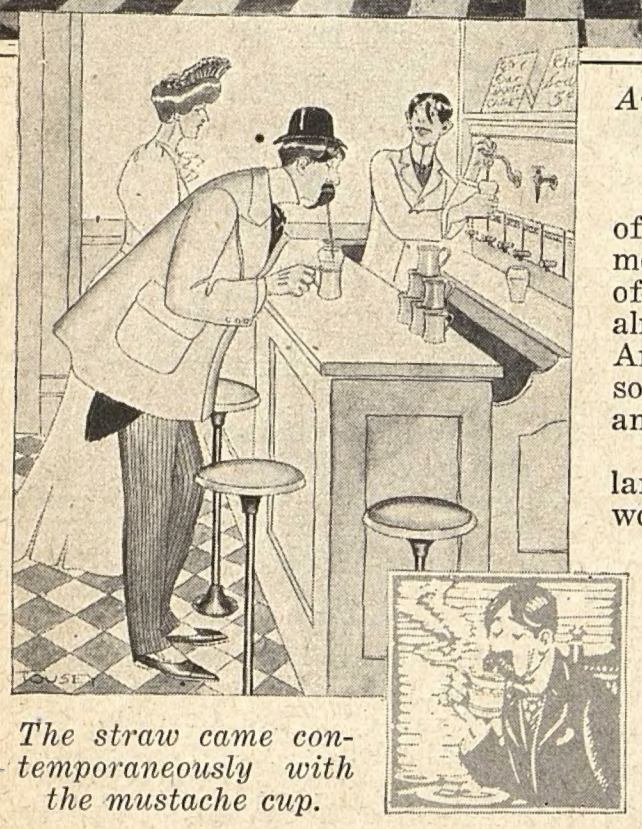
Eddie's "self-icing" contraption is a new device most commonly found. Through it the operations of dispensers have been greatly reduced, stored beverages are kept at an even temperature all the time, and the bulk of the fountain itself has been reduced.



An "evoluted" soda fountain in Los Angeles.

This reduction of the size of the apparatus does not mean a reduction in the size of the serving space. Like almost everything else in American life, the trend in soda fountains is "bigger and better."

Yes, of course we have the largest soda fountain in the world. It is 250 feet long and rears its shining front in the S. S. Kresge store in St. Louis.



The straw came contemporaneously with the mustache cup.

Fairly substantial food was first served in about six of the larger soda establishments in New York and on the West Coast. It developed rapidly to the latest phase, the made-to-order toasted sandwich. Anything from the simple hint of ham between bread to a three-decker club is obtainable. And, while we're at it, why the three-decker? You can't cut it with a knife, spear it with a fork, or successfully subdue it with ten fingers.

DRINKS have changed with the times. Palatable dishes—and most of them must have been named by the mystery man who names Pullman cars and suburban real-estate developments—are available at the most modest fountains. Eddie is called upon most frequently to prepare a chocolate malted milk; for that is the "American national drink" of today. Surveys conducted by *The Soda Fountain*, the journal of that industry, have established the fact that this is the drink most often called for. Chocolate is the favorite flavor in all other drinks and fountain mixtures as well.

LEADERS in the soda-fountain industry declare that it is but the first of many large installations to come within the next few years; and, to strengthen their prophecy, they point to the number of 100- and 150-foot fountains now used.

Another soda-fountain revolution is promised when experts now at work have perfected the solidification of carbon dioxide, a kind of iceless ice. Even now this substance is being used in ice-cream containers and for shipments.

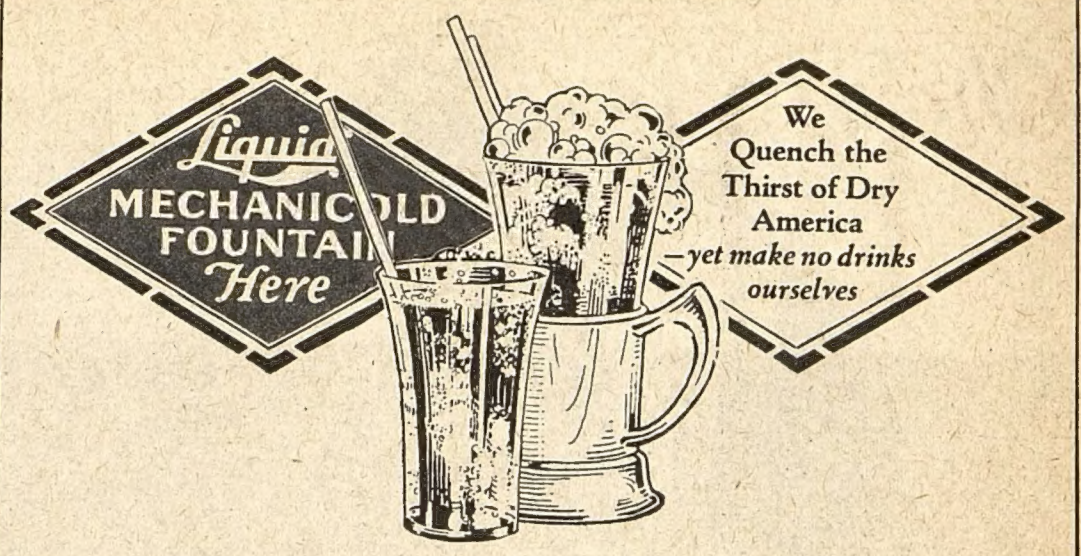
A few months ago a firm in Long Island City, New York, successfully shipped a cargo of ice cream to Buffalo with no other preservative than this solidified carbon dioxide, which is 140 degrees colder than ice.

A disk of this chemical weighing half a pound, placed in the bottom of a quart container, will keep that amount of ice cream twenty-four hours.

The day of the solidified carbon-dioxide soda fountain, experts assert, is about to dawn. Then Eddie and his guild will have even less of which to complain when pert and blonde ones hook their high heels into the rungs of soda-fountain chairs and demand:

"A chocolate malted milk, and make it snappy!"

THE END



Scientific Sodas

(Not made haphazard fashion)

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But all electrically refrigerated fountains are not Liquid Mechanicolds.

Only this fountain automatically maintains 5 zones of cold, which science has discovered makes the finest sodas known.

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And ice cream is constantly kept at a uniform temperature at both the top and bottom of the cans. This prevents shrinkage and insures the same firm texture and quality at any hour of the day.

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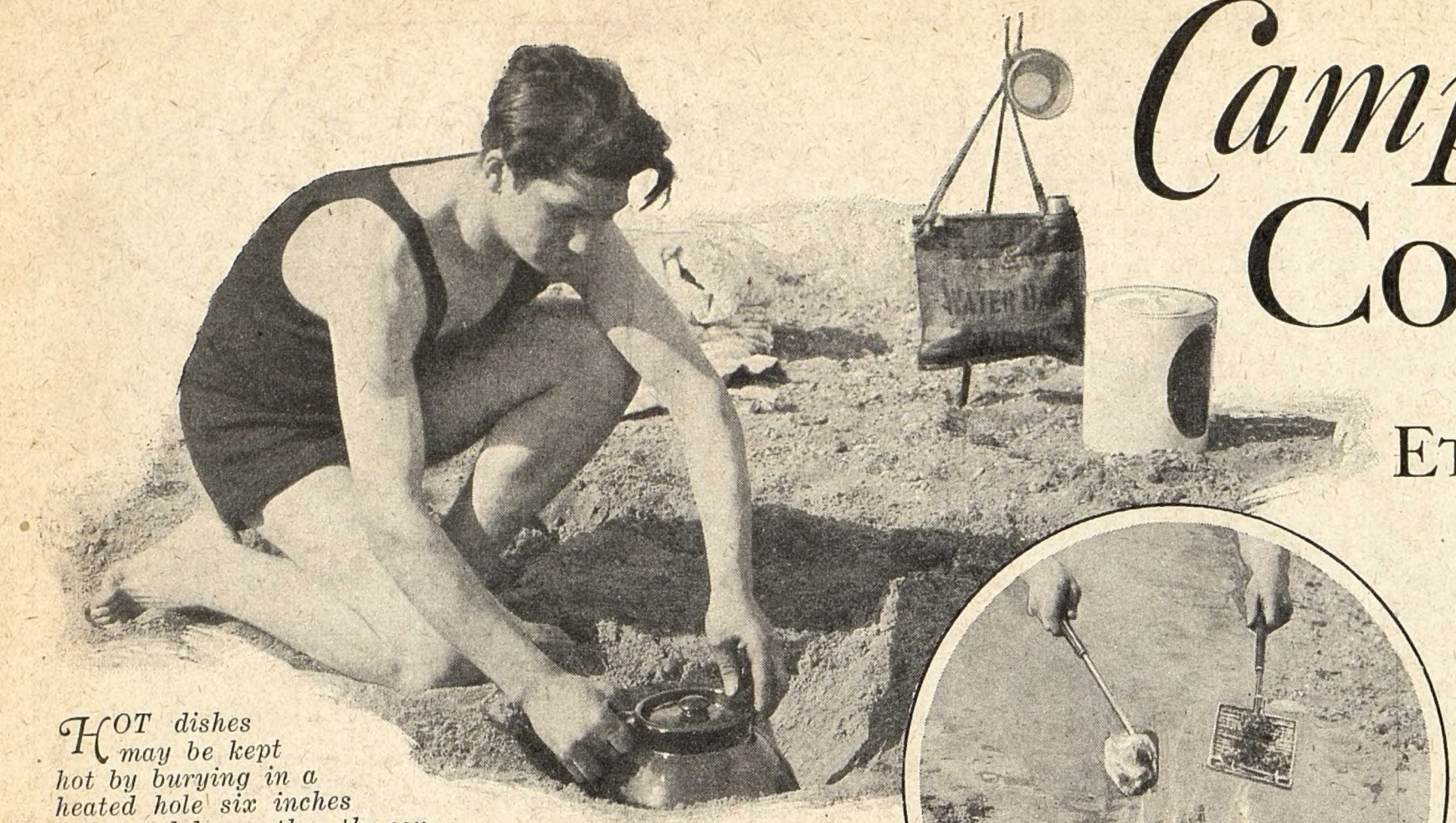
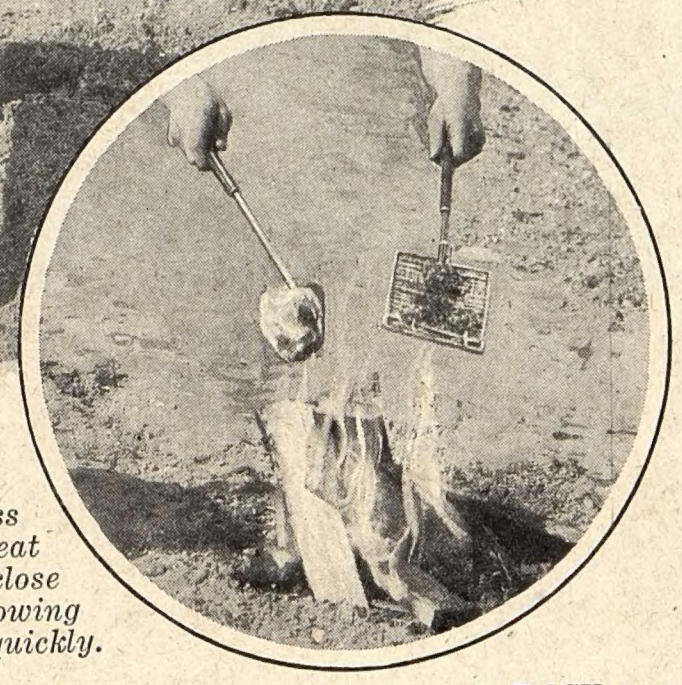
Camp-Fire Cookery

By ETHEL SOMERS



HOT dishes may be kept hot by burying in a heated hole six inches wider and deeper than the container. The hole is first heated by building a fire therein.



OUT-OF-DOOR broiling has endless possibilities. Meat should be held close over a fading glowing fire to cook quickly.

WHEN summer comes everyone loves to eat out of doors. The special urge of a fresh-air appetite entices even the careful few to eat lopsided diets. Unfortunately, the exhilarating influence of the out of doors does not create a new digestive apparatus.

Though palatable, an all cold menu is apt to be damaging.

At least one hot item is dietetically essential for promoting digestion, and two hot dishes are better. Paper forks, spoons, and plates, and waxed paper cups fulfill the requirements for serving the out-of-door meal.

Herewith are some suggestions for woods and beach parties or for camp cookery. They are all good plain dishes that will be found refreshing, appealing, and satisfying. Science attests to the healthfulness of hot-dish picnics.

Beach-Party Toasted Sandwiches

Buttered bread Sandwich filling

ANY type of nutritious sandwich (see LIBERTY'S Menu Book of Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks for variety) may be made without lettuce and taken to the beach party, where it is toasted by holding over the glowing fire in broiler racks (see picture in circle). Thus it may be eaten hot with the rest of the menu. It is a more healthful service than cold sandwiches.

Barbecue Meat (per person)

¼ pound steak, chops, or hamburger
½ potato
½ onion
Salt and pepper to sprinkle

SLICE the meat medium thick, and cut into 1-inch squares. Alternate the meat, thinly sliced onion, and potato, and arrange on a fork or green stick. Broil over the glowing wood fire. Turn the fork or green stick continually, that it may brown on all sides without losing any of the juices. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Serve at once.

Broiled Meat (per person)

½ pound steak, chops, or fish
1 slice bacon (if lean meat is used)
1 tomato, whole or sliced, if desired

THREAD the bacon, meat, and tomato on a sharpened green stick or arrange on a broiler rack. Twirl the meat over the glowing hot wood coals (be sure the fire is past smoking) until well broiled and thoroughly browned. To save the labor of holding the meat, two green sticks may be anchored on either side of the camp fire, fastened together with wire. From this the meat may be suspended by another wire, which if given a twist in one direction will twirl automatically as the meat roasts. This is the real gypsy barbecue method.

Roast Corn

Corn in the husks Butter
Salt and pepper

PREPARE the corn by peeling the husks back and removing all threads of corn silk. Return the husks to position and tie them at the tip. Bury each ear separately in hot wood coals for from 10 to 15 minutes. If many ears are to be baked, dig a hole in the ground and line it with flat, smooth rocks. Build a hot fire in the hole for 30 to 40 minutes. Scratch the coals to one side. Cover the heated rocks with a layer of seaweed, leaves, or ferns, and bury the prepared ears in the hot coals. Blanket with another layer of leaves. Cover with heated earth or sand and permit the corn to steam and bake for 2 or 3 hours before serving. When done, the husks should be stripped off and the ears seasoned with butter, salt, and pepper and served hot.

Roast Potatoes

Potatoes Butter Salt and pepper

IF the wood coals are glowing just right, the potatoes may be buried in the glowing coals. The inexperienced cook will be more sure of success if she coats the potatoes with a layer of wet mud or clay before throwing them into the fire. The baking will take about 45 minutes. Scrape the potatoes out from the coals, split, and serve with butter, salt, and pepper.

Baked Beans

1 quart beans
2 quarts cold water
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
⅓ to ⅔ cup brown sugar, as desired
⅓ cup molasses
1½ teaspoon mustard
¼ pound salt pork or ½ pound diced pork shoulder

PICK over the beans. Remove all foreign matter. Wash thoroughly and let soak overnight or at least for several hours. Prepare beans by placing in boiling water and simmering from 1 to 2 hours, or until the skins are tender. At this stage the skins will curl if the beans are taken in a spoon and held in a draft. Drain the beans, place a layer in a greased bean crock. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, mustard, and sugar, repeating until materials are all used. Place the salt pork, sliced, on top, or scatter ½ to 1 pound of diced pork shoulder throughout the beans as the layers are seasoned. Add the molasses and enough hot water to cover beans. When baked, wrap in a profusion of layers of paper. Carry to beach and bury in a heated hole.

Broiled Bacon and Cheese (per person)

1½-inch cheese cubes 2 slices bacon, sliced thin

WRAP the slices of bacon around the cheese cubes in opposite directions so that the cheese is completely covered with bacon. Skewer and arrange on broiling-forks or green sticks. Broil until the bacon crisps. Serve hot.

Hot Soup

MANY varieties of canned soup may be had for heating at the beach. Dilute with milk or water and serve in waxed paper cups.

These same canned soups, particularly the tomato purées, may be served as sauce added to macaroni cooked at home. Rice, spaghetti, or noodles are pleasant changes. Corn, Lima beans, and peas heated together in tomato purée are filling and delicious.

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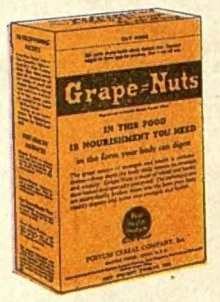

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